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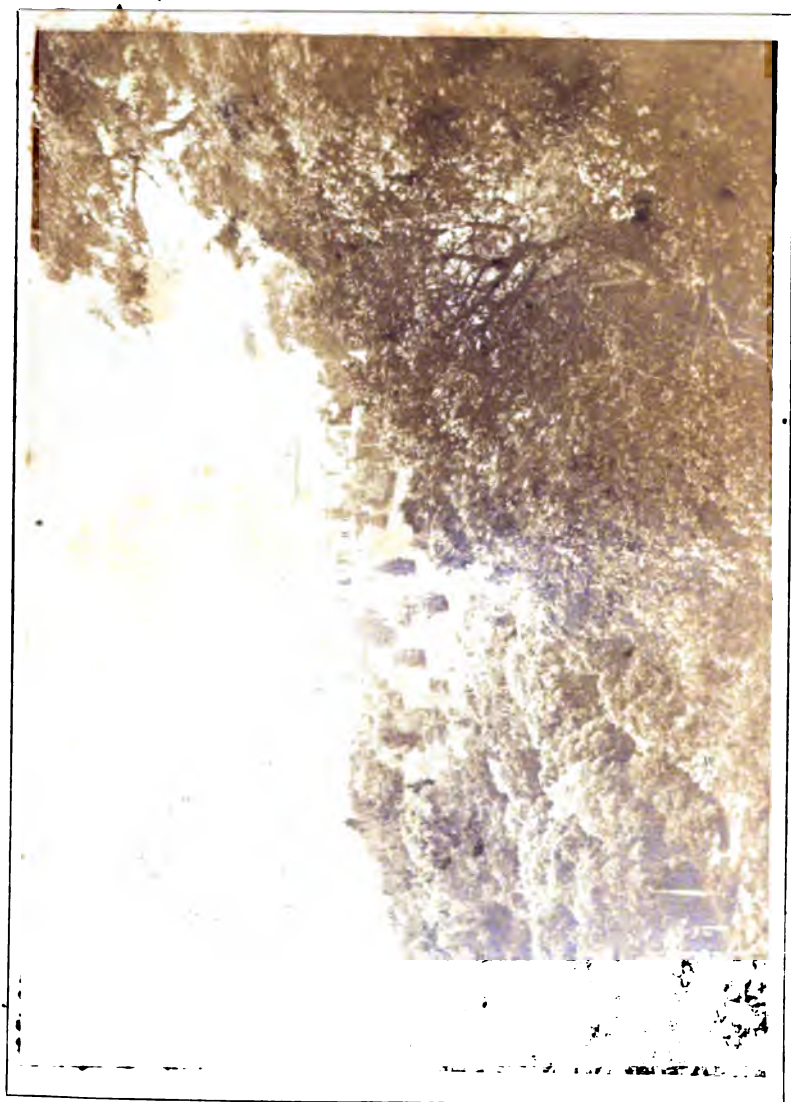




FAIRYLIFE
AND
FAIRYLAND.







MONTERRAT.



FAIRYLIFE AND FAIRYLAND.

A Lyric Poem.

. COMMUNICATED BY

TITANIA

THROUGH HER SECRETARY,

THOMAS OF ERCILDOUNE,

SOMETIME OF EILDON, SCOTLAND, AND CALLED, WHEN HABITING THIS EARTH,

'THE RHYMER' AND 'TRUE THOMAS.'



LONDON:

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PROLOGUE.

THAT the nature, scope, and object of this work may be clearly understood, the following initiatory words are submitted to its readers :

Its ground-work is the lovely land of Cintra, and its surroundings, extending as far as Lisbon on the one hand, and to Mafra and Ericeira on the other. Everything of note in this wide circle is minutely described, and it may be said, for the first time. Byron alone has glanced at it, and only that, in those few exquisitely beautiful stanzas in the first Canto of 'Childe Harold.' The much-esteemed Portuguese poet, the Conde de Garrett, has also, but only cursorily, celebrated it. Southey, who lived a year amongst its beauties, declared his purpose of making it the scene of a great work, but never carried that purpose into effect. Tennyson, who visited it some years ago, failed to catch inspiration from its presence, and his harp is silent. It was worthy to be redeemed from neglect. The writer of these lines, long a resident there and in Lisbon, has had the void filled up by Titania, the Queen of Fairyland, who in this poem is declared to have one of her royal residences at Cintra, and to have dictated its contents to her Court

in the intervals of Fairy banquets and other delights, during the space of three days and three nights.

She has first charged 'Thomas the Rhymers,' who is her Secretary (see Sir Walter Scott's account of his translation by her into Fairyland 600 years ago), to store in his miraculous memory every word uttered by her, Oberon, and a few other Fairy Spirits during that period, and to communicate it to Man for his enlightenment and instruction. But Description is, perhaps, the least part of her object. Acquainted with Man from his first creation, and, with her invisible spirits, inhabiting the same Planet, and its nearest Sphere, they intensely sympathise with him, and know his whole history; and the other parts of the Poem consist of information imparted to him, and knowledge of various kinds.

It must be remembered that though the word 'Fairy' is retained to designate these Spirits, in accordance with the remarkable belief in them, in every country and in every age, and that although the writer has preserved, from deference to Shakspeare his names of a few, as Titania, Oberon, Puck, and Ariel, yet those pictured in the work are beings of a different character. They are imaginary beings full of intellect, knowledge, and purity, beings gifted with all supernatural powers, and in direct communication with the highest spirits and with angels; approximating to Man in the nature of their innocent enjoyments, and regarding him ever as the object of their curiosity, affection, and regret. Thus

the Poem is to be classed under two heads: the Descriptive and the Imaginative. The Descriptive, wherever it occurs, is purely literal—it is the natural, the real, for here Titania carefully paints from Nature. Her imagination has no part in it except for the poetical colouring in which it may be clothed. For example, some might suppose that when in describing the interior of the 'Palacio' of Montserrat, she declares the whole number of the Arches to be 5333, and that of the Columns 634, she is exaggerating—falling back on her imagination. Not so! She is speaking literally, for she is describing. Should any doubt it, let them go there and count the Arches and Columns, and examine the details, and they will be satisfied. So also, when she discourses of Natural History, Physics, Biology, Metaphysics, Psychology, Magnetism, Theology, the belief in the Supernatural, etc., she is imagining nothing—she is only unfolding to Man lessons which she knows to be true—lessons the truth of many of which he is much in the habit of ignoring or denying. It is only when she discourses of the attributes of her Spirit tribe, and brings her own marvellous supernatural powers into action, that the reader is permitted to believe (should it so please him) that he is in the seductive realms of the Imagination! 'But wherefore describe *an Interior* so minutely, a task which Poets omit as barren and fatiguing, and perhaps impossible?' Titania answereth: 'The area of Poetry is the Universe. From 'the far-off Dog-star Sirius to a hovel on the earth, all

'is within her domain. The true poet turneth all things
'into poetry, and Poetry dieth not! My Palace shall
'escape the wreck of Time, for Lo! I have photographed
'it in words!'

A word as to the Gardens of Montserrat, with their
Tree-ferns towering high, and spreading abroad their
fronds as in their native forests, emulated by their com-
panions the youthful Palms. They are the wonder of
the Portuguese, and of all strangers who visit them, and
a monument of the science and pure taste of their owner,
who has himself alone designed them, and has from almost
a desert turned them into a smiling paradise, fairer
than the gardens of Alcinous. In their portrayal, the
Real and the Imaginative are interblended as usual, but
by observing the rule above laid down they are easily
separated in the mind of the reader.

Finally, Titania saith that 'this her Discourse con-
'taineth an Allegory, whereof the meaning hath not been
'permitted to appear, but will be revealed to whosoever
'shall walk by these her precepts, and abide in this her
'instruction.'

CINTRA,

September 1, 1869.



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ing lesson—Titania and the Fairies promenade in the grounds with the King Don Fernando—Vertumnus' trials—His memory mysteriously faileth him—As suddenly returneth—He is partially converted to a belief in Spirits—He maketh a soliloquy—Oberon's tale—Puck teacheth Vertumnus in the morning betimes—The great edible Garden Snail—Result of this lesson the complete conversion of Vertumnus to Spiritualism—He soliloquiseth a second time—And henceforward enjoyeth great peace of mind, instantly understanding Puck's counsels, and glorying in his good fortune whence he draweth advantages professional and moral—The Demon of Socrates—Orion enters—He confirmeth the report of Vertumnus' conversion—Orion's tale—He maketh a revelation—Spirits no two alike—Puck returns from Quinta Grande with the Fairy host—And in half a moment's conference with Oberon confirmeth Orion's account of Vertumnus' satisfactory condition—The Fairies leave their laurelled grot, and ascend to the walk at base of Parnassus—A cloudless Sunset—Their way out by 'Walk of Roses'—Continued round east end of Castle to top of great lawn—Evening's long shadows on lawn—They follow the 'Scented Walk' by Great Tank to 'Puck's Corner' and through Archway—Reach Lodge by main winding road—Titania dismisseth the Fays, enjoining them to prepare for banquet this evening on round Penha Verde Table Pines—She deferreth for the present her purposed descent with the Montserrat Fairies into the Caves of Ocean, to visit the sea-fairies there—These, therefore, not now described—At Ave Maria, Titania says adieu to the closing flowers, and biddeth Man farewell.	318 327 328 330 332 335 337



FAIRYLAND.

PART I.

FIRST DAY AND NIGHT.





MONTSERRAT—SOUTH PORTICO AND TERRACE.
(Perspective View.)



FAIRYLAND.

PART I.

MORTALS frail, who wander wide
Over earth and ocean's tide!
Burthened as your spirits are
With the robes of flesh ye wear,
Honoured now, obedient list
A Fairy's sovereign high behest!
I am that Sovereign Queen of flowers,
Created ere the world was young,
Sporting first in Eden's bowers,
And yet from source ethereal sprung,
In sweetest Shakspeare's song, Titania fair
Me hight, but wandering wide, full many names I bear.

Mine are the gorgeous climes as erst,
Where my frolic youth was nurst,
Eastern climes where bending glows
The crimson of the blushing rose,
And in every bosky dell
Blooms the fragrant asphodel,

And the tuberoses fill the air
With scents the stooping angels share,
Folding their bright immortal wings,
Where that heavenly incense springs!
And India's giant-lily towers
From his bed, where humbler flowers
Prank the green sward with mossy sheen,
White and red incarnadine!
Within his odorous bells I creep,
Sinking to my noontide sleep,
While a thousand sportive Fays,
Peeping coy with amorous gaze,
All around keep watch and ward,
And their lovely lady guard;
And when Cynthia climbs the sky,
In full-orb'd silver radiance high,
Smoothing old ocean's furrow'd brow
To a deep calm mirror now,
Lead I my troop of merry elves
Adown his sea-girt rocky shelves,
To where a bay of polish'd sand
Clips the encircling coral strand,
And there we dance, with measures light,
All the livelong charmed night,
Leaving not a trace, I ween,
Where fairy footstep soft had been;
And at the dawn's first purpling ray,
Evanishing in song away!

Or on Himalaya far,
When flashes forth the evening star,

And the rhododendron's blaze
 Meets the traveller's wondering gaze,
 And flowers that only give away
 Their perfumes to the dying day,
 Dance we our merry roundelay!
 Oft visit I, with Oberon,
 (My Oberon long reconciled),
 Our groves of clove and cinnamon,
 Around Penang's sweet borders wild,
 And flowery land of 'Old Cathay'
 Reach we oft by break of day,
 And anon its sweets inhale,
 Borne on the musk-oppressèd gale,
 And catch the spicy airs that fan
 The languid shores of fair Japan.
 Then in a sea-shell's depth we lie,
 Skimming the azure floods, and hie
 To Indus' banks, or Ganges' shores,
 Where brindled tiger sullen roars:
 Nor pause we long; and lo! appear
 Our own loved gardens of Cashmere,
 Where I my fresh musk-roses twine,
 Fresh and fragrant and divine!
 Soon to Persia's glades we fly—
 Enchanting land! how rich and rare
 Thy vales, thy streams, thy azure sky,
 Thy moonlit vault, thy heavenly air!
 Here in green bower, when Spring was young,
 Long, long ago, my Hafiz poured
 His notes to me, and raptured sung
 The bulbul by his rose adored.

Fairland.

And still the bulbul all the night
 Makes music to his darling rose;
 And still the flower, with fond delight,
 Hangs bending o'er his tender woes!

Mortals, list! though Eastern land
 Owns my sovereign high command,
 And bows beneath my mystic wand,
 Old Europe too my 'hest obeys—
 O'er all her climes my sceptre sways;
 But I love, beyond them all,
 Thy sunny realm, fair Portugal!
 By Douro's stream and Minho's mountains,
 And all their sparkling crystal fountains,
 My gay court their revels keep,
 When the drowsy world's asleep;
 Then seek we straight the fabled strand,
 Where Tagus rolls his golden sand,
 And Setubal's rich landscape glows,
 And the great gum-cistus blows,
 And coy leucojum droops her head,
 With a modest maiden dread,
 And glistening snakestongue* you discern.
 Delicate, spiked, and fairy fern!

There when the noontide sun is high,
 By Coia's gurgling marge we lie,
 And climb, when falls the gloaming grey,
 Palmella and Arabida;

* *Ophioglossum Lusitanicum*.



PALACE OF THE PENA

But chief when Phœbus' fiery train
 Rushes down the western main,
 Flinging his tawny, golden streaks
 Slant on fair Cintra's granite peaks;
 Then skip we blithe his crags among,
 With laugh and frolic, jest and song;
 And where Pena highest springs,
 Then spread we out our sylphy wings,
 And on his topmost spires sublime
 Stand tiptoe in that witching time!
 And mount his tawny dome on high,
 And on its steep declivity,
 Clustering supine, with linkèd hands,
 Old legends tell of Eastern lands.

Glorious vision! Lo! we stand,
 With our glittering elfin band,
 Nigh two thousand feet in air,
 From yon level margin where
 Old Ocean laves his rocky shore;
 Still as Death his wonted roar,
 For this fair 'night entranced he lies,
 Hushed beneath the spangled skies
 His many-voicèd harmonies!
 And our full-orbèd Queen of night,
 Regarding from her heavenly height,
 Bathes him in flood of radiance wide,
 Stretching from far horizon's verge
 To his boundary's sandy surge,
 Till his broad and gleaming tide
 In arrowy effulgence plays

Fairyland.

Beneath that steady silvery blaze,
 And gambolling with fantastic zeal,
 He from his armour's polished steel
 Dashes her beams, as he did feel
 Like a warrior home returned,
 War-wearied, from exhaustful strife,
 Glorious decked with honours earned,
 Exultant now his peaceful life!

Ocean! thou tempt'st us to disport,
 With our gay and sunny court,
 In thy benignant lustre sweet,
 Skimming it with our fairy feet,
 Suffused with radiance, drinking fine
 That calm, reflected, pure moonshine!
 But thou should'st blandish still in vain,
 Were all thy sea-nymphs in thy train,
 And the Oceanides
 Ploughing in regal pomp the seas,
 Dolphin-drawn, careering wide
 O'er thy deep and sapphire tide,
 And we could see thy mermaids fair
 Combing their wavy-parted hair,
 And hear that ravishing melody
 Of Syrens' voices thrillingly
 Ascending from the silent sea,
 With sound of Triton's mellow horn
 Up to our skyey vantage borne,
 As ancient bards have fabled well,
 On sounding lyre or Grecian shell!
 For to-night affairs of weight,

In the councils of our state,
Expression find, and feats of war
Conquering Ariel must declare;
And then a dazzling banquet shall
Crown this his victory's festival!

See Oberon! Westward stretching far,
What champion peaks a mimic war
Seem to have waged eternally
With those colossal foes that lie
Prostrate round their swelling base,
Fixed for aye in sore amaze!
Giant masses, torn, repelled,
From those steepes cloud-pinnacled,
And sullen, as though they yet might hope,
By earthquake's help once more to cope
With their toppling conquerors high,
And in convulsion's throes untie,
With quenchless purpose to be free,
What seems their changeless destiny!
Strewn around in chaos wild,
Or fragment upon fragment piled,
They soar aloft, and bold defy
The might of Heaven's artillery;
Some, like tower of massy proof,
Rear a castellated roof
Half-defined, Titanic, cleft
By riving thunder; he hath left
Havoc wheresoe'er have striven
His blasting legions, and hath riven,
In his arrowy descent,

Fairland.

Wall and tower and battlement !
Others stand escarpèd high,
Towering 'gainst the moonlit sky,
Tapering from their summits brown
To their narrow basement down,
Leaning with self-adjustment nice
O'er darkly-yawning precipice ;
Seems as an infant's touch might well
Speed them down the echoing dell,
Yet fixed they stand, secure, elate,
Braving calm the storms of fate !
Beautiful our mountain-chain
Stretches west his rock's domain,
From this our Pena's dizzy Keep,
Far as Peninha's frowning steep ;
Highest point of Serra's boast,
In hazy distance all but lost !

Whoso climbs his summit grey,
In summer's cool declining day,
Hath to his charmed eye unfolden
Wide Atlantic's glories golden,
As, heaving slow, his mighty breast,
In its tremulous unrest,
Meek receives that fiery flood,
Tribute from the parting god,
Who soon through cloudland's thickening
Darts his fierce divergent rays,
Refracted everywhere, and so
Steeping the skies in crimson glow ;
Orange and purple, in their turn,

In that heavenly landscape burn,
 Magic, ever-changing sea
 Of supernal rivalry,
 Called by that Wizard's matchless spell,
 Fount of light ineffable—
 Who now 'neath Ocean's farthest flood
 Sinks majestic, veiled in blood!
 Ah! Fairy's tongue and Poet's lay,
 Faintly, feebly, may essay
 These hallowed glories to portray;
 And who would feel that 'trancing sight
 Must climb Peninha's crowned height!

That vantage-ground, where'er we gaze,
 Looks on the seaboard's rocks and bays:
 Mark the 'Rock of Lisbon' well,
 Grim and wave-washed sentinel!
 Seems as though he did understand
 This farthest point of western land
 In Europe's classic boundary.

He did guard and keep the key,
 And must watch with sleepless eye,
 'Gainst foreign foe or mining sea!
 Thence, south and east, full many a rood,
 Old Tagus pours his lordly flood;
 His spacious mouth, so vast, so wide,
 Gleams like bay of Ocean's tide.
 His backward course the eye can guess
 By sloping hills, bright villages,
 Old ruined convent desolate,
 And modern mansion's fair estate:

Fairyland.

Cascaes, and the modest fort
 St. Julian, and at distance short,
 Across the deep, Bugio bold,
 Quaintly castellated hold,
 Like warning Faro, saucy and brave,
 Emerging from the circling wave!
 Onwards still, Oeiras green,
 And Pombal's Quinta old are seen,
 Where Carcavello's luscious vine
 Pours her sweets for mortal's wine;
 And farther Passo d'Arcos stands,
 Embayed by Tagus' yellow sands,
 And still Cuchias glistens there—
 Once a royal palace fair.
 Spichel's promontory blue
 Closeth the coast's far southern view,
 Whilst north the wandering eye may reach
 Far Eriçeira's whitening beach.

Pilgrim of Peninha's height!
 Close below, and on thy right,
 At his base's northern side,
 Running east and west descried,
 Thou wilt trace Collares' dale
 Of deepening green and Varzea's vale,
 Teeming with its fruitage golden,
 Rich, luxuriant, scarce beholden
 To peasant's fostering industry,
 'Neath this bright and balmy sky!
 The bending orange, deepest-hued,
 Sweet or bitter, or imbued

With savour luscious, piercing, keen,
 In the small cherished Tangerine ;
 And lime and clustered lemon-trees,
 Loading with scent the evening breeze,
 And apple rosy-cheeked, and pear
 Melting hangs in thousands there ;
 Fig, peach, and apricot succeed,
 And pomegranate's crimsoned seed,
 And walnut lifts his aged head
 Along the stream's meandering bed.
 Above her vale's luxuriant pride,
 On Serra's green and sloping side,
 Collares' whitewashed dwellings shine,
 Her chiefest care the grateful vine !
 And gazing everywhere around
 This happy vale to ocean's bound,
 Th' attentive eye beholds in lines
 Symmetrical the clambering vines,
 Mounting each declivity
 In green battalions orderly,
 And camping on the sandy plains
 Of hoary ocean's wide domains ;
 All around famed Apple-beach,
 Where'er his arid sands do reach,
 Through these their roots deep delving go,
 To reach the mother soil below ;
 Whilst their twisted stems expand
 Upwards through the heated sand,
 Where, on ridges piled high,
 And furrows wide, they multiply.

Pilgrim of Peninha ! now,
 Thou may'st quit his lofty brow !
 But wherefore does thine eye remain
 Fixed on that dark and distant plain,
 Stretching north to ocean blue,
 And eastward mingling with the view
 Of those pastoral villages,
 White, yet bare and comfortless ;
 Scattered there, bereft of trees,
 Shivering in ocean's northern breeze,
 Creeping towards Cintra, mother fain,
 Like April sunshine fostering rain ?—
 Those sombre masses thick that stand,
 Covering far that barren land,
 Diminished in the distance scanned,
 These are the glorious table-pine ;
 Shieldeth he here the mellowing vine,
 And tender fruits, and blossoming vale,
 From ocean's all too-boisterous gale :
 And here he drives his bulwarks strong
 All the tottering coast along,
 Holding bravely far at bay,
 By strong intrenchment's stubborn sway,
 His unsleeping enemy,
 Th' insidious, slow-encroaching sea :
 Pilgrim of fancy ! vanish now
 From far Peninha's rocky brow !

* * * * *

Mark'st thou well, my Oberon !
 Midway 'twixt our airy dome,

And where Collares' slopes come on,
 Those looming towers, our fairy home?
 Cynthia, envious, suffers not
 That we should trace that princely spot,
 But veils it in dark shadow! yea,
 A luminous beam did glancing play
 On his gilded pinnacle,
 And into darkness stole away,
 As if reproved! but sooth to tell,
 Nor dawn of morn, nor evening grey,
 Nor moonlight clear, nor radiant day,
 Avail that ye shall read aright
 Fair Montserrat from Pena's site.
 How rich those bosky depths beneath
 Territory shattered wild,
 Blasted once by earthquake's breath,
 What time those giant peaks, up-piled,
 Rose molten from the deep abyss,
 Borne on volcano's scorching wing,
 Rushing through a wilderness
 Of limestone old, and hurrying
 Resistless in their fiery flight
 To their heaven-appointed height,—
 Granite crests of Serra's chain,
 Stretching far to fertile Spain!

Dread Magician! thy fierce blast,
 When through those riven rocks thou passed,
 By fiery metamorphosis
 Crystalled them in loveliness;—
 Cut round rocky Cintra all,

Fairland.

To deck yon pile, our fairy hall,
 Such the tale those marbles tell,
 If mortal sage interpret well.
 How fair those undulations be,
 Heaved in that grand catastrophe!
 Clothed now with dark and shaggy pine,
 Tranquil in the pale moonshine;
 But chief on Pena Verde's steeps,
 The Table pine-tree hallowed sleeps;
 Whilst here and there, and everywhere,
 Grey giant boulders rise in air;
 The towering solemn peaks and these,
 And higher clumps of tufted trees,
 Drink the effulgence silvery,
 The rest in deepening shadows lie,—
 Picture of poor mortal's life,
 In his weary pilgrimage,
 Long battle-field of pain and strife,
 Unfought-out from age to age.
 Life's panorama here man sees,
 Attractions time can ne'er annul;
 Repulsion's gulphs; sad memories these,
 Yawning ever, never full;
 Dim wish this waste doth seem to crave,
 Forbidden wish it ne'er can have,
 Confusion's bed and order's grave,
 And yet things beautiful and brave
 Spring rooted there, and hopefully
 Are nourished, and trustfully
 Aspiring heavenwards, seek the sky!
 Joy and sadness overspread,

Emblems rule this mystic glade ;
 Alas ! the light's sweet sparkling treasure
 Yields to shade's o'erpowering measure !

Listening elves ! how happy we,
 That sinless spirit-fairies be !
 Revealed to us the great First Cause,
 Honouring all His sacred laws ;
 Loving Him, and loving man,
 Lord of this planet's circling span ;
 For tempted, torn, and burthened here,
 Angel crowns he yet shall wear !
 Grateful for the bliss we share,
 We who never tempted were
 Love each other, one and all,
 Love Creation great and small,
 Bird, beast, fish, insect and flower,
 Offspring of His almighty power !
 Ours Love and Faith, and gracious Truth,
 And, glorious gift, immortal Youth,
 And Spirit-form, ethereal, pure,
 With thousand privileges secure.
 Ah, mortals ! had ye gifts as we,
 Here on earth your heaven would be !

Turn we now our curious eye
 To that quarter southerly.
 Yon lofty peak that rises bold,
 O'ertopping even our Pena's hold,
 And bearing on his forehead high
 The sacred Cross of Calvary,

Fairyland.

Commandeth all the Tagus wide,
And lands upon his southern side,
Closing afar their rich array,
Palmella and Arabida.
'Cruz alta' hath a holy sound,
And whoso hath his summit found,
Feels to tread on charmed ground !
Close at our feet, and all around,
Lie Pena's smiling gardens, crowned
With waving trees and verdant steeps.
Here meandering pathway sweeps
Through and through rich sloping vales,
Where sweet exotic shrub prevails,
And lordly Araucaria,
And pine and cedar's feathery sway,
And cypress green, and juniper,
Floating o'er the gay parterre ;
But sovereign queen of these gay bowers,
Camellia rears her velvet flowers,
Incarnadine or snowy white ;
Dew-impearled, when morning's light
Doth her unfolding charms disclose,
Rivalling e'en the peerless rose,
Graceful, high in air she towers,
Challenging that queen of flowers,
Who calm rejoineth nought again,
As assured her ancient reign.
Tree-like, fair camellia here
Doth her beauteous burden bear,
And whole groves do owe, be sure,
To her their radiant garniture.

Here a sunny lake outspread,
Reflects the landscape overhead,
And on its calm and crystal tide,
Snowy swans do peaceful glide;
And in cool grotto, fountains sweet
The Pilgrim's wearied footsteps greet,
And arbour quaint, and green alcove,
Propitious shades to whispered love.

But, lo! what phantom stands revealed
On yonder rock, with sword and shield
Begirt, till now by shade concealed?
In armour clothed he solemn stands,
Weird visitor from shadowy lands,
As though he pondered broodingly,
O'er festering slight or injury,
In days of his mortality,
And thus the doom'd and vexèd sprite
Did walk abroad at dead of night,
Semblance of the murdered Dane,
When to sad Hamlet he 'gan plain,
Revisiting at Night's dread noon
'The glimpses' of the silvery 'moon!'
Some in that gloomy spectre see
Great Vasco's sculptured effigy,
But there in sooth I mark no trace
Of that lost hero's form or face;
He casteth a strange glamour rude
O'er glen and fountain, rock and wood,
Befitting ill this hallowed spot—
Oberon! I love him not!

Fairyland.

Now from this our skyey sphere
 Have we conn'd the landscape near,
 Hill and dale and mossy stone,
 All that Cynthia shines upon,
 Blended in delicate harmony,
 Touched by her tender witchery;
 And land and sea, and varying sky
 Lost in the distance to the eye,
 Whate'er pertains our chosen seat
 Round Cintra wild and Montserrat,
 With inner Fairy vision fine,
 Clear-seeing faculty divine,
 And pencil dipped in daylight's hue,
 Hath Titania painted true:
 Now haste we from our favourite height,
 To Moorish castle's humbler site;
 But first ye prying elves, who love
 Pena's mysteries to prove,
 All unvisited since we
 Returned from sunny Italy,
 Vanish, and its wealth explore
 Of carved legendary lore,
 And arabesque, and lozenged pane,
 And blazoned shield of ancient reign,
 And sated, haste ye here again!

*(The Fairies disperse themselves everywhere,
 guided by Puck).*

Mark, Oberon! how they curious peep
 In secret coigne and storied Keep,
 Wheresoe'er a wonder be,
 Nought doth cheat their scrutiny;

For the ethereal pure moonshine,
 Hath power to purge the Fairies' eyne,
 And ope the secret sense that lies
 In mystic Moorish traceries !
 And much my merry Elfin tribe
 Cling where Gothic forms abide :
 With brows distraught, and horrent hair,
 And eyeballs fixed in long despair,
 Mimic maniacs these appear,
 Glaring alike on friend and foe
 In fearful mirth or endless woe ;
 Fantastic carvings ! hither piled,
 And thither—savage, playful, wild,
 Mingling fair, and strange, and bold,
 To deck this starlit-mountain hold.

Mind'st thou, lofty Oberon !
 Twenty summers now agone,
 When the silver moonlight shone,
 As it shines this balmy night,
 When we sat on yonder height,
 Cupola o'erlooking all
 That terrace with its flanking wall,
 Half-parapetted, fronting fair
 High archèd entrance sculptured there ?
 Our Court removed from Eastern towers,
 Had reached fair Cintra's rocks and bowers,
 And since our sojourn far and wide,
 Had risen stern Pena's feudal pride :—
 Our Elfin bands had gay explored
 Tower and wall with treasures stored,

And now with quick descent they stand
Before that terraced entrance grand.
Sudden 'bove lofty doorway there,
Gazing on them with savage glare,
A horrent monster they descry,
Colossal 'neath the moonlit sky!
His eyeballs fixed with maddening gleam,
Starting from their sockets seem;
His open mouth and ogre teeth,
Speak of quick devouring death:
Long and tangled beard he hath,
Like Neptune on his Ocean path,
High o'er his head his arms he flings,
Grasping a branching vine that springs
From his bull-set giant neck,
Whence it shooteth up to deck
That convex wall, and casement broad,
With all its bunches' clustering load,
And leaves and tendrils; yet below,
Where his nether limbs should show,
This monster seems marine to be,
A Dolphin each extremity,
And a gigantic ocean shell
Sustains the weird creation well!
Two gate-posts rising wide and high,
Are Coral reefs, most cunningly
Carv'd and wrought with shells between,
Strangely sculptured Gothic screen:—
When as our Elfin troop surveyed
This startling Afret overhead,
They deemed the vision they beheld

Magician hoar of primal eld,
 Leagued with spirits unblest who rove,
 Outcasts dire from Truth and Love,
 Grey Enchanter brooding fell
 O'er this Gothic Citadel!
 And first a solemn silence crept
 Through all their ranks—then slowly swept
 Their Fairy nerves a shuddering thrill—
 Mysterious sense of shadowing ill;
 Then they vanish'd every one,
 Like moles before the noonday sun,
 And we could mark in this dismay,
 No semblance of a lurking Fay!

But soon from out the Coral bells,
 And all its intermingling shells,
 We could see them wary peep,
 Spying this monster of the deep;
 'Minished their size as Fairy can,
 To its smallest Fairy span!
 Silence still, and silence all,—
 But shortly we beheld the wall
 Fronting dread Gargantua,
 Mann'd by six hundred Fairies tall,
 Prompt in their normal stature there,
 What Fairy may, to do or dare;
 British, Welsh, and Irish they,
 Resolute for knightly fray
 With the dread Enchanter grey,
 Intrepid, fearless, frank and free,
 As in old days of chivalry!

Bred were they round King Arthur's throne
When Knights of the 'round table' shone,
And at hallow'd Merlin's feet,
Learn'd they all love for Fairy meet;—
In tartan, red, and emerald green,
Firm they stood with dauntless mien,
Their caps of velvet we discern,
Deck'd with the green and waving Fern!

And with arms akimbo now,
A moment they their bodies bent,
And gazed on that grim beetling brow—
Then ready, fired with one consent,
At signal given, a rush they made,
And bounding, reached his grisly head!
And twined around his arms uncouth,
And dived into his yawning mouth,
And find him—stony, cold and wan,
A most spell-stricken Caliban!
Then a burst of cheering high
Echoing half derisively,
When the mystery was revealed,
Broke from that band of Faërie,
Swelling thrice it upwards pealed,
Echo'd from wall and turret free—
Those cheers that in the memory live,
None but Arthur's Fairies give!
And responding suddenly,
A shout of silvery laughter rang
Through the welkin far and high,
From every hiding-place its clang

Smote our ear melodiously :
 And all that laughing Fairy throng
 Rushed forth to greet their champions strong !
 And climbed the monster's features rude,
 And couched amongst his matted hair,
 And stroked his beard in jesting mood,
 Coursing o'er him everywhere ;
 And since—whene'er his form they see,
 They smile at that feat of chivalry !
 And seldom, Oberon ! have we been
 More merry o'er fantastic scene,
 Or extravagant pantomime,
 Than when on that frolick time,
 Sitting there with Ariel,
 Unobserved, we marked them well ;
 Oft hast thou laughed with Fairy glee,
 At thought of that quaint comedy,
 And call'dst it oft for many a day
 'The storming of Gargantua !'

Oh ! swiftly fly the wingèd hours,
 When we visit Pena's towers ;
 There my elves do seem possessed,
 With some strange unusual zest
 For mischief, irrepressible !
 Here of mirth they take their fill,
 And with gymnastic feats of skill,
 Perilous and impossible !
 Save to charmed spirit life,
 They do contend in mimic strife,
 Climbing all crocketed spires that be,

Fairland.

Defiant—yea, and smilingly
 Standing on highest dizzy vane,
 Or gilded crescent ottoman,
 Cupola's bright finial,
 To sportive fay congenial!

Then from the throng of elfins gay,
 Oft steals cunning Puck away,
 And on yon high convenient ledge,
 Heraldic shield's supporting edge,
 On belfry tower doth sit astride,
 Subtle, and there secure doth ride,
 And sets the silvery chimes aplay,
 Dingdong, dingdong, Spirit's lay,
 Now lulled, now swelling far on high,
 Dingdong, dingdong, cheerily
 Sounding out, again to die
 In a playful fantasy
 Of Fairy-wafted harmony,
 Marvellous sweet sphere melody,
 Floating soft along the sky!
 And the belated peasant-wight
 Trending home, in scared affright
 Makes sign of Cross with upturn'd eye,
 In winestruck daze, and tremblingly,
 Ave and Paternoster says,
 And 'Mary! guide our sinful ways!'

But now approach my Spirits light,
 Our gay companions of the night!
 Time doth fly, we may not stay,

Hail we our Moorish Castle grey !
 Thither elves transported be,
 In brief time for counting three !
 Bravely done ! compact we rest
 On that old battlemented crest :
 North, west, and south, its walls extend,
 Sweeps with massive tower y-blent,
 And crowning each extremity
 A craggy scarpment soareth high,
 And it doth flank a rocky vale,
 Centre of this strange citadel ;
 This battled wall doth link that scene
 Uninterruptedly between,
 And climbing with that battlement,
 Side by side the rough ascent,
 Be steps of rock to mount with ease
 Up those steep declivities :

The Vale by Art and fostering care
 Transform'd to smiling garden fair,
 Shows great massive boulders strewn,
 And Arbour in the granite hewn,
 Canopied with creeping flower,
 In soft luxuriance trailing o'er,
 And tufted Cedar's arching sway,
 Bends o'er those giant fragments grey,
 And gravell'd walk, and flowret sweet,
 And shrub, adorn this choice retreat.
 Then when the Pilgrim from his grot,
 In this rock-enclosed spot
 Of cheerful verdure turns to go,

Fairyland.

Seeking fair Cintra's depths below ;
 By a pathway beautiful,
 Through pine and cedar's shadows cool,
 Winding, winding, winding still
 Round copse and frowning pinnacle,
 At every turn revealing fair
 Glimpse of lovely landscape there,
 Soon he meets a ruined fane,
 Relic hoar of Moorish reign,
 Its crumbling walls alone remain,
 Save indeed one desolate shrine,
 Saracenic in design,
 Neglected all, yet provident shut,
 That reckless stranger harm it not.

Straight on the battlemented wall,
 My crowning elves their troops instal,
 Thronging on its northern height,
 Their merry squadrons chief alight ;
 Stretch'd below, and nestled here,
 Fair Cintra lies in moonlight clear,
 And yon plain country to the sea,
 Forms her background fittingly :
 Pure they gleam those dwellings white,
 Shining afar this radiant night,
 Like shield of ancient heraldry,
 Its broadest part the summit true,
 Nearest to the gazer's view,
 From whence divergent do incline,
 East and west in narrow line,
 Towards St. Pedro, Eastern bar,

Buildings sparse, irregular,
 And westward, villas pleasant all,
 To Marialva's Palace Hall:—
 Marialva's domicile,
 Temple of controversy still,
 Luckless scene of fancied ill,
 And blunders diplomatical,
 Where mortal nations blundered all;
 Yea, warriors, bards, mobs, statesmen, blundered,
 And we small Fairy people wondered,
 With a long enduring wonder,
 At that quaint and curious blunder,
 Which no blunder proved at all,
 But heaven-sent, providential,
 For our chosen Portugal:

A spider's net enwoven sly
 By a half-beaten enemy,
 To hold that fiercely struggling fly!
 And yet in meshes' numbing thrall,
 To catch his potent smiters all,
 Chicanery fantastical!
 Pleasant toils impracticable,
 Where all parties rolled unable
 To compute the right and wrong,
 The true and false, the weak and strong,
 Or know the biter from the bitten,
 Which the smiter, which the smitten,
 Till our fly in this dire scene,
 With disentangled wings, I ween,
 Burst from the ravelled snare, and free,

'Scaped with life and liberty !
 Strange historical device,
 Of passion sprung and prejudice,
 (Batlike spectres round and round
 Marialva's hallow'd ground
 Obscure, but ever flitting found).
 Device of ignorance framed to prove,
 That this discordant web was wove
 In that same hall by moonlight seen,
 With its square lawn of velvet green :
 Strange that lofty Bard should write,*
 In his words of glowing light,
 Read of the nations far and near,
 This fable as though fact it were !

Well we know that ne'er approached
 Our Cintra's rocks that ravening host,
 The robber Gaul, nor e'er encroached
 Nearer than Mafra's sea-beat coast,
 And Lisbon's proud metropolis lost ;
 Nor ever once was mortal found
 Standing on this our sacred ground,
 Of all who signed this armistice,
 And pact confus'd of crafty peace,
 But leagues away the deed was framed,
 'Cintra's Convention' falsely named !—
 Grand mirage political,
 Of objects unsubstantial,
 Reversed to sober gazer's eye
 Unfilmed by wry diplomacy !

* See Note 1, at end of Part I.

Fainter grown by lapse of years,
 That querulous phantom still appears,
 Waving his robe of wreathèd mist
 In mortal's eyes, yet unexpressed
 Malicious, all he might reveal
 Of truthful, but doth all conceal :
 Hallucinating memory
 Of that which should, but will not die !
 At Cintra's Eastern wing there lies,
 Concealed behind a rocky rise
 Of her territory steep,
 St. Pedro's village, where do sleep,
 Reposing tranquil all around,
 In this rich romantic ground,
 Her luxuriant Quintas fair,
 Scenting wide the healthful air ;
 And chief Vianna's favoured spot
 Shines embower'd ; nor shady grot,
 Nor lake meandering pleasantly,
 Willow-fring'd, nor odorous tree,
 From Norfolk Island's towering pine,
 To Mexico's of humbler mien,
 Nor flower, nor shrub exotic rare,
 Profusely spread, are wanting there !
 And Ramalhão's more distant groves,
 Whose vista'd walks the poet loves,
 Of ancient box in long arcade,
 With deep impenetrable shade,
 Like avenues of sacred gloom,
 In gardens round majestic Rome.

But lo ! in front what mass revealed,
 At base of Cintra's mimic shield,
 Reareth its forms palatial,
 Crowning yon gently rising hill,
 And shooting forth from roof and wall
 Two giant chimneys conical ?
 Cintra's Moorish Palace old,
 Seat of Moorish monarchs bold,
 Cast in perfect Moorish mould,
 Descended in its old estate,
 To Christian Kings this ancient seat ;
 Here confusion greets the eye ;
 Nought of outward symmetry,
 For old Moorish artists be
 Careless of aught exteriorly,
 And their genius stands content
 With interior blazonment.
 Fountain and terraced garden sweet,
 And reservoir, and cool retreat,
 And slender-shafted pillar fair,
 And windows arabesque, declare
 This a favourite resort
 Of Moorish as of Christian Court.

All around fair Cintra seen,
 Smile her Quintas ever green :
 Religio and Regoleira twain,
 And rich Palmella's large domain,
 And Saldanha's, rock-besprent,
 With pine and shell-wrought fountain blent ;
 And wheresoe'er the pilgrim strays,

Fruit cluster tempts his wandering gaze,
 And wealth of stately forest trees
 Hangs waving in the temper'd breeze :
 Horse-chestnut grand of Setiães !
 Lovers breathe their tender sighs,
 Stretch'd in hot summer's listlessness,
 'Neath thy vast umbrageousness,
 What time thy glorious blooms prevail,
 Charging with sweets the evening gale !
 And here the elm in towering pride,
 Flings his giant branches wide,
 Piercing through old mossy wall,
 Hot dusty roadway shadowing all,
 And timeworn cork-tree everywhere
 Wreathes his twisted branches there
 High and hoary ! Wondrous tree,
 Beautiful exceedingly
 'Mong all that round fair Cintra be !
 Ancient benefactor pure,
 How he nurseth, pleased, secure,
 That living feathery garniture
 Of saucy ferns that climb his head,
 With haresfoot's verdant ranks o'erspread ;
 His blythe pensioners they be,
 And with instinctive grateful glee
 Fairy-sprung, they deck him o'er
 With such wealth of beauty's store,
 That, quite forgot his hoary reign,
 He smiles in joyous youth again !

And the oak delighted dwells,

Fairyland.

Sprinkling Serra's hills and dells,
 Seven varieties diverse,
 All that Portugal doth nurse;
 And chestnut sweet, and ash-tree hoar,
 And gaily spreading sycamore,
 All in delicate grace combine,
 Or mingle with our Fairy pine!
 Lo! in far distance east and north,
 What solemn temple loometh forth?
 What towers colossal rise in air
 Dim in the misty moonlight there?
 The mind perplexed can scarcely guess
 All its desolate loneliness,
 And the pilgrim asks amazed,
 'Whence art thou, giant? Wherefore raised?'
 Titania telleth not the tale
 Of superstition's senseless vow,
 Benignant time hath drawn a veil
 O'er mortal's darkened ages now;
 Kingly tyranny is gone
 From Lusitania's faithful throne,
 And priestcraft stalks not o'er the land,
 As when this gorgeous pile was planned;—
 Palace and monastery allied;
 People's wealth remorseless drained:
 Priestly ambition gratified:
 And monarch's pride: what more remained?
 Pilgrim! there remained the while,
 And still remains—great Mafra's pile—
 Curious, would'st thou fathom more,
 Go! and that symbol's self explore!

Gently rising North along,
 Far as the wistful eye can tend,
 A line of undulations strong
 Swells gradual with an Eastern bend,
 Ocean wide its Western bound,
 Its Eastern by Callandrix crowned,
 Cutting the breadth of all the land,
 From Tagus to Atlantic's strand;—
 And farther still towards Northern coast,
 To the explorer's vision lost,
 Mountains grand, a sister chain,
 At Torres Vedras rise again,
 Where Zizandre seeks the main,
 And in their Eastern course incline
 Southwards, and in middle line
 At Agraça's towering height,
 Shoot straight Eastward to the right,
 And reach broad Tagus' rolling waves
 Where bright Alhandra's port he laves:
 Thus a double barrier grand
 Of mountains stern, protects the land,
 Guarding Lisbon far and wide,
 From Tagus to Atlantic's tide.
 Where glistening Torres Vedras shines,
 There begin these famous 'lines,'
 Rivalling in grandeur, skill, and thought,
 Whate'er proud Roman ever wrought,
 Cresting every summit high
 Apt for subtle strategy,
 Commanding vale, defile, and hill,
 With earthworks vast, impregnable,

Fairland.

O'erlooking every gorge and pass,
 From redoubt's high frowning mass
 Bristling with dread artillery,
 Delvéd ditch deep winding nigh:
 Unshaken barrier near and far,
 Perfection of defensive war!
 Here the might of conquering France
 Proudly urged its stern advance,
 And Massena daring high,
 That 'spoiled Child of Victory'
 Poured his legions on this spot,
 And 'came, and saw, and conquered'—not!

Again I wave my charmed wand!
 Quick on a Pine-tree's top we stand,
 Where the moonlight bathes serene
 Pena Verde's sylvan scene!
 Flat summit of a Table-pine,
 Where myriad needle leaflets shine,
 Supporters due on either hand
 Sisters twain do calmly stand,
 Intermingling lovingly
 Branch and leaf with central tree,
 Knitted intertwinedly
 In circle vast the magic three!
 Those serried ranks, that tufted floor,
 None but Fays may wander o'er,
 Spreading wide to sphere exact,
 Elastic, fragrant, firm, compact.
 Who treadeth here, strange mystic thrill,
 Can steep his brain, his sense, his will

Till his interior soul shall lie
Tranced in speechless ecstasy!
This weird faculty divine
Darts from stem to leaf of pine,
And I quench it; or command,
By stroke of my enchanted wand!

Pine-tree! source of joy and wonder,*
Scorning earthquake, storm, and thunder,
Well thou stand'st in legends old,
Emblem meet of brave and bold!
Here Castro sowed thee ages past,*
And these bright brethren now thou hast:
Castro, Lusitania's son,
Poorest, grandest, noblest one,
And forged a spell from age to age.
Thy shield from ruthless Vandals' rage!
Monarch of Carpathian woods!
Queller of the foaming floods!
What time on Ocean's yielding strand
Thou layest thy strong protecting hand,
Driving deep thy gnarled strength
Of rooted spurs, till thou at length
Look'st from off thy rampart's pride,
And smilest at his baffled tide;
Tyrant Neptune vanquished now,
Wave-compelling conqueror thou!
Anon thou yield'st thy sovran oils,
And balsams soothing mortal's toils,
And stretchest out thine arms and sayest,

* See Notes 2 and 3, at end of Part I.

'Trust me well: thou mayest, mayest,—
 Balm to heal thy doleful smart
 Lo! the life-blood of my heart!'

Pine-tree! whilst thy life thou livest,
 All thy wealth to man thou givest,
 And when prone thou lowly liest
 On thy mother's breast and diest,
 With thy latest breath thou sighest:
 'Place me on thy surging ocean,
 Mast and spar my spectral form,
 The sail my snowy shroud—devotion
 Blencheth not for wave or storm!
 There in spirit shall I be,
 Controlling still the sounding sea,
 Giving speed and power, and man
 Through fog and thunder, ice and rain,
 Lightning, and blast of hurricane,
 Waft to peaceful port again!'

Ah, noble, stately, generous Tree,
 We call thee ours, and hallow thee!

Now on the central point I stand
 Of my Pine's green table land,
 Oberon on my right hand,
 Orion bright, and 'Ariel
 Delicate' do support him well:
 And my fair and chosen three
 Who my maids of honour be,
 Ministering immemorially,
 They do stand my steps around,
 With white rose-wreath graceful crown'd!

Since Grecian time they choose to bear*
 Names of the Graces fabled there;
 'Aglaia' with dark eye of sloe,
 And lustre only spirits know,
 And roseate cheek, yet olive bloom,
 And locks that mock the raven's plume;
 From Peria's vales of Candahar
 I did fetch thee from afar,
 Where thousand fairy sisters are;
 There thy early lot was cast,
 There thy early years were passed.
 Long a gem thou now hast shone,
 Decking bright our Fairy throne!
 'Thalia!' sweet enchanting Fay!
 Hair of auburn's darkest tinge,
 Large languishing orbs of lustre grey,
 And fencing thick their dangerous ray
 Those long lashes' provident fringe!
 Thoughtless swains that mortal be,
 Or e'en perchance of Faërie,
 Titania deigns to counsel ye:
 Defying fate, come not too nigh
 Bewildering glance of 'Ireland's eye!'
 Gay she chose fair Erin's shore
 When this bright star we wandered o'er,
 In that first dawning infancy
 Of our happy colony,
 But now three thousand years have passe
 Since she Titania's court hath graced.

* See Note 19, at end of Part I.

Faultless fair Euphrosyne!
 Where dawned *thy* radiant infancy?
 O'er Hella's isles thou didst arise
 A morning-star in Grecian skies,
 Witching, soft Euphrosyne!
 Almond-shaped her violet eye.
 Standard type of fairy race,
 Purely Greek her classic face;
 Her figure hath the ideal grace
 Of that 'bending statue' still
 World-model of the beautiful,
 Goddess sprung from Ocean's foam,
 Cythera's isle her fairy home,
 Fairest of all fairies she—
 Our divine Euphrosyne!
 With a sweet simplicity
 Those silken tresses floating free,
 Shower of golden radiancy,
 Sweep the ground, and unconfined,
 Frolick with the dallying wind!

Now my 'small folk,' each smaller made,
 Poised upon these leaflet's tips,
 In green and gold and white arrayed,
 Await this word from queenly lips:
 Children of that Spirit life
 Peopling all creation wide,
 Scarce conceiving care or strife,
 Yet to mortals close allied,
 Man yields ye all his treasure's store,
 Himself no poorer than before!

In his own sparkling planet reared
 His habitations beautiful,
 World within another sphered,
 Invisible in the visible,
 Creating Love hath given us powers
 Transcendant we may ne'er abuse,
 All man's privileges are ours—
 All his knowledge we do use,
 And in our gift surpass him bright
 As glorious noon o'erclouded night,
 That gift, our nature spiritual,
 To him incomprehensible,
 Angel's life ineffable!
 His own immortal spirit bound
 In sinful flesh, with darkness crowned,
 Groaneth sad, but yet shall see
 Far dawning promised liberty!
 What time we left that tiny star
 Where we first created were,*
 Heaven permitting, glorious dower
 Of tree and shrub and fruitful flower,
 On earth's green lap we loved so well,
 To Oberon and Titania fell,
 That they should our behests obey,
 And own our joint peculiar sway,
 And all the insect world was given
 To our command by bounteous Heaven,
 Man's sovereign power subsisting still,
 But shown in a remoter will,
 Ours active and invisible!

* Note 20, at end of Part I.

Fairland.

Joyous all their tribes confessed
 Loyal our benignant rule,
 With happiness and order blessed,
 Their teeming myriads wonderful:

Of all their hosts perchance the Bees
 Enfold the deepest mysteries:
 Humble bees of various wing,
 From Carder-bee moss gathering
 To our own quiet Humble Bee
 Plodding his way by farm and lea;
 Hive-bee of every shape and shade,
 To Carpenter-bee of Afric's glade,
 Leafcutter-bees, Woodborers fine,
 Of subtle art and apt design,
 And Mason-bees, house-building brood,
 Erring never, taught of God!
 Their thousand kinds 'neath every sky
 Love our protecting dynasty:
 But late those bees of gipsy wing,
 Nomad, lawless, wandering,
 That in Iberia's plains abide,
 Immemorially allied
 With those in Nubia's wastes that be,
 Gipsies, one fraternity,
 Hapless consanguinity,
 An unholy pact declared,
 With mutual wealth and vantage shared,
 That every land of flower and tree,
 In Europe's wide economy,
 And realms of sunny Africa,

Should from all ancient laws be free,
 Spoil for marauding Gipsy-bee :
 That might was right, and honour's law
 A dream of fair Titania !

Anon the lands were plundered far,
 Midst famine's scowl, and threats of war
 'Gainst loyal true resisting bees,
 Upholding firm their queen's decrees,
 Till thousand prayers' petitioning tone
 Besieged our ancient Fairy throne :
 Then, our treaties slighted all,
 On our noble knights we call,
 Flower of ancient chivalry,
 War's extremity to try,
 And marshalled under Ariel,
 They our vows have answered well !

Victorious Ariel ! spirit fine !
 Royal honours justly thine,—
 Thanks we give thee, and sincere,
 We thank our gallant army here.
 Approach thy queen ! her hand shall twine
 Round thy brow this symbol thine,
 Pillar thou art of fairy throne,
 Warriors meet the laurel crown !

(Ariel kneels and is crowned by Titania.)

Now the relentless god of war
 Hath blessed Titania's happy star,
 And spoils of foreign foe to-night

Fairland.

Shall deck her fairy table bright :
 Arise ! and to our people tell
 How the fate of arms befell !

Ariel.—Long had the Spanish Gipsy-bees
 Suck'd by stealth our blossoming trees,
 Rifling the wealth that latent dwells
 In Portugal's rich odorous bells,
 Till bold by long forbearance grown,
 They scorned Titania's fairy throne,
 And drained our nectar's gushing pride,
 Reckless if good or ill betide,
 Plunderers who the might gainsay
 Of Lusitanian-bee and Fay !
 Thus, broken Murcia's stern contract,
 And Alentijo's solemn pact,
 Signed by Oberon our king,
 Sealed with Titania's sapphire ring,
 And on the treacherous Spaniard's side
 Signed and sealed and ratified —
 Nought remained but scathe and scar,
 And rude arbitrement of war :
 A thousand thousand were our foes
 Darkening noon-tide when they rose,
 Half their number we appear,
 Girt at dawn with sword and spear,
 Our swords the *Eucalyptus** leaf,
 Curved like blade of Moslem chief,
 Elastic, trenchant, tough, severe,
 Death in hands that skilful are ;

* *Eucalyptus balcata* : The Australian gum-tree.

Our spears the wiry tufts that stand
On *Grasstree** in Australia's land.

On far Algarve's sunny plain,
Titania's fertile south domain,
Where thousand streams her palm-trees lave,
And forests of Caroba wave,
Hard on the borders that divide
Spain from the Lusitanian side,
By Guadiana's rushing tide,
There we met the boastful foe,
There laid his vaunting glories low!
Ah! how can pen or pencil paint,
Or fairy language eloquent,
In fitting form and guise display,
The feats of that renowned day!
Aljubarrota to the beys,
Marathon of conquering Fays!
Alas! that dying mortal things,
Though armed with thousand venom'd stings,
And frame robust, and nimble wings,
Should in their proud imaginings
With immortal Fairies dare
To try the fate of fearful war;
Or even with us Fame's meed to share,
Though we not immortal were!
For know we not each herb that fills
The air with virtue, and distils
All its essences divine,

* *Xanthoxea hastilis*.

Fairyland.

Proof 'gainst pain, and mortal tine,
 And every root 'gainst care and dole,
 Nepenthe of the anguished soul,
 And each medicinal balm that's hid
 'Neath every floweret's closéd lid,
 And silken leaf of every hue
 That drinks kind heaven's ethereal dew !
 Ours the skill 'gainst harm and smart,
 The ancient heaven-descended art,
 First to man by angels given,
 Early boon of pitying heaven,
 Laid on great Esculapius' shrine,
 Pearl of old Hippocrates,
 And Greek Machaon half divine,
 Treasure still of grateful Fays,
 Though its lore we chief apply,
 To solace mortals' misery.

Three hours of deadly strife had sped,
 Thrice the angry foe had fled,
 Thrice to the charge again been led,
 And thrice Algarve's thirsty plain
 Had drunk a warm ensanguined rain ;
 Hundred thousands death had tasted,
 Some beheaded, most bewaisted !
 For flashing scimitar of Fay
 At single stroke its three can slay,
 And the Spirit Fay can feel
 Nought but Spirit Will may heal—
 A numbing, transient, fairy swoond,
 As harmless lightning thrills the ground,

And to the gazer's dazzled stare
Leaves no scathing semblance there!

Now Ariel gives the word 'Advance
Whole fairy line at charge of lance!'
As tempest shocks the hurtling air,
When nimble lightnings rend the sky,
Right through their weltering ranks we tear,
Our cry 'Titania!' 'Victory!'
Amazed and panic-struck they fall
Thick as showers of dancing hail,
And all command, all order gone,
Our cheers proclaim the triumph won.
Boots not to paint that hopeless rout
Or horrors of our stern pursuit;
In two great bands their forces bear,
One south, one eastward, flying far,
The south to where the ocean roars
On Algarve's farthest shores,
Thus across the treacherous main
Morocco's friendly coasts to gain,
Thence east their battered hosts to guide,
To Egypt's fields and deserts wide,
But thousands weak and wounded died
In the deep's avenging tide!
Of those who wending eastwards fled
Dreadful massacre we made,
And southwards then discomfited,
Their chiefs those harassed legions led,
Till chased by battle's ceaseless shock,
They reach Gibraltar's towering rock,

Fairyland.

Where, in deep dens and fissures wide,
Darkling their shattered ranks abide!

Here holds the Queen her Gipsy court,
Here her nomad tribes resort,
Spanish Bees, howe'er imbued
In form or shade with Gipsy blood,
For state affairs and council high
Of home or foreign policy.
Here frowns their royal citadel,
Fortified, impregnable,
Whose excavations delv'd deep
Their subterranean treasures keep,
And archives old, and history
Of Spanish Gipsy dynasty:—

Summoned straight to yield the place,
And amnesty, and act of grace
Proffered, else immediate
Attack by storm, or dread blockade,
The bending queen, now humbled, said:
'Puissant Fays! by lot of war
Laurell'd trophies now ye wear:
Spare this ancient sacred hold,
Seat of generations old,
And our lives and liberties,
Grant to sad and suppliant Bees!
Great in arms the Fairies are,
Great in peace, and strong in war,
Henceforth Lusitania's plains,
Where your Fairy monarch reigns,

Shall be safe, inviolate, free
 From onslaught of Iberian Bee,
 And treaty-rights, and faith, and law
 Be kept with great 'Titania !'
 Guardian of the Fairies' throne,
 Godlike clemency we own.
 Truth and mercy hand in hand
 Pillars of our empire stand.
 Ariel consecrates a peace,
 Taking fitting hostages.

Swift recruit from pain and toil
 To beings free from mortal coil,
 Oh how light fatigue of strife
 To Fays endowed with spirit life !
 Soon our victorious cohorts glide
 O'er Spanish frontier carnage-dyed,
 Back to fair Cintra's peaks and dells,
 Where our gay Titania dwells,
 Our route Algarve's battle plain,
 Where chosen squadrons yet remain,
 To reap the fruits of victory,
 And guard the field with watchful eye.
 Mighty commissariat hoard,
 There our foes had meetly stored
 For long campaign of border fray,
 Little dreaming one brief day
 Would sweep their wealth and power away !

Already our reserve had packed
 To Cintra's hold the treasured spoils ;

Nought remained but final act,
Recompense of warrior's toils :
Ariel bids one legion tried—
Leal and trusty veterans they—
To scour the field where far and wide
The slaughtered bees in myriads lay—
Sad and sickening sight, I trow,
To relenting Fairies now !
Here the large Iberian bee,
Of Gipsy tribe, dark, satiny,
Down-covered thick, of varying tinge,
As glancing sunbeams there impinge,
Reflected to the gazer's eye
At varied angle changefully,
Painting his gleaming winglets too
With evanescent purpling blue ;
Here he lies in thousand heaps,
And here his Nubian brother sleeps,
Smoother and slenderer to the eye,
But darkly pure his Gipsy dye,
Barring his body, crosswise stand
Stripes of narrowing yellow band,—
Side by side, sad hecatombs !
No more o'er flowery mead he roams,
In his loved Egyptian land,
Where that great stream's prolific sand
Nourishes a thousand flowers,
And nectared shrubs,—ecstatic hours !
When hived in Nile's careering boat,
Down its bright waters he did float,
Like explorer, far and free,

On voyage of discovery ;
 Thence ranging all the country o'er,
 Through teeming wilds unknown before,
 And honey-filled, at close of day
 Reaching his ark far leagues away,
 And queen, and all his comrades gay,
 Anchored in some quiet bay ! *

Now with dext'rous art they shear
 From every back each gauzy wing ;
 And honey-bag pellucid clear,
 Fruit of gipsy plundering,
 From its mysterious couch they bring ;
 And precious wax of saffron dye
 They clip from every thievish thigh,
 Adding to our teeming hoard
 Whate'er had 'scaped the trenchant sword.
Tit. Curious mortals ne'er can guess
 Why with thrifty carefulness
 We thus disrobe rebellious bees,
 Garnering their resplendent wings
 Amongst our choicest precious things :
 Perchance they deem their charm we use
 For nectared cup's delicious dews,
 As themselves behold it shine
 With raptured eye in generous wine !

* This refers to the habit of the people of Egypt around the cataracts of the Nile, of sending their bees in hives by the boats of travellers down to Cairo. On the way the bees explore the country by the banks of the Nile in search of honey, and at night rejoin the hive wherever it may be anchored.

Fairland.

Ariel. Mortals wot but little still
 Of Fairie's art and Fairie's skill :
 Wondrous tissue ! deftly wove
 By the tiny hands we love,
 At courtly levee, feast, or ball,
 To fascinate, delight, enthrall ;
 Soon thy floating folds will fall
 Round the forms of elfin fair,
 Waving graceful everywhere
 In scarf, mantilla, artful veil,
 Or when on solemn feast they sail,
 'Neath arching oaks by woodland green,
 In majestic crinoline !

Tit. On surface smooth, and large and fine,
 Cut from heart of fairy pine,
 In some old hall's deserted towers,
 Where stillness reigns, and working hours
 Are noiseless, nor a breath of air
 Lends its wafting influence there
 To ruffle with its flaunting breeze
 Our gossamer spoils of waxy bees,
 There a thousand artists vie
 With a loving rivalry,
 Each perfection to achieve,
 For colour, form, design, or dye,
 In every tap'stried web they weave ;
 Here sexes both have ever striven
 By thought severe, or fancy gay,
 To win the meed to genius given
 By Oberon and Titania ;

Yea, there all Art hath found her birth—
All art that ever shone on earth!

Our trophies from Algarve's plain,
Winglets of the gipsy slain,
Already linked by Fairy art,
Seamless every joined part,
In round expanse, broad, ample shine,
Table-cloth for table-pine,
Enwove transparent, matchless bright
With deeds of that immortal fight,
And goodly store of waxen spoil
Already melts by Fairy toil,
Mingling in that translucent oil,
Distilled from secret essences
Pent in strange flowers on Himalays,
Balm-dropping shrubs and Indian trees,
Its wicks the pith of stems that grow
In Java's isle and Borneo.

But now the waning heavenly Queen
Glints tremulous on our verdant scene;
Soon her glittering orb will pale
Behind the steeps of high Bedel,
Quenched her soft alluring ray
To mortal man and Fairy Fay!
Hark! the hour! Maria's chime
From Cintra wafts. Now soon the time
For festal Fairy gathering,
Feast and song, in Fairy ring!
What ho! my 'dainty Ariel!'

Fairyland.

Warrior stern in field of strife,
 Laurel wreath beseems thee well,
 Though of feast the soul and life,
 'Delicate' still in hall or bower,
 Potent now as in the hour
 When thou op'd'st the Æolian caves,
 Lashing to madness Ocean's waves,
 Unchaining all the winds that blow
 At word of subtle Prospero:—
 Q'er earth and sea thy Fairy spell,
 Never-wearied Ariel!

Hast thou sought, and hast thou found
 In mount or vale or flower around,
 And from spoils of foreign host,
 Spoils of battle fought and lost,
 All the sweets that seemly be
 For fairy feast on Table-tree,
 That fairy hearts, with homage due,
 May honour this thy triumph true?

Ariel. Immortal Queen! whose sceptre sways
 The nations vast of Spirit Fays,
 Ever lovely, ever young,
 As by primeval poets sung,
 Thy radiant type on earth below,
 The goddess of the silver bow;
 Thou, as she, the sable night
 Gladdest with thine own delight,
 Queen midst thy galaxy of Fays,
 As she in heaven's star-spangled ways,

Both, a bright careering dream,
 Mingling in Creation's stream :
 Emblems since your heavenly birth
 Of faith in heaven, and faith on earth,
 Constant that enduring frame,
 Ever changing, yet the same!—
 Faithful Ariel hath fulfilled
 All his sovereign lady willed :
 Every branching pine that towers
 Round Pena's high sequestered bowers, •
 And giants huge that here remain,
 In Pena Verde's green domain,
 And those which farthest rooted stand
 On ocean's bleak deserted sand,
 Have their mailéd cones supplied,
 To furnish this our table wide.
 Featly shell'd by fairy skill,
 Their fresh and nutty seeds they spill,
 Ground anon in fairy mill
 To subtlest dust impalpable,
 With luscious honey amber-clear,
 By nicest art they mingled are :
 Honey unsurpassed I ween,
 On Hybla's mount, Hymethus' green,
 Or flower-bespangled meads that lie
 In sweet bee-haunted Thessaly !
 Honey sucked from scented flowers
 Nestling in Cintra's rocky bowers ;
 Bee orchis, rich wild thyme, and balm,
 And the fragrant marjoram,
 And those in Spanish hill and dale,

Fairland.

And through delicious Portugal,
 Rifled long with stealthy glee
 By predatory Gipsy-bee,
 Sweets by poetic justice riven
 From foe to virtuous Fairy given!

Tit. True in circle far and free
 These our wilding treasures be,
 Blending rich and perfumed savour
 With our honey's incensed flavour,
 But small part they yet express
 Of its bewildering sweet's excess;
 To source exotic chief it owes
 The properties its powers disclose;
 For hard by a garden smiles,

Where are placed by my command
 All the treasures of the isles,

The floral wealth of every land:
 Montserrat! my loved resort,
 Dwelling of my Fairy court,
 Escorial of my thousand Fays,
 Solace of our sunny days,
 Glittering seem of Fairy sprites
 Thy velvet lawns on moonlight nights!
 Here secure in splendid ease
 Revel all Titania's bees;
 Fed on flowers from morn till night,
 Their busy life one long delight,
 Flowers of precious quality,
 From every realm where sucks the bee,
 And from these same peculiar flowers

Spring our honey's magic powers :
 A subtle, searching, marvellous sense,
 Interior, delicate, intense,
 Wherein a thousand scents combined,
 Suffusing taste, surcharge the mind
 With memories strange and visions old,
 Associations manifold
 Of hours swift flown, too sweet to last,
 Surging back from out the past,
 Blissful scenes thought gone for ever
 Of forest glade and sunny river,
 Festal dance in fairy grove,
 Music, smiles, and raptured love!

Then we cull from their deep bells,
 Where its virgin sweetness dwells,
 By our artful fairy spells,
 All our Nectar's charmed tide,
 Store for daily feast supplied,
 Save on special gala bright,
 Time-honoured anniversary,
 Great in Fairy history;
 Or when deeds of valiant fight,
 As Ariel's now this festive night
 We celebrate with gay delight!
 Then our nectar Liber pours
 From out his hoarded eastern stores.
 Liber, that rosy Indian Fay,
 From Bacchus named—for his the sway
 O'er all the nectar's fragrant floods
 Throughout our empire—wine of gods,

Fairland.

Which, with his chosen band of sprites,
 And art consummate, he delights
 From rare tree-blossoms to express,
 And secret shrubs' deliciousness,
 In farthest India only found,
 Known but to him their charmed ground,
 And from mysterious Zizyphus
 Blooming in Egypt's wilderness,
 To drain Naokberries wondrous juices,
 Lotus of old Lotophagi.
 Full well he knows their secret uses,
 Their power to ope the magic sluices
 Of thought and sense that slumberingly
 In the unconscious brain do lie.

Lethe of dim-brooding sorrow!
 Joy to-day and bliss to-morrow
 Mingling in our nectar's bowl,
 Gently trancing all the soul!
 Large store of this famed beverage old,
 In a deep-dug cavern's hold,
 'Mid Cintra's rocks Silenus keeps,
 Girdled safe by Serra's steeps:
 Silenus, Liber's friend and brother,
 Blythe assist they each the other,
 Ordering all their Fairy staff,
 Who serve the cheering cups we quaff,
 And dealing out in boundless measure
 Our nectar's rich and balmy treasure!
 Such our wonted dainty fare;
 Like the classic gods we are,

Who on high Olympus' crown,
 From heaven in solemn pomp came down,
 To taste ambrosial sweets divine,
 And Hebe's cup of nectared wine.
 Primal age, when thou, green earth,
 Not long hadst claimed thy heavenly birth,
 When there flourished heroes old,
 Of simple life and daring bold,
 Demigods in mortal mould!
 Great Theseus and Bellerophon,
 And the sons of Telamon,
 And dread Achilles, warrior wild,
 Sea-born Thetis' heavenly child,
 Nestor old, Ulysses keen,
 And Agamemnon, 'king of men,'
 Æneas sprung from source divine,
 Hector, and Priam's valiant line:
 Strong Alcides laboured then,
 And gods descending dwelt with men!

Their food as ours, old poets say,
 Was nectar and ambrosia,
 Theme of many a muse's son,
 Of Pindar and Anacreon,
 And old Homer's lofty rhyme
 Echoing the spherul earth along,
 Whose stately march and flow sublime,
 Reverberates still her tribes among,
 Borne on the stream of conquered time,
 Sounding slow, its solemn chime
 Floats afar from clime to clime,
 And fills the world with deathless song!

Fairland.

Ah, Dian's silvery circle now,
 Has dipped behind the mountain's brow!
 Hasten, all ye elves of might,
 Whose special care it is to-night,
 With fairy grace and art divine,
 To range our feast on fairy pine:
 Haste ye, Pan and brown Sylvanus,
 Rosy Liber and Silenus,
 And whole crowd of elfins bright,
 Who do your bidding quick as light!
 Be your small, and buskined feet,
 As commissioned lightning fleet,
 In a charmed fairy trice,
 Time exact for winking thrice,
 Be our tufted table spread,
 In all its pomp of sweets arrayed,
 Meet for charmed enchanting scene,
 Conjured straight by Fairy Queen!

Come hither, Puck! malicious sprite!
 I will use thy cunning sleight;
 Sly, fantastic, volatile,
 Well thou lovest gamesome guile:
 I have heard thee boast thy power
 To 'girdle Earth' within the hour,
 Lithe thou art and loyal—list!
 And quick fulfil thy Queen's behest!
 Hie thee to my fairy seat,
 Across the vale, where Montserrat
 Basks in starlight! take with thee
 Goodly troop of Faërie,
 Nimble-winged elves, to where

Sleep in the still luxurious air
 My stately ferns that habit there !
 Thither, thither, quick repair,
 And the choicest, rarest fronds
 In all those green and sacred grounds,
 Carry here to scatter o'er
 Our hallowed pine-tree's festive floor,
 Fresh and verdant carpet meet
 For festive Fairies' twinkling feet,
 Or fragrant couch should they combine
 In sprightly circles, and recline,
 Charmed by our music's dulcet sound,
 Whilst the nectar cup goes round,
 And Orpheus, child of melody,
 Aerial-poised his spirit band,
 Discourseth such rich harmony
 As spirit powers alone command,
 Strains which wandering angels wove,
 Bending there their looks of love !

Stint not ! fetch abundant store,
 Thick to strew our piny floor ;
 Then, list ! where stands my huge Tree fern
 'Dot,' whose high exalted head
 Spreads like green enchanted urn,
 By genii cut and fashioned ;
 Thou know'st her bright particular place,
 Where diverge two fern-clad ways,
 One running to 'our Lady's nook,'
 The other round to mazy brook :—
 Sever swift her massive girth,

Fairland.

Level with the mossy earth!
 And see thou encounter tenderly,
 Softly, half remorsefully,
 'Dot,' my prized, my fairy tree,
 Named from maiden far away,
 Pet of each admiring Fay!

• • • • •

See thou minister tenderly,
 For not all unconscious she,
 But pulsates in that marvellous frame,
 Sense perplexed of doubtful dream!

• • • • •

'Old Dots' thou call'st her, elfin sly!
 In thy cunning raillery,
 For that 'all things best please thee
 Which befall preposterously,'*
 And thou loff'st right well I wot,
 To call our grandest fern-tree 'Dot!'

There where on streamlets crystal marge,
 'Fair Amy' bends her graceful arms,
 Same exploit thou hast in charge,
 Mingling weird and midnight charms!

• • • • •

Do thy spiriting tenderly,
 Deftly, softly, silently,
 For not all unconscious she,

* See Note 4, at end of Part I.

But, creeps within that marvellous stem,
Sense perplexed of troubled dream!—

• • • • •

Thence to murmuring low cascade,
Where 'Milly,' pensive, favourite maid,
Retiring blooms in sylvan shade:
Lop her bright and arching head!—

• • • • •

Artful spirit! skilful be!
See thou minister tenderly,
Defly, softly, silently,
For not all unconscious she,
But trembles in that marvellous frame,
Sense perplexed of doubtful dream!

Three a charmed number is,
In our fairy mysteries,
And the fern, or bold fern-tree,
Emblem of sincerity,
Is the waving crest we wear,
Through the nations everywhere!—
Hail! Australian sisters three!
You the spell-bound sibyls be,
Destined to compose to-night
Our candelabrum's sparkling height,
Centre of our fairy pine,
Charmed immovable to shine!
Each above the other placed,
In order greater, lesser, least,
With shortening stems proportioned due,

Fairyland.

Grace to give and balance true,
 Straightway are they now engemmed,
 With their magic lamplets trimmed,
 The lower fronds a basement grand,
 Less recurving, wide expand,
 The upper gently droop in air,
 With the weight of gems they bear,
 And as they high and higher reach,
 Lessening towards the centre each,
 Dome-like now the whole appears,
 Glittering bright with silver stars,
 Ferny dome of fairy sprite
 With thousand thousand lamplets bright,
 Every lamplet one pure gem,
 Meet for kingly diadem,
 Wealth of fair Golconda's mines
 Each a radiant diamond shines!
 Golconda's sunny regions known
 To us five thousand years ago,
 When its peerless brilliants shone,
 In caverned depths for Fays alone!

When the green and gladsome earth,
 From formless chaos first came forth,
 And all the stars in chorus sang
 That earliest, that ecstatic song,
 What time the great Creator heard
 My suppliant prayer to heaven preferred,
 And suffered this new star to be
 Seat of our fairy colony,
 With spirit powers, yet heavenly ban,

That we should ne'er infringe on man :
 Then, midst gracious favours given,
 By bounty of indulgent Heaven,
 Were placed at our supreme control,
 All precious gems from Pole to Pole,
 And where they lurked to us made known,
 And we might use them as our own !
 'Twas then in those old halcyon days,
 In our innocent wealth's amaze,
 We carved with nicest art and care
 These lamps that flashing diamonds are !
 Each a blazing monolith,
 With tiny wick of eastern pith,
 Fed by that slow consuming oil,
 Magic fruit of Fairy toil ;
 Each its outer surface set
 Crystal true, with smooth facet,
 Its inner substance caverned free,
 Lamp of adamant to be !
 Lo ! how unlit they sparkling shine,
 Modelling every frondlet fine,
 Coursing every marged line,
 Every leaflet fair enclosing,
 Every chizzled point disclosing,
 Fern in outline sharp exposing,
 Till now the frame expectant stands,
 Witching work of spirit-hands !

And ten thousand fireflies bring,
 Flocking to our fairy ring,
 Led by old charm thou knowest well,

Fairland.

They do need no other spell;
 They shall light our lamps to-night,
 One for every lamplet bright,
 Kindling each his special light,
 Outflashing all with instant blaze,
 When I my magic sceptre raise!
 Ah, Australian sisters three!
 You that spell-bound sibyls be,
 Sleep ye still half-consciously?
 I will partly set ye free:
 'Be your inward spirits bright
 Like your outward shapes of light!
 Wake sensation—nearer, nearer!
 Dawn perception—clearer, clearer!
 Till Fancy's visioned forms arise,
 And thrill ye with a glad surprise,
 And softly throb each tranced frame,
 Lapped in fond Elysian dream!'

Artful Puck! there still remains
 Matter for thy care and pains;
 Charge thy Fairy satellites,
 All thy host of helping sprites,
 That they ransack every nook,
 From Mata wild to gurgling brook,
 Gully deep and coppice small,
 And shrub-encircled waterfall!
 Every lawn and scented grove,
 Haunt of nightingale and dove,
 Every grot and shady bower,
 Nurse of sweet secluded flower,

And every gently-sloping brae,
 Verdant with all flowers of May,
 And every deep ravine and dell,
 Wheresoe'er there lurks a bell,
 And sever every chalice head
 By the nurturing dew that's fed,
 Every bell-flower of them all,
 Or hollowed tube cylindrical,
 Compact and monopetalous,
 All that apt for drinking is!
 Fairy cups for Fairy lips!
 Mortals' bowls they far eclipse,
 As the Nectar poured therein,
 Transcends the wine that mortals drain!

And look your Elves these flowrets snip
 'Neath calyx tube or calyx lip,
 Calyx firm, as fashioned all,
 For Fairy thumb and finger small;
 So these my pets in thousands bring,
 For our festal banqueting!
 And orange-blossoms, goodly store,
 And lemon-blossoms, more and more,
 To scatter on our fern-clad floor,
 Breathing odours far and wide,
 Quinta grande's special pride!
 And see they miss not 'Mexico,'
 There my spiky Aloes blow;
 And Agave highest towers,
 Pile on pile her golden flowers;
 And Yucca, bold, elastic, swells,

With thousand clustering creamy bells!
Take them prisoner every one,
And yet your task not all is done!
Lo! yon green and curving bank
Primrose and modest daisy prank;
It descends to tangled brake,
Thence three thousand glowworms take,
Or couching in the bladed grass,
Quick surprise them as ye pass,
Catch them up with Hesperus too,
From their glowing beds of dew,—
Hesperus, their radiant king,
All must deck our Fairy ring!
On our Pine's expansive marge,
Place them in triple circle large,
Their weak and golden fires subdued
By our far-streaming silver flood,
Wondering guests! how have they known
A lustre brighter than their own!

And the Eucalyptus lid,
Operculum of seeds that hid
In their Fairy castle be,
Till glowing summer set them free:
Cup of silver frostwork sheen,
Carved on ground of emerald green!
Be they large, or be they small,
Bring my charmers one and all,
From Datura's giant cowl
To Convallaria's tiny bowl,
From proud Bignonia's stately race,

To sunny Cowslip's freckled face,
 And thy Elves their burdens sweet,
 Fling in their fragrance at my feet!—
 Then let every Fairy guest
 Choose the cup beseemeth best,
 And Fairy spoon of sandal-wood,
 There in fragrant masses placed,
 Or Deodar as seemeth good,
 With hieroglyphic jewels traced,
 And instantly our Fairy floor
 Wear the face it had before!

Now list! the rest is all for thee!
 For thy own hands especially:
 From 'Our Lady's' ruined fane,
 Hard by 'Australia's' choice domain,
 Crop the flower '*Tacsonia*,'*
 Yclept the soft, 'mollissima';
 Pluck it for your Queen express,
 She doth choose to drink from this!
 And on these same hoary walls,
 There where the western sunlight falls,
 Climbeth *Ipomœa* blue,
 Oberon loves his azure hue;
 Gather *Ipomœa* † bright,
 He shall drink from it to-night!
 And the deep *Datura's* ‡ bell,
 Snowwhite, waved like ocean's shell,
 Pluck for conquering Ariel:

* *Tacsonia mollissima*. † *Ipomœa Liarii*. ‡ *Datura arborea*.

Fairland.

'Trumpet-flower,' for hero meet,
 He, to-night, shall drink from it!
 And that other emblem flower,
 Shadowing arms and soldier's power:
 In long deep bells its petals droop,
 And wheresoe'er they pendent stoop,
 Their yellow ground, blood-painted wide,
 Like golden field with carnage dyed,
 Doth symbolize dread warrior's pride:
*Datura** too—but ominous word!
 'Ensanguined,' marks the soldier's sword!
 Bring this flower's ensanguined bell,
 Rich, severely beautiful,
 Ariel's captains brave, to-night,
 Pine-wreathed all, shall drink from it!

And cull the Hyacinth's blue bell,†
 For one Titania loveth well,
 Her grave and pondering Secretary,
 Mortal once, now long a Fairy:
 From cup of truth, the Hyacinth bright,
 'True Thomas,' he shall drink to-night!—
 And when this wonder thou dost take,
 From its green and mossy brake,
 Bring the stem and flowers complete,
 Heavy with their incense sweet,
 And when thou giv'st it to his hand,
 I will touch it with my wand,
 And all its bells shall upright stand,

* *Datura sanguinea*.

† *Scilla nutans*.

And separate petals lock'd in one,
My queenly touch puissant own!
So Silenus when he fills
Our cup from his o'er-flowing rills,
Shall Thomase's whole stalk replenish,
Yea! every goblet he shall finish,
For modest he, and Nectar's pride
Oft sippeth, but in scanty tide!

And know'st thou the *Cobæa** fair,
Mad unruly child of air,
Clambering to the Plane-tree's top,
Resting never! up and up,
Gleams his large empurpled cup,
And oft anon down droppeth he,
From his restless aerie,
To tease yon unsuspecting maid
Tree-fern, who loves his Plane-tree's shade.
Mark how his tendril featly sped,
Clutcheth her bright and breezy head!
Lo! where he climbs the beetling rock!
Dost thou know him, artful Puck?—
Bring me in this tameless elf,
Thou shalt drink from him—thyself!
And cull for Orpheus, child of song,
That damask bell which doth belong
To *Fuchsia*, † mounting high in air,
Harmonious bands, all pendent there,
Emblem of Taste by Genius lit,

* *Cobæa scandens*.

† *Fuchsia corymbifera*.

Fairland.

Brave Orpheus, he shall drink from it!
 Oh! Orion! Spirit bright!
 What flower shall shadow thee aright?
 Pluck the *Canterbury-bell*,*
 Capacious—it beseems him well,—
 Old type of trusty constancy,
 This flower his drinking-cup shall be!

Last with a secret joyous awe
 Approach my peerless *Protea*;†
 A glowing beacon. Lo! he towers,
 Amid a sea of wavy flowers,
 Who seem to turn their eyes on him,
 As source of life and light to them.
 Large dome of downy, satiny scales
 Of lake his outer semblance mails,
 Red armour imbricate and thin,
 Guarding that wondrous crown within.
 Midway shalt thou strike him prone,
 Between his root and flaming cone,
 For he shall stand in royal state,
 Before our Dais' raised seat,
 And our Ambrosia he shall hold,
 Brimmed with its depths of yellow gold,
 Vase for the Fairy seven alone,
 Who sit on Dais' ferny throne;
 The rest their sweets ambrosial sip,
 From old Cocoa's jewelled lip
 And pray thy Elves they touch no plant

* *Campanula latifolia*.† *Protea* ?

With swift-winged zeal incontinent,
Of those seven kinds thou bring'st away,
For symbols of distinction they :—
This night a difference I do make,
Difference for distinction's sake.

Capricious Spirit! proved and tried
All throughout creation wide,
Skilful ever to fulfil
All Titania's sovereign will,
She hath uttered her behest,
Thy love and duty do the rest!
One word at parting, and thou'rt free
With all thy nimble company!
When thy magic spells are spun,
When thy work is featly done,
And thou reachest Helicon,—
Helicon, my fairy mount,
Guardian of Hippocrene's fount,
Formed by gushing torrent white,
Foaming down his cloven height,
And sleeping at his rocky base,
Reflecting Heaven's star-spangled face,
Thou shalt dip those Sibyls three,
Who Australian sisters be,
In the sparkling crystal sheen
Of transparent Hippocrene!
I have charmed her waters bright,
With threefold charm, this festal night,
That when thy fern-trees kiss the wave,
Varnish light their leaves shall have,

Fairland.

And subtle, faint adherency,
 So shall their gems hold steadfastly,
 Pouring their dazzling radiancy,
 And, consistent, shall they bear
 The glittering burthens they must wear!
 Now all is done that was to do,
 Lo! our Pine-tree waits for you.

Puck. Gracious Queen! the Fairies' pride!
 Love and Truth with thee abide,
 Thy pleasure mine whate'er betide!
 But ah! thy Puck doth feel a stound
 Creep his Fairy soul around,
 When his Fancy's nimble thought
 Paints the havoc he has wrought!
 For tender-hearted Spirit he,
 Though he love fantastic glee,
 And that heart is rent in twain,
 At thought of that dear-loved domain!
 Ah! if he a mortal were,
 Perchance the salt remorseful tear,
 Coursing his pallid cheek, might say. . . .

Tit. Hold thou there, most melting Fay!
 Hast thou then forgotten quite,
 Thou subtle Spirit of the Night!
 In thy compunctious sympathy
 For fern, tree-fern, and flower, and tree,
 All the lore I taught to thee,
 A thousand fleeting years ago?—
 Look into thy memory: Lo!



Then I showed thee marvellous things;
 Unfolding Nature's secret springs,
 All unsuspected mysteries
 In precious stones, and shrubs, and trees,
 And thou becam'st my gardener there,
 In beauteous grounds of gay Cashmere:
 As Montserrat's in modern day,
 Thou lovdest them then, capricious Fay!
 And all thy Fairy soul was given
 To that enchanting floral Heaven!

'Twas then I taught thee that great spell,
 Secret, irresistible,
 Gift of no created Power,
 Accorded with my floral dower:
 Weird, mysterious Talisman,
 Reaching my kingdom's farthest span,
 By whose innate compelling force,
 Nature's laws do halt their course,
 Acknowledging a higher cause,
 More potent than her normal laws!
 Gracious gift vouchsafed to me,
 Immutable, by Heaven's decree,
 Privilege of my spirit birth,
 Fairy Queen of floral Earth!—
 Wherefore, whilst that spell endures,
 Period fixed of charmed hours,
 The vegetable kingdom grand
 Is wholly given into my hand,
 And like a docile child obeys
 Mandate mine through ministering Fays:

Fairyland.

From oldest, highest towering tree,
 To all flowers that humblest be,
 From the giant *Courbaril*,*
 'Locust-tree' of rich Brazil,
 Where, old as Homer, still he stands
 Verdant in those flowery lands,
 To Pimpernel's foreboding eye,
 Closing 'neath o'erclouded sky!

That strong spell is all unknown,
 Save to kingly Oberon;
 Unkenned by those who Fairies arc,
 Loved and trusted howsoe'er:
 Not our Orion's piercing eye
 Can its far-off depths descry,
 Orion sage, to whom 'tis given
 To number all the stars of Heaven!
 Perilous boon! Not Ariel fine,
 Nor Thomas true, may it divine,
 And, artful Spirit! 'tis not thine!
 For though of old I taught it thee,
 To speed thy work on herb and tree;
 When such was finished fittingly,
 I have swept thy memory,
 And from its cell within thy brain,
 Have ever charmed it back again! —
 'To devastate and yet restore
 Nature as she was before;
 To bend her to my sovereign will,

* See Note 5, at end of Part I. *Hymenæa Courbaril*.

By new-breathed Instinct beautiful,
 To heal her every hurt and harm,
 Instantly by magic charm,
 And re-illumine her radiant face,
 With all its smiling loveliness,—
 (Mystery ineffable),
 Such my high celestial spell!
 Wherefore thou, compassionate sprite!
 In thy memory I will write
 Once again this ancient spell,
 Secret, irresistible!

When thou banquetest to-night,
 And quaff'st thy cheerful Nectar bright,
 In its sparkling stream will I
 Infuse this potent mystery,
 This same talisman of power,
 And thou shalt feel it in the hour,
 When the silvery stars of night
 'Gin pale beneath the dawning light,
 And Aurora, rosy-dressed,
 Opes the portals of the East,
 Pouring, in benignant showers,
 Her dew upon the opening flowers,
 And our own star-flashing rays
 Dart a faint and fainter blaze:
 Then when I my sceptre lower,
 Sign our joyous feast is o'er,
 And all our guests retire to steep
 Their senses in embalmèd sleep,
 And Orion, guardian old

Of all the jewels we unfold,
 For gala rich, or festal night,
 Or those that deck our garments bright,
 Treasured in his armoury brave,
 Until again their use we crave,
 Disenchants our Sibyls fair,
 And robs the burning gems they wear,
 And all our festal furniture
 Carries to his cave secure:—

Then, brave Puck! when all is done,
 Thy second mission is begun;
 Marshal all those Elves again,
 Who first composed thy Fairy train,
 And helped thee in thy bold emprise,
 They again are thy allies.
 Take again thy Sibyls three,
 Now that disenchanted be,
 And all you Elves and Elfin light,
 Seize again your burthens bright:—
 Glowworms, and symbolic flowers,
 Charmers of our festive hours,
 All delicate ferns, and flowrets both,
 Shut in Fairy tablecloth,
 In threefold lustre now remain,
 Since washed by Nectar's magic rain!
 Bear them again where first they grew,
 'Neath Montserrat's rich nursing dew,
 Then towering far o'er lawn and grove,
 Dim-spreading tracts the Fairies love,
 High hovering there, pronounce thy spell,

Fear not! thou shalt know it well,
 And scatter in the regions rare,
 Of the pure nerving atmosphere,
 Fields of ether calm and clear,
 Those truants of the morning air!—
 Every feathery, ferny gem,
 Floats to his own, his parent stem:
 Shake them to the vagrant winds!
 Every sister, sister finds,
 Every bell his fragrant brother,
 And where blooms their common mother,
 Bloom she wheresoe'er she will,
 On rock or ruin, lawn or hill,
 Or shaded mount by sparkling rill,
 Or hid in vale, or bower, or grot,
 Deep in most sequestered spot;
 Drawn by weird attraction there,
 They will find her everywhere,
 By that so marvellous Talisman,
 And like to like be joined again!—
 Instant as the magnet's sway
 The needle, they my charm obey,
 And their healthsome travel o'er,
 Brighter are they than before!
 By that deep mysterious spell,
 They are made susceptible
 Of an instinct new and strange,
 Like the Bees who distant range
 Over mountain, over wild,
 Sucking too their Nectar mild,
 And through forests' tangled maze

Fairland.

And all-perplexing devious ways,
Led by charm ineffable,
Mysterious heavenly miracle,
Find again when toil-oppressed,
O'er leagues and leagues, their tiny nest!

Lo! I see where here I stand;
(The future as the present scanned)
Yucca's glorious chalice band,
Like a troop of snowy doves,
Hasting home from fields and groves,
And from cleaving balmy air,
In heavenly regions everywhere,
Flocking to their dovecots old,
In Mexico's rock-sprinkled hold!—
Ah! quick transformed! on sudden dight
His slope with robes of glittering white!
As on Ocean's shelving shore,
A giant wave comes bursting o'er,
O'erflowing high the pebbled bay,
Flinging afar his feathery spray;
When, refluxent, ebbs his calm expanse,
Where shells and Fairy sea-weed dance,
Shines the steep floor whereon he swells,
With thousand quivering foamy bells!
Take thou now thy Sibyls three,
Who Australian sisters be,
But ere thou knit them charmedly,
Stem to stem, and tree to tree,
Thou shalt dip them once again
In transforming Hippocrene:—

Vanish shall their varnish bright,
And with it that adherence alight,
And their old consistency
Greet the touch and meet the eye,
And every frond, and scale, and spore,
Be as it had been before!

And then shalt thou convey them all,
Or to murmuring waterfall,
Or to area o'erspread
With Cork and Plane-tree's fostering shade,
Where two fern-clad pathways lead,
Or to marge of crystal brook,
Deeper down in shadowy nook:
Where'er their widowed stems remain,
There, joyous, they must wave again!
When the trunk thou didst divide,
Stem to stem exact applied,
Thou that charm shalt speak again,
And a vital union then,
Instant true, no power can quell,
Seals the working of thy spell!
Ah! Australian sisters three!
You that disenchanted be,
Sleep ye now unconsciously?
Or pulsates still that marvellous frame,
With memory of Elysian dream?
Constant Sprite! thy work is done,
Thy commanding spells are spun,
And soon in festal throng we meet,
In those deep groves and valleys sweet,

fairland.

Where our Fairy court will prove
 All the labours of thy love;
 Montserrat's calm smiling scene,
 Where thy tricky hand hath been,
 There all my flowers shall rosier seem,
 Exulting in their Fairy dream,
 From copse and slope and arbour green,
 Laughing gay to greet their Queen,
 Her travel o'er, returned again,
 To her home, her own domain!

Vanish now, adventurous Puck!
 With all thy Elfin host to pluck,
 In the shimmering fair starlight,
 Flower and fern, and fern-tree bright:
 Minutes three for Fairy be,
 Time our laws impose on thee;
 Thou shalt thrive, and minutes five,
 I do in my bounty give——
 But soft! for thriving and for thriven,
 Beseems the mystic number seven!
 Go, then! and leisurely return,
 With scented flower and severed fern.

(Puck disappears with his Fairy legions.)

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Pine-trees! now your surface large,
 Round to distant spreading marge,
 Smooth and equable is seen—
 Look, Oberon! how the lovely green

Of our tufted bristling Pines,
Through their cloth transparent shines!
That spoil-wrought covering crystalline,
Gleams with lustre hyaline,
And with golden-threaded story
Of our army's day of glory,
When by bright Guadiana's flood
Fell Treason quailed, and sank in blood!

Now I mark this spot wherefrom
Shall spring our sparkling ferny dome,
Here its flashing fires must shine,
Central spot of hallowed Pine,
And traced by this my Fairy wand,
As temple firm that mass shall stand;
And here our Dais gently swells,
 Closed by that Arbour lightly wove
By cunning hands with fairy spells,
 Fantastic, simple, free above,
And open, that the gentle air
May creep around it everywhere:
Small segment of that circle fine,
Which bounds our Pine-tree's waving line;—
All around the central stem,
 Pile on pile polygonal,
Are laid our delicate spoons—from them
 We sip our sweets ambrosial,
Ranged in a thousand odorous files
Of sandal-wood from Sandwich Isles,
Or indestructible Deodar,
Indian wood with carvings rare,

Fairyland.

On each a mystic legend traced,
 Hieroglyphics gem-enchased:
 And lo! around them, glittering, ranked
 At fitting distance, to be flanked
 On their outer farther side
 By our ferny carpet wide,
 Old Cocoa's quaint and jewelled pride!

Four-and-twenty vases cut
 From hard and hollowed Cocoa-nut,
 Greek their outline's graceful mould,
 Golden tripods cradle them,
 Diamond, ruby, emerald,
 Consecrated triple gem,
 Encircle all that triple stem,
 Gorgeous, everywhere enzoned
 By triple row, caparisoned
 Alternate, and on th' antique bowl,
 With lapse of ages black as coal,
 Or polished ebony, are traced
 Green fern-leaves in emeralds wove,
 With the oak-leaf interlaced,
 Mystic plants the Fairies love,
 Imaging sincerity*
 Twined with hospitality!
 Time-honoured vessels, sacred they,
 Urns for our sweet Ambrosia!
 Already Pan has filled them up,
 From one vast ambrosial cup,

* See Note 6, at end of Part I.

And prompt they stand in circle round,
With their yellow honours crowned,
Flinging from that jewelled stem
The starlight glinting down on them !

Forty centuries and two
Have flitted by since they were new :
'Twas when the sin of man was great,
Through all Creation's fair estate,
Wherever mortal footstep trod,
And man was rebel to his God !
When Earth was filled with violence,
And fraud, and wrong, and foul offence ;
In that dark and dreadful day,
He swept their guilty race away,
By a vast o'erspreading flood,
Whelming all that Titan brood,
Save one virtuous family
Shut in Ark of Gopher-wood,
With beast, and bird, and insect gay ;
And thus fair Earth, once more renewed,
Smiled once more by Heaven's decree :
Then forewarned by will Divine,
That Nature's realms in farthest West
And farthest East should verdant shine,
And 'scape the ruin of the rest,
Since mortal foot with sin and snare
Had never stamped its impress there,
We winged our flight to far Brazil,
With all our thronging multitudes,
Where primal trees and plants did fill

The air with odour! there intrudes
 No human form—vast solitudes
 Of Nature's wonders measureless,
 Solemn, silent, fathomless!
 There we sojourned many a day,
 When fair mid-world in ruins lay,
 Till all those regions grand we knew,
 From Mexico and rich Peru,
 To California's farthest shores,
 Well known to us her golden stores!
 And scaled huge Andes' summits steep,
 And Chimborazo's awful keep,
 And basked on that green platform strange,
 Midst wild Nevado's snowy range,
 Where rise those grand *colossal trees*,*
 Stupendous, waving in the breeze,
 Flinging from their green mass a shade,
 Deep, solemn, darkening all the glade!—

Full sixteen hundred centuries good,
 Then those wondrous trees had stood,
 And *still* they charm that solitude:
 Oldest in Creation's plan,
 Coeval with the race of man!—
 Millenniums old have come and gone,
 And still have ye in glory shone,
 Ye monarch trees! Creation's wonder!
 Nor snow's dread weight, nor scorching thunder,
 Nor worm, nor tempest's ruinous blast,

* See Note 7, at end of Part I. *Wellingtonia gigantea*.

O'er your Heaven-shielded lives has passed :
 Oh! types of strength and power serene!
 Here stand ye, hallowing all the scene,
 Quiring to God's eternal skies
 Ever those full-voiced harmonies
 Æolian, spirit-caught, and so
 Unheard by listening ear below!—
 Hid from unconscious man till late,
 Now linked to his terrestrial fate,
 Well hath he wrought in naming thee
 That hero's antitypal tree,—
 England's unsullied hero old,
 Of iron frame compact, high-souled,
 His glory duty! his stern will
 As adamant inflexible,
 And welded in that spirit high,
 Truth, justice, magnanimity,
 And warrior's lore, and warrior's skill,
 In hundred fields invincible!
 Thus like his own great giant tree,
 That head exalted still shall soar,
 And stainless laurel crowns shall be
 Bright blooming there for evermore!

'Twas then, in early morning grey,
 Or fanned by balmy evening breeze,
 When the red sun's far western ray
 Smote slanting on those primal trees,
 That we, reclining at our ease,
 Watched Orion's skilfulness,
 As he enchased each Cocoa-bowl,

Fairyland.

(Thought absorbing all his soul)
 With those gems of priceless worth,
 Dug from the rich and virgin earth;
 There oft we stretch our limbs along,
 With Fairy tale or merry song:
 Orion! wondrous worker fine
 In produce of the jewelled mine!—
 Where the Diamond darkly dwells
 In deepest cave rough-crust'd o'er,
 His kindling glance mistrust dispels,
 He lifts it from its desert floor,
 And gloats, and smiles, and swift compels
 Its fires to flash for evermore!
 And not less mighty in design,
 Where purest taste and use combine,
 He doth sit on Fancy's throne,
 And wields her sceptre as his own:

So where'er our court we keep,
 There in some lonely, rocky steep,
 He digs his workshops under ground,
 In their depths for ever found
 Embodying some great golden thought,
 As Cocoa-goblet gem-inwrought,
 Or diamond lamp of silvery ray,
 Indestructible for aye!
 Or sculpturing every precious stone
 The dancing sunbeam shines upon,
 With forms our charming Elfin wear,
 Wreathed in their soft and sunny hair,
 And on snowy neck, and wrist,

• And rounded arm, and taper waist,
 Or pearly emblems quaint to suit
 That chiselled dream, their tiny foot,
 Every ornament he seeks.
 Symbolic is—transparent speaks
 Its glittering spirit—language, fraught
 With hidden truth or mystic thought;
 Gems to us are Sibyl's leaves,
 Nought but truth their form receives!
 Orion lives for them alone,
 And the bright stars! a precious stone
 Hath to him oracular tongue
 Richer far than Syren's song,
 And from inspiration lit
 At their bright altar, he hath writ,
 In beryl, pearl, and chrysoprase,
 And topaz carved in thousand ways;
 Strange, far-reaching prophecies,
 Innumerable mysteries,
 Historic, allegorical,
 Moral, metaphysical,
 Sought and loved by Fairies all!

Ever hath he counsels sage,
 And weareth aye the look of age,
 And changeth never outward dress,
 For fashion of appearances;
 Rarely his stature, changeable
 To Fairy folk at Fairy will:
 His ancient inches thirty and seven,
 Be mystic numbers ruling Heaven!

fairyland.

In velvet black from head to foot,
 Clothed he is, his favourite suit,
 Circles his neck that spacious ruff,
 Wove of Fairies' choicest stuff,
 His flowing beard, like drifted snow,
 Descends upon his breast below,
 And his loins are girded light,
 By belt with thousand diamonds dight;
 Off he regards their dazzling stream,
 Musing in a waking dream!

His forehead smooth like ivory,
 Rises quaintly, steep and high;
 And his eyes, of glowing jet,
 Deep in their sheltering orbits set,
 With mild, serene, and searching ray,
 Burn for ever and a day!
 Little courts he our gay pleasures,
 Buried 'mongst his sparry treasures,
 And from festal revelry,
 On verdant mead, or charmed Pine-tree,
 Or beach of freshening moonlit sea,
 Thought-enwrapped, oft wendeth he
 To Bedél's lone and silent height,
 And in the clear, the breezeless night,
 Outwatcheth all the starry host,
 In deep Chaldean problems lost!

*(Puck and his Fairy host return
 with their floral treasures.)*

Ha! our moonlight Satellites!
 Workers oft on starry nights!

Hail, Puck! oppresséd, wandering sprite,
 Bending 'neath thy Fern-tree's weight,
 Feignéd sense of toil, and aly
 Twinkle of thy half-shut eye
 Shadow forth, else unexpressed,
 Ungallant thought within thy breast,
 That those charming Sibyls thine,
 Scarce terrestrial, chief divine!
 May breathe of dim mortality,
 By one incredible property,
 Dream—shadow—nought: solidity!—
 Must I touch thee with my wand,
 Ere thou straight and stalwart stand?

Passing strange to Mortal's sense,
 Spirit's lightening nimbleness,
 Thought in action! dull suspense
 Unknown in realm of Fairy bliss;—
 Time and space no barriers rear
 In our Spirit atmosphere!
 With a Fairy wish, a thought
 Gently breathed from Fairy's mind,
 (Soul's river, bright yet undefined.)
 Welling from that fountain fraught
 With the magic mystery will,
 Resistless, silent oracle,
 Power incomprehensible,
 Brooding god-like, wakeful still,
 Mind herself at its control,
 In the chambers of the soul,—
 Unfathomed essence, secret, dim

Fairland.

To gaze of wisest Seraphim!—
 By simple will and simple thought,
 All those glittering treasures brought;
 From fern, tree-fern, and fragrant flower,
 Subserving Fairies' festal hour,
 And priceless gem, Orion's charge,
 To Glowworm on our Pine-tree's marge,
 All disposed with elegant grace,
 Each in his own appointed place,
 Range instant round our Sibyl-tree
 On order's perfect harmony!

Now from our Arbour-throne we rise,
 Fern-strewed Fairy ottoman!
 Then glance we with exploring eyes,
 O'er all our Pine-trees' circling span,
 And mark our Fairy chamberlain,
 Adept in Fairy mysteries,
 Skilled in all ceremonial rites,
 Hermes! who doth order this
 At court or feast on festal nights:—
 Question asked, and quick reply:
 'Gracious Queen of Faëry,
 'All is finished fittingly!'

'And you, strong Pan, and brown Sylvanus!
 'And rosy Liber and Silenus!
 'Grave ye flit with thoughtful brow,
 'Are ye ready, ready now?'
 'Lovely lady! prompt we stand,
 'Expectant when that queenly hand

'Shall wave in air its magic wand.'
 'And Orpheus, rapt, melodious fay!
 'I thy glittering form do see
 'In thy aërial orchestra:
 'Art thou ready?'—'Ready, yea!
 'Most divine Titania!
 'Flashing lamp's enkindled gem
 'Signal for our nation's hymn!'
 'Lucifer! strange, restless spirit!
 'Ben-shacher, "son of Morning" hight,
 'Hast thou thy fire-flies marshalled all,
 'Prompt for Fairy festival?
 'Ready each spark for instant blaze,
 'When I my magic sceptre raise?'
 'Glorious Queen! my insect band,
 'Thousand, thousand, ready stand,
 'Glowing bright with three-fold fire,
 'To minister to their Queen's desire!
 'Son of the Morning! rest thou here,
 'And taste to-night our royal cheer,
 'And all thy fire-flies hover near!
 'And when the morning dawning springs,
 'Thou shalt use her rosy wings,
 'And hie thee to thy Temple bright
 'Remembering long thy festal night!—
 'Kindle now thy silver blaze,
 'Lo! my sceptre I upraise!'

* * * * *

Spirit form, divine and pure,
 Resilient, all things can endure,
 Or o'ercome resistingly;

Fairyland.

Undazzled shines a Spirit's sight,
 Though flooded by intensest light,
 Like adamant his piercing eye!
 Hence when poured that sudden flood
 Of white, o'erpowering brilliancy,
 On Fairy throng around that stood,
 Concentrating its radiancy,
 Calm they hailed those darting rays,
 Exulting in their healthful blaze,
 Softened albeit its influence dread,
 By mellowing Fern-trees' friendly shade!

Ah! who can watch their silvery fires,
 Nor deem some constellation, bright
 With thousand stars of heavenly light,
 By sympathy that Love inspires,
 Scanning our mystic charmed ring,
 Hath left his high celestial choirs,
 To gild our Fairy banqueting,
 And snatch a sweet, a stolen delight,
 For just one dear bewitching night!
 And those ravishing strains on high,
 Crash of silver melody!
 One unbroken harmony,
 Flinging forth the angelic swell
 Of that Fairy anthem wild,
 Fairy hearts do know so well
 Since Eden's seasons! * * Earth-beguiled,
 Entranced by the beautiful,
 Petitioning the Almighty rule,
 Then we left, like petted child,

Our small natal planet dull,
 And our indulgent Father smiled,
 Fond, and with benignant eye,
 Surveyed his wayward progeny!
 Childlike indeed our Fairy span!
 Smallest in Creation's plan!
 And made us wondrous recompense,
 In subtle deep intelligence,
 And of Himself pervading sense,
 And happiness and innocence,
 Ecstatic things of life and light,
 Our new-found world's cosmopolite!

Saw ye ever, Oberon!
 Sight like that which now ye see,
 Ah! happy moments flowing on,
 Unconstrained festivity!
 Mark their rich embroideries!
 Thousand patterns, thousand dyes;
 Strange, those colours liquid seem,
 And their deep transparent gleam,
 With the radiant rainbow vies,
 As though he spanned those azure skies
 Of the young primal world, and threw
 His prismatic flood on flowers that grew,
 Enamelled, bursting ever new,
 In yet unforfeited Paradise!
 Lo! in scarlet's rich array,
 Our heroes of the Algarve gay!
 Seems as that gorgeous tint repelled
 The favourite flashing emerald;

fairyland.

Pine-wreath they wear as warrior should,
 Emblem of brave hardihood,
 And blythe they quaff that nectar's well,
 Lying in deep Datura's bell!
 But chiefly shine our Elfin's fair,
 In gold and glittering jewels rare,
 Dost thou mark, fine Ariel!

Delicate homage paid to thee,
 Hundreds decked by Fairy spell
 In spoils of hapless Gipsy-Bee!
 With diamond, pearl, and emerald
 Enwove these gossamer robes are filled,
 And Orion's legends old
 Their bright symbolic gems unfold,
 And their rich and silken hair,
 In curling tendril floating fair,
 Or braided high, or falling free,
 In its wild luxuriancy,
 Entwined with pearl, or diamond-dressed,
 Shews the Fern, our Fairy crest.

Children of ethereal race!
 The wide world their dwelling-place,
 Nought can paint their joyousness,
 As they from Cocoa's sparkling cup,
 On divine ambrosia sup,
 And drain from Flora's goblets fine
 Delicious draughts of nectar wine!
 Ah! rough Pan, and brown Sylvanus!
 And rosy Liber and Silenus!
 And all your ministering legion bright,

Great your toil this festive night,
 Perpetual filling Cocoa up,
 Perpetual brimming floral cup!

* * * * *

Some recline in languid ease,
 Half hid amongst those ferny treasures,
 Loving groups! entranced these
 With Orpheus' high ecstatic measures;
 Others sit on verdant rise,
 Upheaped with Fern's collected frond,
 And read in others' sparkling eyes
 Friendship or Love's still tenderer bond!
 Ethereal love of spirit pure,
 In spirit-land doth fresh endure,
 Through endless time as first it sprung,
 In souls immortal, ever young!
 By divine attraction led,
 Spirit's choice is hallowéd,
 Each of the other forms a part,
 Soul and spirit, mind and heart,
 The lover's thought, will, feeling, cares,
 The beloved one instant shares,
 By power mysterious, all unknown
 E'en to the blest who gain the boon,
 Heaven's favourites! happy they who own
 Its highest prize, two souls in one!
 Like those double stars that burn
 In the far-off depths of Heaven,
 Their sympathies such as none may learn,
 Mandate by the Almighty given!
 Love in every Planet reigns,

Throughout all Heaven's immortal plains,
 Angels' lyres its praise rehearse,
 Talisman of the universe!

Ah! mortal must immortal prove,
 Or e'er he fathom Spirit-love!—
 Now, sweet Oberon! treasure mine!

We will seek our harbour-throne,
 And then in converse half recline
 Its soft and cushioned Ferns upon,
 And Puck shall straight to Orpheus hie,
 And that chosen melody,

Mortals' loving gift to thee,
 Cherished by his silvery band,
 Zealous shall he now command:
 'Overture to Oberon,'
 Fairy strain from Mortals won!
 Inspiration mortal-wove,
 Music all our Fairies love,
 Clear undulating harmony,
 Like moonlight on the silver sea!

Ob. Yea, it creepeth cunningly,
 In my ears that Fairy strain!
 With a playful irony

Methinks its murmuring swell doth feign
 Wilful Elves' capriciousness,
 Such do Mortals see in us,
 Knowing not our faithfulness,
 Fondness, and sincerity,
 Nor how frank we Fairies be!

They tell me, fair Titania!
 Thou, late purpose didst express
 To visit wild Arabia,
 And Egyptian wilderness;
 So some prying Fays did guess;
 But had there sprung in thy sweet breast
 Thought of far Egyptian guest,
 Then that wish had straight been mine,
 Reflected instant, twin with thine,
 Spirit-gift we jointly own,
 As thine eloquent tongue hath shown,
 Of Spirit-love discoursing high,
 That so, on Mortal's darkened eye,
 Might dawn that heavenly mystery:—
 Life of my life! full well I wot
 Thou wilt not leave our Montserrat,
 Till its completed forms arise
 Perfect to Fay's fastidious eyes;
 Thy secret counsels whispering still
 Bending mortals to thy will,
 O'erruling all this hallowed spot
 Thy spells, though they surmise it not!

Tit. Well hast thou read my secret soul,
 All my thoughts at thy control:
 Much of art and Fairy grace
 Still beseems our dwelling-place,
 And verily, frail Mortals' skill
 Must here be subject to my will,
 Paramount, invisible!
 In sooth, I love this people all,

Fairyland.

And this unchanging Portugal;
 Gay, contented, strong, and free,
 Its bold and hardy peasantry,
 In battle-field enduring, brave,
 Great on Ocean's rushing wave,
 And each of high or low degree
 Pink of graceful courtesy!
 And I do love their Sailor King!
 Honest-hearted, frank, and mild,
 And their Queen, so true, so young,
 Fairy lily, Warrior's child!
 And that rosebud, babe or sprite,
 Like wingless Cupid animate,
 Yet in Pentelic marble cut,
 So delicate pure his dazzling white!
 With eyes of azure, heavenly fair,
 Like twin sapphires glowing there!

Oberon! I have tempted been
 To steal him from yon mortal scene,
 And quick transport to Fairy bowers
 Blissful, where the rosy hours
 Lag not, and term of seventy years
 Like one long summer's day appears!
 But that I straight did think was on
 Tale of that 'little changeling'
 Stolen from an 'Indian King'
 Which thou didst covet, Oberon!—
 Yea! that little changeling child
 Sowed a brief dissension mild,
 (Sith that he was mortal-born)

Through all our Fairy legions gay,
Perplexed; what time thou didst suborn
Puck, that guileful, treacherous Fay,
(Puck suddenly vanishes.)
With his 'Asse's Knowle' to play
On spell-charmed, sad Titania,
And thus thy 'Changeling' thou hast won,
Cruel, crafty Oberon!

Ob. Charming Queen of Faërie!
Oberon's life and Oberon's pride!
Recall not to thy memory
That feat to whim and jest allied;
Long years ago it did betide,
And most part accidentally!—
That secret thou didst then confide
To 'Fancy's child,' thy Shakspeare gay,
Who, in his mirth's exuberant tide,
Blabbed it to Creation wide!
And (sinful stain of earthly thrall!)
Much he added baseless all.

Tit. I do remember that strange pass
Of my meek Athenian Ass,
As though but yesterday it was!
His large eye did seem to me
Bright and beautiful to be,
When in my own thou didst express
That juice of 'Love-in-idleness!'—
Late I looked on 'Socrates,'*

* See Note 8, at end of Part I.

Wonder of the long-eared race!
 (Puck in his jesting wilfulness
 So hath named him) barred he is
 Like Zebra, and in his soft eye
 A passionless liquidity!
 And line of beauty's curving grace
 Marks his eyelids' fringedness!
 Double is his size and speed,
 Of any of fair Cintra's breed;
 He hath served two Queens I trow,
 Maria erst, Titania now,—
 Greek his matchless hairy face!*

Athens—

Ob. Loveliest Fairy Grace!
 Titania mine! thou canst not dwell
 On this old field with Sovereign spell
 Fairy-sown, yea sown by me!
 But that in mystic third degree,
 Some spell-winged seed, stray particle,
 Again in thy soul susceptible,
 Warmed by memory's charm-fed ray,
 Springs faintly dawning into day,
 To stir without thy sweet intent,
 Again, presumptuous merriment,
 In benighted Mortals' hearts,—
 For that Thomas true imparts
 (Thomas, thy faithful Secretary,
 Mortal-sprung, though long a Fairy,)
 Every pictured tablet limned

* See Note 8, at end of Part I.

By Fairy pencil thine, undimmed ;
 Charged thy whole utterance to present,
 For their tribes enlightenment
 In Fairy life and government,
 Yea! every syllable of thine,
 Whilst three days and nights do shine!

Tit. True, our Fairy mandate this:
 (He knoweth its comprehensiveness)

‘ True Thomas write!—
 ‘ From memory bright
 ‘ Indite, indite,
 ‘ With diamond pen of flashing light,
 ‘ Word whate’er,
 ‘ Vision rare,
 ‘ Description fair
 ‘ In fountain clear,
 ‘ Falleth from Titania’s lips,
 ‘ Falleth from King Oberon,
 ‘ Or Fairy lips around our throne :
 ‘ Smallest jot
 ‘ Reserve it not!
 ‘ See it suffer no eclipse!
 ‘ For charmed hours seventy and two!
 ‘ Three days, three nights
 ‘ Of gay delights!—
 ‘ Fairy sprites depend on you!
 ‘ True Thomas! they depend on you!
 ‘ Incredible!
 ‘ Each syllable
 ‘ Memory-shrined, through you, through you

Fairland.

' Must live for Man, grave Thomas true!
 ' No other way,
 ' By night, by day,
 ' Can we our love to man impart,
 ' One part, one part,
 ' Thou mortal art,
 ' And three bright parts a Spirit Fay!
 ' On Nature's brink,
 ' Destined link,
 ' Thou dost stand, dost stand, dost stand,
 ' 'Twixt Mortal life and Fairy land!'

But, my Oberon, cherished ever!
 Mark'st thou not yon shining river
 Streaming from our lamplets' rays,
 Diving through their diamonds' blaze,
 Like a gushing, sparkling fount,
 Falling, falling from its mount
 Continuously, continuously,
 Cheating still the straining eye!
 And see'st thou not true Thomas' gaze
 Fixed on that ever-wandering maze?
 Sign that his deep prophetic sight
 In far-off reverie drinks its light,
 Unmarked these secrets all our own,
 On this far marge of arbour-throne;
 No dash of this his memory keeps,
 Sometimes, ' sometimes, Homer sleeps!'

Heard'st thou ever, Ariel fine!*

* See Note 10, at end of Part I.

And thou, Orion, loved of Fate!
 How, long ago by will divine,
 I true Thomas did translate?
 And thou, gem-circled, bright Aglaia,
 And thou, bewitching Fay Thalia,
 And fairest fair Euphrosyne,
 Who my attendant Graces be!
 Heard ye e'er that history?
 Whilst he is tranced in reverie dim,
 Unconscious, I will speak of him!
 He doth love the solitude
 Of shadowing glen and dark Pine-wood,
 And in morning's early prime
 Serra's topmost peaks to climb,
 And catch the sun's first golden ray,
 Heralding the approach of day!
 Much he affecteth Cintra's fountains,
 Filtering through her rocky mountains,
 Drinking her purling, crystal streams,
 As food belike for poet's dreams,
 But my Nectar's balmy force,
 Fairy hails most potent nurse
 Of poet's dream transcendentally,
 Setting heart and fancy free;
 Fount of song, and wit, and mirth,
 Surer far than fount of earth!

Then Nectar cup, as tonic keen,
 Hath no parallel, I ween;
 And Thomas oft I do compel
 To dive into its charmed well,

Fairland.

Where he finds divinest truth,
 And beauty, and immortal youth ;
 There, like a golden carp at play,
 He disporteth merrily,
 Cheerful as the summer's fly,
 When the noontide sun is high,
 And his lips o'erflowingly,
 Breathe ecstatic poesy !
 For when earthly stream he drinketh
 Long—his Fairy spirit sinketh,
 And dark demon Melancholy,
 (Lingering trace of earthly folly,)
 Doth possess him, part or wholly ;
 This fell imp I exorcise,
 By spell that in my Nectar lies,
 For Thomas is, good sooth to say,
 A slight—indeed a delicate Fay !

Six hundred years and more have passed,
 Since, Heaven according my behest,
 I this singing-bird released
 From his weary cage of flesh,
 'Gainst whose bars he smote his wings
 With vain and frantic flutterings !—
 Endowing him with life afresh,
 And whispering him of Fairy shores,
 Oped I wide his dungeon-doors,
 And reaching forth my Fairy hand,
 Led him to enchanted land !
 'Dungeon,' said I ?—Yea ! a strife
 Objectless, that mortal life,

To his pure spirit, which the clay
 Enshrouding, dimmed, and chafed alway :
 He was a mountain wild flower bright,
 Rooted in Cimmerian night,
 Thirsting for the noontide blaze,
 To drink its clear, its quickening rays ;
 Panting and struggling to the light,
 Come from wheresoe'er it might !
 Dungeon life to him, as thine,
 Ariel ! in thy cloven Pine,
 To thee, bright soaring child of air !
 When thou consumed'st thy spirit there,
 And twelve long years of pain and dole
 Harrowed up thy Fairy soul,
 Till freed, as pitying fate befell,
 By Prospero's puissant spell !—
 Thus this poetic child was given
 To Fairy realm by favouring Heaven ;
 And his weird, his two-fold birth,
 Fairy bright, yet child of Earth,
 Forms a tie more close to bind
 The Fairy world with human kind.

Then thou know'st, my Oberon !
 He hath well and fairly won
 The coveted gifts, mysteriously
 That dwell within my Honeys three,—
 Gifts so rarely given away
 To mortal born, or Fairy Fay,
 And ne'er before combinedly :
 ' Poesy and Prophecy,

And converse with the Faërie,—
 Gifts which help him well to paint,
 To Mortals in beseeching tint,
 Such pictures as we deign to give
 Of how we happy Fairies live.

• • • • • •
 • • • • • •

Still true Thomas doth explore
 Those depths of else forgotten lore
 That in his wondrous memory hide,
 And treasured there for aye abide;
 He doth glass them in his eye
 Tricked in flowers of Poetry:—
 But now mysterious Prophecy
 On Angel's pinions I descry
 Hovering round with calm delight,
 Soon to film his wavering sight,
 And by his touch celestial, wake
 Those echoes else he dared not speak!

Late chanced it that a thought outbreathed
 From volatile lips of sportive Fay,
 Touched faintly, lightly, mortal's way
 Of frailty: albeit all enwreathed
 By delicate tact of Spirit Fay
 With words, sweet words that stingless be,
 He did brood in fantasy:
 And straight by Eildon's hills to stray,
 And Eicildoune's old ruins grey,
 Took he his solitary way,
 Whence he his spirit did transport

Through all famed Scotia's wide resort,
 Lingering by Lomond's depths profound,
 And Katerine's hallowed Fairy ground,
 And pebbly marge of far Loch Ness,
 Mirror of mountain loveliness!
 And here, self-tranced, I did share
 His mountain wanderings everywhere,
 Ranging with him my soul and eye,
 Where'er our ancient haunts do lie;
 Though in fair Cintra's sweet domain,
 Still held my Spirit's form her reign.

There did he skim thy deep abyss,
 Dark frowning, solemn, lonely Ness!
 Recalling scenes and hours, I wis,
 His earliest taste of Fairy bliss,
 Long truant to his consciousness,
 Now crowding back to his mind's eye,
 On wings of rushing Memory!
 For when six hundred years ago
 I did translate his spirit here
 To ecstatic Fairy sphere,
 Soul from mysterious Hades won!
 Our gay court we then did hold
 In those Northern regions old,
 Around romantic Inverness,
 Far off in quiet loneliness,
 Where grandeur, harmony, beauty, and grace,
 Have of old their dwelling-place!

Ah! favourite haunt of Fairy's ken,

Fairland.

Thy every stream and crag and glen !
 'Twas in those times of feudal glee,
 And unadorned simplicity,
 Parting gift to thee I gave,
 Parting benison : 'Farewell !
 'Be thy men the bravest brave,
 'And thy women bear the bell,
 'Fairest fair of all that be
 'In broad Scotia's boundary !'
 'Bravest brave, and fairest fair,'
 Spell of gay Titania,
 Happy who hold that treasure rare
 Fairy charm shall last for aye !

So Thomas true his course did take
 To hail once more that placid lake,
 And rugged glories there that be,
 Haunts of his Fairy infancy !
 There Urquhart Castle lifts his brow,
 All scarred by time, and crumbling now,
 But lone Glen Urquhart to his view,
 Smiles still with verdure ever new,—
 And seeks he fair Glen Moristone,
 And climbs its hills and summits green ;
 What bleating flocks do feed thereon,
 How like the Switzer's pastoral scene !
 And dives he down their winding vales ;
 How deep those rich romantic dales !
 Lo ! rising from the embosoming green
 Yon modest mansion's glancing sheen !
 Here dwells, where Taste and Nature reigns,

The ancestral lord of these domains.
 Now, Fairy-gifted, light as air,
 O'er lake's broad margin, old Port Clare,—
 And Cherry Island, doth he press,
 Sole island spot on dark Loch Ness;
 And resteth at its Western bound,
 Fair Fort Augusta's tranquil ground:
 Dismantled Fort! her cool glacis
 And bastions strong, to lolling ease
 Long dedicate; her iron shot
 And volleyed thunders long forgot,
 Since Scotia's Clans, her Highland host,
 Did proudly weep Culloden lost!

Here sweeps the broad meandering swell
 Of Caledonia's great canal,
 Bearing her vessels' stately train,
 Baffled the disappointed main:
 Calm triumph of enduring skill,
 Of Mortals' art, of Mortals' will!
 And thy twin streams, one dark, one bright,
 Tarf and Oich! ecstatic sight
 To pilgrim-angler!—Now Loch Oich,
 Glengarry, and the far Glenquoich,
 E'en to Loch Homan, where sounds the wave,
 That Skye's opposing isle doth lave,
 True Thomas greets, then slantingly
 Southwards and East he soareth high,
 Where glorious picture fills his eye:
 Rocks, isles, seas, lakes, and mountain lands,
 Till on Ben Nevis hoar he stands!

Fairyland.

Monarch of Scotia's mountains! Thou
 Rearest that defiant brow,
 Stern and kingly as of old
 When we clomb thy summits bold!
 Here be thy steep escarpments! Lo!
 Glittering in his robes of snow,
 Towers that thunder-blasted height,
 Favourite haunt of thronging sprite
 In our halcyon days of old,
 What time the setting sun enrolled
 His flaming armaments of cloud,
 Whose squadrons walked that Western maze,
 Aerial march! till he had bowed
 His head 'neath Ocean's kindled blaze!

Time-honoured seat of Fairy vows!
 There are with sophistry malign,
 Would lift thy crown from off thy brows,
 To deck another head than thine,
 Glozing that loftier peak doth rise,*
 In Scotia's soil, 'neath Scotia's skies:—
 Till deep Loch Ness shall fitful freeze,†
 And Highland Clans of warrior men,
 Their tartans waving in the breeze,
 Shall march along his crystal plain,
 And feudal days again shall be,
 And feudal pomp and chivalry,
 Thou shalt reign, unsceptered never!

* See Note 11, at end of Part I.

† See Note 12, at end of Part I.

Thou art king, for ever! ever!
 Now Thomas wings his venturous flight
 From loved Ben Nevis' lonely height:
 Balanced in air that Spirit true,
 Our well-known Fairyland doth view,
 And soon descending straight will make,
 By Eastern shore of this fair lake
 His path aerial, well I wis,
 Far as the North's metropolis:—
 On Fort Augusta's heath-clad plain
 Now he standeth once again,
 Lo! from Cullachy's verdant height,
 The Lake's broad mirror flashing bright
 With radiant sunbeams! Polished steel
 More glorious face might ne'er reveal
 Aglow with that white lustre! strength,
 Grace, grandeur, thy hushed sleeping length
 Surround in silent worship!—still
 As thy own stilly depths each hill,
 Glen, chasm, and Pine-clad towering rock!—
 In trance they stand, as though faint shock
 Of pebble's fall, or morning sough
 Of Zephyr through a branching bough,
 Or feathery touch of leaflet sere,
 Or aught that stirs in earth or air,
 Breathing or breathless, might impair
 Thy dreamless noontide slumber there!

Lo! on yon far-off distant land,
 Retiring from his Western strand,
 What strange portent loometh grey

Fairyland.

As 'twere of armies thrills the rock.
 He stands on to its narrow base,
 High slippery crag, that face to face,
 Regardeth that stern enemy,
 Defiant, whilst the baffled spray
 Of his great torment evermore
 Ascendeth in its vapour hoar,
 And sprinkleth shrub, and tree, and flower,
 With that so subtle, searching shower:

Heavens! This sweet varied foliage round,
 With Birch and Rowan-berries crowned,
 Curtaining all the charmed ground,
 And Summer's full-blown loveliness
 Smiling o'er the dread abyss,
 Abyss infernal, where beneath,
 Rent rocks lie ruined, black as death,
 And horror reigns, and hopelessness,
 Weird contrast make! It doth enthrall
 The Pilgrim's fancy—doth appal
 His sense—and he proud Foyers doth call
 Fair Scotia's grandest waterfall!

Musing o'er the roaring flood,
 With folded arms true Thomas stood
 On that lone crag in reverie,
 Where long-lost thought called flittingly
 Loved shadowy dreams to Memory's eye!
 And then by Spirit-will upborne,
 Like cheerful Lark that greets the morn,
 Upspringing from the dewy grass,

Through fields of ether he doth pass,
 Till hills and plains round Inverness,
 Wake his half-slumbering consciousness:
 And to Craig Phadrich's ridge he hies,
 And threads once more that forest green,
 On its steep shaggy sides that lies,
 Of Scottish Firs with cliffs between,
 Grey peeping through that sylvan scene!
 And he doth scan that ruin strange,
 Old Fort's foundations vitrified,
 All else emperish'd! and the range
 Of mortal lore, and science wide,
 Nought can tell its tale sublime,
 Lost in the gloomy night of Time!

And Clachnaharry too he greets,
 With mountain fragments savage piled,
 And boulders rounded huge—old seats
 Of Fairy sports and gambols wild,
 And deep green Ocean's freshening swell,
 Beseems this curious landscape well.
 But Thomas true descending strays
 Within a garden's flowery maze,
 Half a hill and half a plain;
 And unpretending doth remain
 The simple whitewashed mansion still,
 And up its walls there still doth climb
 An ancient Pear-tree, ruthless Time,
 And storm and canker will not kill,
 But there its fruitage hangs on high,
 As though it would not—could not, die!

Ah! wherefore doth true Thomas now
 Half-reclin'd, with thoughtful brow
 Gaze around him? he doth seem
 Plung'd in a dubious waking dream,
 And half-entranc'd! my Fairy ear
 His murmuring accents now may hear:—
 ' Whence this weird bewildering sense,
 ' Of magnetic influence
 ' Creeping within my Spirit-life,
 ' As though that Spirit held some strife
 ' With things material?—even the bound
 ' Of this strange garden's mystic ground
 ' Doth seem to weave my Spirit round
 ' With the dim mysterious tie
 ' Of some earthly sympathy!
 ' Yet of mortals, one alone
 ' With me this magic charm doth own
 ' Of Fairy-link'd communion:
 ' Nor here his presence rests, sith he
 ' Dwells leagues on leagues beyond the sea:—
 ' Man or Angel! will ye tell
 ' How doth spring this hidden spell?

' Ha! what picture dawneth bright
 ' Now on my inner Fairy sight?
 ' A vision of fair children! Hark!
 ' Their ringing laughter! Two are dark,
 ' And three are fair! and the fair earth
 ' Doth claim their innocent spirits' birth,

° See Note 13, at end of Part I.

'For they are mortal:—how they race
 'Meandering, in th' uncertain chase
 'Of the sunny Butterfly,
 'In their childhood's ecstasy!
 'And one, with richest auburn locks,
 'Doth watch the golden Hollyhocks,
 'Arch! to prison the wandering Bee
 'Sipping there unconsciously;
 'And two have chestnut curls, and none
 'Of all the sportive throng save one,
 'My Spirit presence can discern
 'In their gay midst! and he doth turn
 'His beaming, wondering gaze on me,
 'With a fixed scrutiny—
 'And leaning 'gainst that ancient tree,
 'Still doth smile and point to me!'

I heard no more! that seer did seem
 To start as from perplexing dream,
 And disenthralled, and speeding high
 O'er Muirtown's sylvan scenery,
 He seeks the fields of azure sky,
 Whence dropping soon, his form doth rest
 On Tomnahurich's piny crest.

Tomnahurich! hallowed, quaint,
 Old-fashioned, isolate! who may paint
 Thy antique form, demure, sedate,
 Proud yet humble! Though elate
 Thou smil'st in Summer, yet thy mood
 Far other seems in Winter rude,

Fairyland.

Sombre and weird when tempest stirs,
 Wrapped in thy shaggy robe of Firs!
 Hill of many memories!
 Choice resort of thousand Fays!
 What shadows flit of olden days!—
 Peakless thou art, thy summit all
 Green platform longitudinal,
 Bracken and wilding flower besprent,
 Embraved for Fairy merriment,
 Fretted all round with Faërie's tree,
 Brave Scotland's Pine, right modestly
 Closing thy delicate harmony!
 Old cherished friend! no forms there be,
 To which Titania likeneth thee,
 But oft in fancy we do mark
 In thee a lost prodigious ark,
 Built by that Titan brood who strove
 Powerless 'gainst the might of Jove;
 Rockwhelmed, save some who sought the main,
 And reached no friendly shore again;
 But on that vast primeval sea,
 O'erturned and foundering, sank for aye!
 Time rolled: that shoreless sea forlorn,
 Retired: this lovely land was born:
 And, lost and found, thou stoodst alone,
 All petrified—a wreck in stone!

In our old days when Thomas first,
 Into Fairy life was nursed,
 Then we hailed thee favourite seat,
 Where our flashing Fairy feet,

Coursed thy level length along,
 When Dian's orb stood silvering
 Thy enamelled carpetting;
 Or held we merry banquetting,
 Or printed many a charmed ring
 On thy smooth face, with jocund song!

'Twas in that time's simplicity
 Ere man distrained his senses five,
 And warred with their plain ministry,
 And deemed some sparks of Truth belive,
 Might light his soul through their decree,
 And even Truth's threshold they might be:
 'Twas then that Thomas true addressed,
 On bended knee, a meek request,
 That his new-found Fairy Queen
 Might of her Sovereign goodness lean
 To favour of his countrymen,
 And suffer that some few might see,
 A few brief hours, with bodily eye,
 Purged from gross and fleshly haze,
 Some semblaunt of our Fairy ways!
 And sportive Puck 'gan see, full soon,
 Mirth and joyaunce in the boon,
 And did entreat full fain to be
 High minister of this rare decree:

Then said I, 'Go! thou artful sprite!
 In the lone and stilly night,

* See Note 14, at end of Part I.

Let peasant cots thy spell invite,
Such cots as treasure Honey dew
Of mountain Bee for daily use;
And therein thou shalt infuse
That Honey of my Honies three,
'Communion with the Faërie!'
Whoso hath tasted thou shalt bring,
As likes thee to our Fairy ring!
And well that subtle spirit knew
All ways and means that task to do!
And oft transformed in strange device,
To Tomnahurich did entice
Their unsuspecting steps, and there,
Surrounded in our Fairy snare
By our bright legions visible
To their purged senses brightening still!
Gazing tremulous, how describe
The wonder of that mortal tribe,
Their mute, their blank astonishment,
In that weird circle close y-pent,
As glancing at our jewels rare,
And sylph-like forms, and floating hair,
Awe-struck stood they rooted there!

Till Thomas true, with smiling face,
And winning eye, and courtly grace,
Calmed them straight! for that strange tie
Caught they of human sympathy,
Springing from his two-fold birth
Half a Fairy, half of Earth;
And soon his magic influence

Breathed in their souls enhancing sense
 Of full-blown joy and confidence,
 Till they have danced, enraptured, gay,
 With us in merry roundelay,
 And banquetted full high, I wis,
 On Nectar and Ambrosia's bliss!
 And at streak of dawning day,
 We have sent them blythe away
 To their peaceful cottages,
 Where their wonder did increase,
 For what had seemed one night of bliss,
 And ecstatic happiness
 To their wakeful memories,
 Months or years had numbered been,
 In Time's grey chronicle, I ween,
 And those they loved had sighed away,
 'Lost for ever and a day!'

Ah! revelations sailing ever
 Down old Tradition's tranquil river,
 And Faërie's helping labour lent,
 In Mortal's dole and dreariment;
 Yea! Spirit favours interposed
 Invisibly, and ne'er disclosed,
 Have caused that here the lieges all,
 In this our northern capital,
 Us the 'good people' oft do call,
 Familiar, and do love us well,
 As song and Runic tales do tell!

Now Thomas true, his musings o'er

On Tomnahurich's mossy floor,
 Stands, by one impulse of the will,
 On yon green height, fair Castle Hill:
 Now no castle's front appears,
 Grey with the weight of warlike years,
 No 'buttress' now, nor 'jutting frieze,'

Nor 'coigne of vantage'—no, nor tower
 With pennant streaming on the breeze,

And 'martlet-haunted,' now hath power
 O'er warrior's heart, or poet's strain:
 Ah! seems it the ensanguined stain

Of royal blood by treason shed,
 Splashing the ancient walls, did gain

A power to canker, and o'erspread,
 From battlement to donjon keep,
 That fated hold, and, venging, sweep,
 Its stones to dark oblivion's sleep,

Its fragments into nothingness!
 For decks alone that classic steep,

A modern mansion's comeliness,
 Temple of grace where, paravaunt,
 Muses and Fairies both may haunt;
 Fair woman's delicate hand is here,
 And 'pleasant' still this balmy air.
 From hence behold the sparkling Ness,

And th' ancient town and landscape view,
 In green extending loveliness,
 To Firth's broad bed, and yet across,
 Where smile the lengthening hills of Ross!

Sleeping calm, of varied hue,
 O'ertopped by high Ben Wyvis blue.

* See Note 15, at end of Part I.

Sacred is this mountain land !
 Valour and genius thoughtful stand
 Embodied here by history,
 And soul-trancing poetry :
 For Culloden loometh nigh,
 And the wind's low moaning sigh
 Sweeps his clustering purple bells,
 Of tufted heath which lonely dwells
 In this same solitude to wave
 O'er many a soldier's quiet grave.
 And thou divine Melpomene !
 With buskined foot and solemn eye,
 And dagger in thy dread right hand,
 And crowns and sceptre in thy left,
 Once thy daring form hast reft
 From classic Greece thy own bright land,
 On this far hallowed ground to stand,
 And through thy rapt, melodious child,
 Wondrous Shakspeare, all inspired
 By thy stern lips ; with Passion wild
 And Genius more than mortal fired ;
 Didst to the circling Universe
 Such dread accents here rehearse,
 Of rank ambition, tyrant's curse,
 Unhallowed murder, dark remorse,
 And ruthless treason, as have ne'er
 Fallen darkling on a listener's ear,
 Curdling his blood, since time began,
 And ne'er through Time's appointed span,
 Shall sound again to mortal man !
 On all the ambient air still floats

Fairyländ.

Weird music! Hark! the boding notes
 Of those Hell-hags on 'blasted heath,'
 O'er bubbling caldron's poison breath,
 In midnight orgies! See th' impure
 Hell-snare they weave for mortals' lure,
 From heavenly thoughts self-shut! See there,
 Long file of Banquo's progeny,
 Prophetic pass in dim array!
 And his own livid ghost appear,
 And the red tyrant quake with fear!
 The o'ercharged air still wafts the sounds,
 'Glamis,' 'Cawdor,' 'fierce Macduff,'
 And Forres' buried palace mounds
 Sigh forth 'Beware!'—'Enough!' 'Enough!'
 And Birnam wood to Dunsinane
 Wends slow his fate—fraught march again,
 That lioness and her wolfish mate
 Harrowing with dread remorseful hate,
 Whilst Nemesis stern doth fan the air,
 And Atropos stands brooding near:
 For 'gentle Duncan' done to death,
 In midnight hour,—by fell Macbeth!

* * * * *

Now her pleasant travel o'er,
 True Thomas on that northern shore,
 Titania doth behold no more,
 With inner-trancéd consciousness;
 But wakes her spirit form again,
 Calmly in Cintra's fair domain,
 By her Will-power's miraculousness,

And after some brief period gone,
 True Thomas did return anon.
 With eye serene, and aspect bright,
 And forehead calm, and footstep light,
 He did approach, and bend the knee,
 And frankly spake and smilingly:
 'Radiant Queen of Fairy bowers!
 Queen of an empire wide as earth!
 Who dost charm our golden hours
 With love and wisdom, joy and mirth!
 That which is, or has been, ever
 Liveth still, and dieth never:—
 Thought, word, action soul-begot,
 Liveth ever—dieth not—
 For that which cometh of the soul
 Hath no end, no finite goal,
 No limit circumscribeth it,
 It glows on all creation writ
 In characters of living light,
 Offshoot of the Infinite!'

So when our Fairies do converse
 Of earth, and mortals' reckless course,
 Oft feel I then attraction grand
 Draw me to my Fatherland,
 Those charming Fairy scenes to greet,
 That wiled my infant Fairy feet,
 For some brief hours to con once more
 Her history, and her ancient lore,
 Weird songs, and legends sprung before
 My storm-tossed spirit thou didst bear,

Fairyland.

Ecstatic, to thy Fairy sphere!
And there I find indelible,
Graved on her every rock and hill,
And slanting precipice, and tree,
Invisible to mortal eye,
All Scotia's marvellous History!

Since living man first pressed her sod,
(Changeless this decree of God)
Each act minute, each spoken word,
Each thought that ever faintly stirred
Man's blood, man's will, for weal or dole,
Born in the palace of his soul,
Its record keeps from then till now,
Stamped deathless on fair Nature's brow,
And every land the world e'er saw
Bends to the grand, the solemn law!
Man this dread truth shall yet discern
By Spirit sight: then shall he learn,
His sense unfilmed, that matter all
Hath but subserved the spiritual.

Ah! sacred soil! Land of my birth,
Most cherished spot on this green earth!
From Fairy bliss I turn to thee,
In never-dying memory,
Forgotten now all pain and ruth,
That vexed my darkling mortal youth!
When wandering o'er thy classic strand,

* See Note 21, at end of Part I.

(A spirit by bright spirits scanned)
 Spirits of Scotia's heroes long
 Passed from earth, enshrined in song,
 Brave spirits of her martyrs blest
 With highest heaven's enduring rest,
 Statesmen and bards—the good and great,
 Whate'er their rank in mortal state,
 Surround me! as their brother greet,
 And we do all as brethren meet,
 And hold deep converse heavenly,
 Communion sweet, my privilege high!
 Then reck I not my mortal birth,
 Half a Fairy, half of earth,
 But triumph in my spirit free,
 Linked to that glorious company;
 Yea! sight of Scotia's loved domain,
 Doth cheer my pensive soul again!

When last I walked that hallowed ground,
 With spirits redeemed from mortal stain,
 Stooped a bright Angel, laurel-crowned,
 Whispering me thus: 'Whene'er again,
 'Thy spirit Fairies curious pry,
 'Of mortals' mysteries questioning thee,
 'I will entrance thee! Thou shalt seem
 'Plunged in a bright magnetic dream,
 'Unconscious, and shalt prophesy,
 'Heaven-illumed interiorly,
 'Enlightening them, and thine shall be
 'Words heaven-taught I will give to thee!
 'And when I wake thee from that trance

Fairland.

'Of heaven-inspired utterance,
 'Rare boon, I will restore to thee
 'The missing key of memory,
 'That when for man thou dost indite
 'Whate'er transpired that wondrous night,
 'Thou lose no jot: thy pact, I ween,—
 'Duty thou ow'st thy Fairy Queen!'

* * * * *

Tit. Fairies all! to-night 'tis given
 To list the lore vouchsafed of heaven!
 True Wisdom Fairies love to glean,
 E'en in the midst of festive scene:
 So, Ariel! to our Fairy ring,
 Thou deep-thrilling song shalt sing,
 And its burden shalt apply
 To true Thomas delicately;
 And weave thou therein cunningly,
 (Thread of its golden melody),
 Some doubtful, nay, disparaging sense
 Of frail mortal's impotence,
 And Orpheus with his Fairy train,
 Shall deftly swell thy deep refrain!

He will rise like bird of song,
 When winter sleeps, and spring is young,
 And will discourse philosophy;
 Mystic perchance, but true and high,
 Welling forth in poesy,
 Crowning far diving prophecy,
 For thronging elves a new delight,
 On this thy glittering festive night!

And Moluccella, songstress wild,
 Euterpe's favourite Fairy child,
 With voice like magic silver bell,
 Rivalling plaintive Philomel,
 She shall breathe her thought in song,
 Shadowing still poor human wrong,
 And faintly glancing, shall express
 Sense of mortal's feebleness:
 Then fairest fair Euphrosyne!
 With thy sweet simplicity,
 And flute-like Fairy tones, shalt thou
 Sing to Thomas wondering now,
 And well awakened, thy dim guess
 Of man's increasing naughtiness:
 And Orpheus and his Fairy train
 Shall gently aid thy soft refrain!
 Now must I touch him with my wand,
 And charm him back to Fairyland!

*(TITANIA with her wand lightly touches
 THOMAS, who starts and looks around
 with complacency.)*

* * * * *

Ariel sings: Folded in by Serra's steeps,
 Many a mountain pasture smiles;
 Often when creation sleeps,
 There the dawn my step beguiles,
 Where by flower-enamelled lea,
 The brooklet gusheth pleasantly.

As musing once I wandered there,
Amid the sweet empurpled heath,
Lo! fluttering faint in fowler's snare,
A pretty lark consigned to death!
Quick I freed him grief-opprest,
And fondled in my warming breast.

And when I touched his glazing eye,
And breathed on him my magic spell,
Life and hope enkindling high,
He knew me—Fairy Ariel!
And hopped on me with trailing wings,
Murmuring a thousand grateful things:

Smiling then, I said, 'One boon
Thy deliverer asks of thee;
Soar we to Heaven's bright gate, and soon
I will drink thy melody;
No longer trembling, sad, forlorn,
Thy will be mine this rosy morn!'

'Ah! small boon,' our captive cried,
'For life and light thou gav'st to me;
Blythe I'll sing my song of pride,
Sky-ensphered—and all for thee!'
Then he nestled in my breast,
And far in azure sky we rest.

There up-poised on quivering wing,
Broke at once his marvellous song,

What flood of sound that raptured thing
 Poured on the air! so loud, so long.
 Deafened I cried, 'Ah! cease thy strain;
 Seek we now fair earth again!'

But no heart, no care had he
 For aught but his own music's swell,
 Hours of astounding harmony,
 Rained he on 'delicate Ariel,'
 Self-applauding, self-inspired,
 With melodious madness fired!

Till fluttering on my shoulder now,
 With louder burst he filled my ear!
 Then paled my cheek, and blenched my brow,
 My own madness brooded near;
 I did feel a Fairy swoond,
 And dropt I senseless to the ground!

On Montserrat's green velvet lawn,
 Sore perplexed lay Ariel!
 When rosy Liber there since dawn,
 Emptying every honied bell,
 Proffered large draught of nectared rain—
 And Ariel was himself again!

Can it be? Ah! can it be?
 Our true Thomas tell to me,
 Heavenly wisdom dwells with thee,
 And thou hast known mortality;
 Is this self-love, this well defiled,

Fairyland.

Heirloom of every mortal child?
Can it be? Oh! can it be?
Our true Thomas tell to me!

Moluccella sings :

Blythe we wandered far away,
From Cintra's groves one summer's day,
When to Abelia I did say :
'Hie thee with thy Moluccella,
To Lisbon's gardens, fair Estrella,
There our flowers hang droopingly;
Parched and dusty, sad they be!'
Instant stood we on the isle
Where pendent willows trail—the while,
Round and round its circle fine
Quiver sweet waters crystalline,
And rustic bridge with wicket gate,
Links it to the land's estate.

On that fountain's circling moat,
Two bright swans majestic float,
Oaring their calm and stately way
All the glowing summer's day.
Whispered I the gardener's ear,
'Water, water bear from here,
Lo! our flowrets gasp and die,
'Neath the noontide's burning sky!'
And prompt that faithful guardian dipped
In the tide large vase equipped
With rose to sprinkle those sweet flowers
That deck Estrella's charming bowers.

But oh! True Thomas! canst thou guess
 Whence that petulant scornfulness,
 Those bristling plumes, that wrathful eye
 Glancing dark, disdainfully!
 Swans of snow-wreath's dazzling white!
 Can we trust our eyes aright?
 These beautiful mortal creatures seem
 Just waked from out a placid dream;
 Lo! they grasp with jealous bill
 That vessel ere it takes its fill
 Of those life-giving drops that save
 Our charmers from an early grave,
 And struggle from that crystal spring,
 And smite with envious, angry wing,
 Reckless what those sweet flowers betide—
 Can this be selfishness?—or pride?
 And groans the whole creation's span
 With sin—from sin of mortal man?

Can it be? Ah! can it be?
 Our true Thomas tell to me:
 Heavenly wisdom dwells with thee,
 And thou hast known mortality;
 Is this self-love, this well defiled,
 Heirloom of every mortal child?
 Can it be? How can it be?
 Our true Thomas tell to me!

Euphrosyne sings:

Oh! grand are Hella's soaring mountains,
 Crystal bright her limpid fountains,

Fairland.

Azure pure her skies and seas,
 World of waking memories
 Crowd her wondrous days among,
 Land of heroes! land of song!
 There my life in freedom wild
 Once I lived, a Fairy child;
 All thy arts of war, and peace,
 Keen I watched, divinest Greece!
 Ah! in thy generations old,
 Hands were strong, and hearts were bold!
 Twenty centuries and two
 Have slowly rolled from mortal view,
 Since our Alexander hurled
 War's thunder o'er a startled world:
 From Macedon to India's shore,
 Our earth he stained with brother's gore,
 And carried woe and mortal ban,
 Where'er earth's territory ran;
 Yet men of high and low estate
 Ever do approve him 'Great,'
 And in his rapine they do find
 Proof of grand and noble mind:
 Oh! Thomas loved! expound to me
 This transcendant mystery;
 Lost am I in this labyrinth wild,
 I, an artless Fairy child!

Can it be? how can it be?
 Our true Thomas tell to me!
 Heavenly wisdom dwells with thee,
 And thou hast known mortality:

Is this self-love, this well defiled,
Heirloom of every mortal child?
Can it be? Ah! can it be?
Our true Thomas tell to me!

Thomas: Fairy spirits versatile,
Free from tinge of earthly guile!
Wondrous faculties ye have,
True in love, in battle brave,
In friendship firm, in feast or hall
Graced with convivial virtues all:
True Thomas hath beheld with joy,
And love and pride, your bliss to-night,
Your innocent mirth no power can cloy,
And wondrous vision of delight!
Yourselves with heavenly beauty dight,
Fresher than all earth's flowers that be,
Freshness of immortality!
And those radiant robes ye wear,
Dreamlike floating everywhere!
Oh! lovely elfins! ye do bear
Gems diademed in your lustrous hair,
Bright as with clustering stars they'd striven,
Diamond crowns bespangling heaven!

When mine eye doth pass this bound
Of triple pine-tree Fairy-crowned,
Glittering in its pomp and pride,
And doth connect the landscape wide
With its mystic charmed sound,
Our region of enchanted ground!

And when I catch those colours rare
 Flaming from gems our elfins wear,
 Matchless; and darting everywhere,
 These fireflies see in ambient air,
 It minds me when in far Brazil,
 Once in forest's tangled maze,
 On platform of a rocky hill,
 Flocking to my dazzled gaze,
 A thousand birds of starry wing,
 And heaven-dipped hues came fluttering,
 Humming-birds of happy spring!
 Nor coy were they, but banteringly
 They named my name! put question high,
 In silvery tones, and pleasantly,
 Even they sang sweet songs to me!

Fairy spirits versatile!
 Heaven-loved, innocent, volatile!
 Serious thought, and wreathed smile,
 Ye do love alternately,
 Merry and wise indeed ye be!
 Else in your gay festivity,*
 Charming Fairies! how could ye
 'Love divine philosophy,
 Mystic perchance, but true and high,
 Welling forth in Poesy,
 Crowning far diving Prophecy,
 To thronging elves a new delight
 On this brave Ariel's festive night!'

* See Note 16, at end of Part I.

Loving Fairies! now I dwell
Under some secret trancing spell:
Struggle vain:—'In vain!—away!'
'My command obey, obey!'

* * * * *

Thomas now entranced speaketh:

Twofold, Earth's all-nourishing air,
Spiritual and natural,
The last man's frame alone can bear,
We breathe alone the Spiritual,*
And when man this gift shall grasp
Of Spirit-breathing inwardly,
(That time on earth shall surely be)
Awe-struck shall he then unclasp
That Book of veiled mystery,
And read illumed by Heavenly beams
The *Word*, which now material seems,
And it shall purge his mortal sense
From its gross bewilderments,
And ecstatic he shall share
The powers of us who Spirits are,
Since he breathes that atmosphere
Spiritual, which then reveals
All the Natural now conceals,
And opeth with its golden key
The temple of eternity,
That world where all things real be,
Vanished unreality!

* See Note 17, at end of Part I.

Fairland.

Then with Angel Spirits bright,
 Radiant with immortal light,
 From Archangelic powers that rule
 In Heavenly principalities
 God-crowned, to this our Fairy school
 Of Spirit knowledge beautiful,
 But small in scale of Heaven's degrees,
 And humble—habiting earth's sphere,
 In mortal's counsels ever near,
 With mortals most familiar
 Of *all* who breathe the Spirit air,
 Though they see us not, nor deem
 Our influence else than poet's dream!
 With all, enfranchised, shall he blend,
 And confer as friend with friend:
 In beatific vision speak
 Undazzled, and the Courts of Heaven
 Ineffable his spirit seek,
 Purified from earthly leaven,
 And those million worlds explore,
 Sprinkling yon dark cerulean floor,
 And Hades, and the spirits in prison,
 Hopeful still, through Saviour risen!

Then shall man regenerate, free,
 Crown Creation's harmony;
 War's alarms shall then be stilled,
 Lore prophetic then fulfilled,
 Of Judah's bards with rapture fired,
 And inner vision, Heaven-inspired:
 Wrong and violence shall cease,

And canker-worm of Selfishness,
 And Love shall reign, and Truth and Peace!
 Then shall Nature all rejoice,
 Exult, and hail that mighty voice
 All-transforming! kid and dam
 Lie down with leopard: wolf and lamb
 Together dwell: a little child
 Shall lead the kingly lion mild,
 And with playful wile shall grasp
 The cockatrice, and harmless asp.
 Freed from sin's o'erburdening load,
 Man, his life and centre God,
 Yea, Fairies! *Man* shall proudly reign,—
 And conquer Paradise again!

*(Among the Fairies a period of silence, at the
 end of which,)*

Tit. Children of light! approved of Heaven!
 Dwelling in innocence and love
 To God and man! to you is given,
 To-night this message from above,
 Wafted on radiant angel wings,
 Fresh from that fount of life on high,*
 Crystal clear which bubbling springs
 From God's own throne eternally;
 Now from lips that cannot lie,
 Ye know man's secret destiny!
 Dark problem which ye ever sought
 In vain—with soundless mystery fraught:

* See Note 18, at end of Part I.

Fairland.

Henceforward, Fairies! seek no more,
But humbly wait, and still adore:

Even now I did behold that bright
Angelic essence stooping breathe
On Thomas, and new robes of white,
Whiteness of virgin snow did wreath
His heavenly form—and he hath placed
On Thomas' head that laurel crown
Which his own shining temples graced,
Minished its circlet!—now adown
The starry concave far he flies,
In lustre bathing all the skies!
Ah! the ambrosial fragrance thrown
From that bright presence far o'erpowers
All scents to Fairy Spirits known,
Treasured in all these Fairy flowers:
Spell-charmed Fairy flowers now doomed
To bloom once more where once they bloomed!

Behold True Thomas! he doth sit
Disentranced by angel's breath,
And laurel-crowned! his visage lit
By love and hope and quenchless faith!
Placid he is, and treasures all
That from Titania's lips doth fall;
And all unconscious doth he seem
Of that prophetic angel-dream!

Fairies! now the stars are failing,
Now our magic lights are paling

Before th' advancing God of Day;
Yon purpling cloud's dense mass assailing
Soon pierceth he, all unavailing
To bar his bright victorious way!
I my Fairy sceptre lower,
Sign our joyous Festa's o'er;
I its glittering point reverse,
Sign that ye all disperse, disperse,
In a charmed Fairy trice,
Time exact for winking thrice,
Each to couch of leaf or bell,
As befitteth Fairy well!
Save those fays who faithful bear
Our pine's bright gems to watchful care
Of grave Orion, ere they taste
The well-earned meed of honied rest;
And venturous Puck with his strong band
Of ministers who on duty stand,
Serried ranks on left, on right,
His arduous task to expedite,
In morning's dim, uncertain light,
By glimmering stars of waning night.—

To-morrow, elves! on high Bedel
We meet at noon! to-night, farewell!

* * * * *

END OF BOOK I.—*First Day and Night.*



NOTES TO PART I.

NOTE 1, PAGE 28.

'Strange that lofty Bard should write,' &c.

Napier's statement regarding the 'Cintra Convention' is here relied on, and is opposed to the general belief of the people of Cintra, repeated by Lord Byron in the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' to the effect that the treaty was signed in the Palace of Marialva, in the Campo de Setiaes, at Cintra. (*See* Napier's 'Peninsular War.')

NOTE 2, PAGE 34.

'Pine-tree!—source of joy and wonder!' &c.

The 'stone pine,' or 'table pine' (from its immense and beautifully expanding round head), prevails extensively around Cintra, and especially at 'Penha Verde.' It rises to a great height in groups, and is a truly magnificent object in the landscape. It is the emblem of hardihood and bravery.

NOTE 3, PAGE 34.

'Here Castro sowed thee ages past,' &c.

John de Castro—the greatest and most disinterested man Portugal ever had. He refused to take any reward for his long

and astonishing public services, except the small Quinta and piece of rocky ground called Penha Verde, about half a mile from Cintra. This he planted with the table pine, and has preserved it till this day perfect, by a clause in his will, ordering that if any of his successors should be found to have cut down or-injured one of the pines, the property should immediately pass from him to the next heir. Though, when Governor-general, for years, of Portuguese India, all the wealth of the country must have passed through his hands, he was so poor that when on his death-bed, he called God to witness that he did not possess money enough to buy a fowl for his dinner. This was verified, for, after his death, on his desk being opened, a 'vingtun' (a penny) only was found! His heart is entombed at Penha Verde.

NOTE 4, PAGE 60.

*'For that all things best please thee
Which befall preposterously.'*

Shakspeare, 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

NOTE 5, PAGE 74.

'From the giant Courbaril.'

It is of this tree that Martius says, it took fifteen Indians, with linked hands and arms fully extended, to encircle its stem; and he calculates that for age it was coeval with Homer.

NOTE 6, PAGE 82.

*'Imaging sincerity,
Twined with hospitality.'*

Two virtues for which the Fairies have been in all countries especially remarkable. The fern is the symbol of sincerity, the oak of hospitality.

NOTE 7, PAGE 84.

*'Where rise those grand colossal trees
Stupendous, waving in the breeze,' &c.*

Having lent the book containing a description of these trees to some unremembered person who never returned it, I for the present cannot give details of the trees. They are considered by some naturalists to be a little older than the Flood—by others to be nearly 6000 years old, or older than man himself.

NOTE 8, PAGE 99.

'Late I looked on Socrates,' &c.

This favourite creature has long been in the possession of Mr. Cook of Montserrat, and is now of great age. He belonged formerly to the Queen Donna Maria II. of Portugal, whom he carried for many years faithfully and successfully. He is considered to be of a race bred in Greece or Asia Minor, and imported from thence into Sicily.

NOTE 9, PAGE 100.

'Greek his matchless hairy face,' &c.

Titania, while describing 'Socrates,' and recapitulating her old adventure in the woods of Athens, gets into a condition of what may be called 'unconscious cerebration!' This is produced by the association of ideas in her sensitive Fairy nature, and by the fact that in the spheres time and space are inappreciable. Oberon's Fairy charm, made at a very distant period, begins (Memory the medium), unconsciously to herself, to produce effect, and 'Socrates' bids fair to have the honour of being substituted mentally for the metamorphosed 'Bottom;' when Oberon, perceiving what she is drifting into, hastens to the rescue, reminding her of the pact with Thomas, and the ridicule which will again surely follow, at the hand of presumptuous mortals, her further discussion of this unhappy subject!

NOTE 10, PAGE 102.

'Heard'st thou ever, Ariel fine?' &c.

For the redoubtable Thomas the Rhymer's translation to Fairyland, see Sir Walter Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.'

NOTE 11, PAGE 110.

'Glozing that loftier Peak doth rise,' &c.

At one time it was given out that accurate measurements showed Ben Macdhui to be higher than Ben Nevis, but the Government survey has since proved that the summit of Ben Nevis has the higher altitude by a dozen or more feet.

NOTE 12, PAGE 110.

'Till deep Loch Ness shall fitful freeze.'

Loch Ness is the only lake in Scotland which has never been known to freeze.

NOTE 13, PAGE 116.

'Ah! wherefore doth true Thomas now?' &c.

An enigma!

NOTE 14, PAGE 119.

'Then said I, "Go, thou artful sprite!"' &c.

Tomnahurich has been regarded at Inverness for time out of mind as the peculiar haunt of Fairies, and many tales are related of persons having been taken there by 'the small folk,' as they are called, and, having been rendered invisible, been made to live with them for considerable periods of time.

NOTE 15, PAGE 122.

'On yon green height, fair Castle Hill,' &c.

Macbeth's castle is considered to have occupied the site of the Castle Hill of Inverness.

NOTE 16, PAGE 136.

*'Else in your gay festivity,
Charming Fairies! how could ye,' &c.*

These lines and a few more are a quotation from Titania's speech made a little time before, and by quoting it Thomas lets her and the fairies perceive that he was not, as they supposed, in a reverie when his history was given and his peculiarities dilated on, but wide awake and very observant.

NOTE 17, PAGE 137.

*'And when man this gift shall grasp,
Of spirit-breathing inwardly,' &c.*

Swedenborg, Harris, and other seers, maintain that a peculiar condition of the respiration, viz. a power of 'internal breathing,' is an absolutely necessary element in direct and visible communion with angels.

NOTE 18, PAGE 139.

*'Fresh from that Fount of Life on high,
Crystal clear, which bubbling springs
From God's own throne eternally.'*

Rev. chap. xxii. verse 1.

NOTE 19, PAGE 37.

*'Since Grecian time they choose to bear
Names of the Graces fabled there,' &c.*

The Fairies have chosen their earthly names chiefly from the Greek deities or heroes, since it was in the palmy days of Greece, where they at first preferred to dwell for the most part, that their most vivid interest and sympathies were chiefly excited. For the same reason they have given to those parts at Montserrat and the neighbourhood, unnamed before, the designations of analogous scenes in Greece.

NOTE 20, PAGE 39.

'What time we left that tiny star,' &c.

The spiritual beings called 'Fairies' in this poem are considered to have left their own natal star—one of the asteroids, as Juno, Ceres, Pallas, &c.,—captivated with the beauty of our world, and, by the divine permission, to inhabit, invisible, an invisible sphere of our planet, in direct communication with man.

NOTE 21, PAGE 126.

'And there I find indelible,' &c.

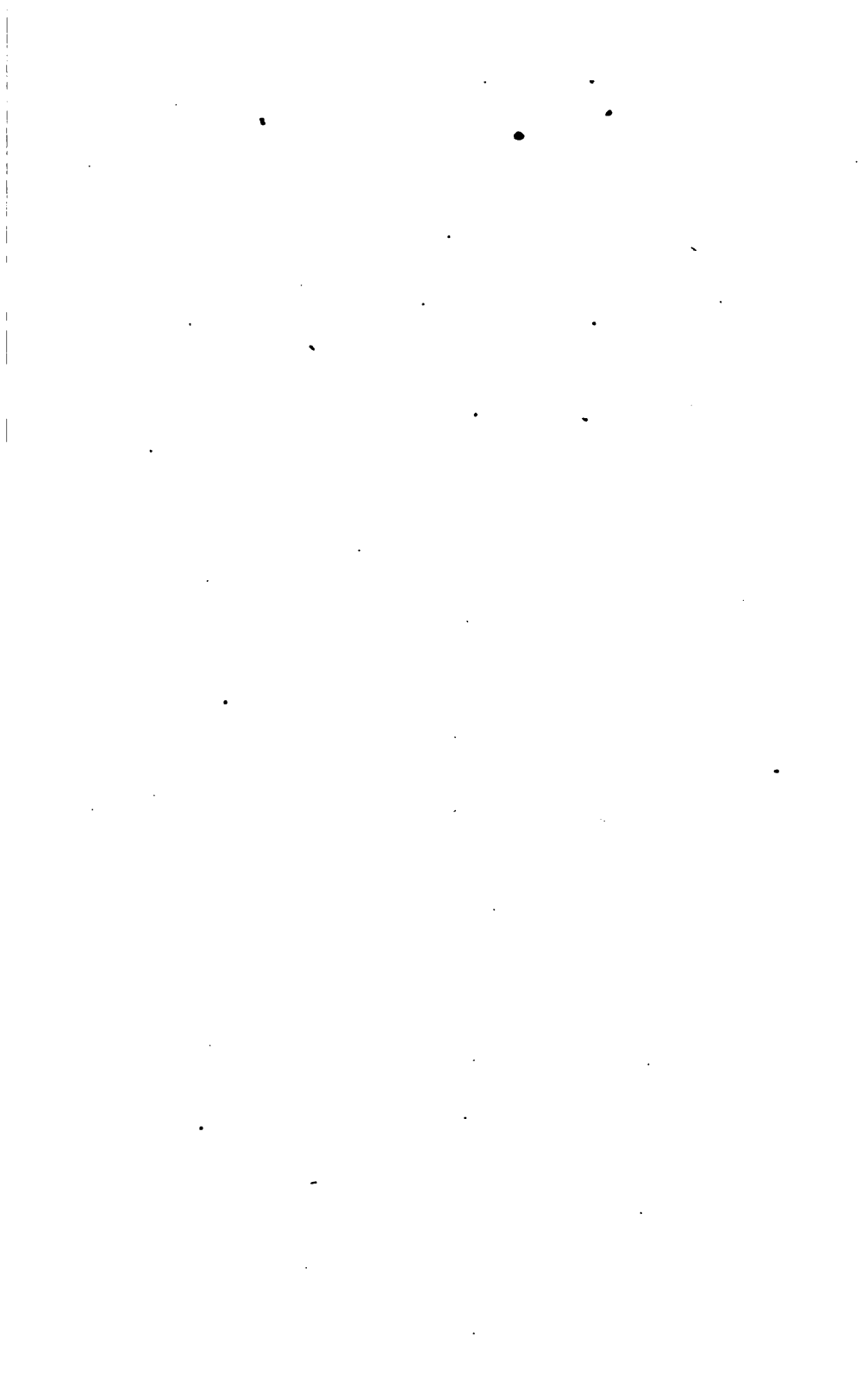
See Professor Hitchcock in 'Religion of Geology.' He there speaks of creation as 'the great picture-gallery of eternity,' also the great 'whispering-gallery'—no sound lost. See also Babbage in the 'Ninth Bridgewater Treatise.'

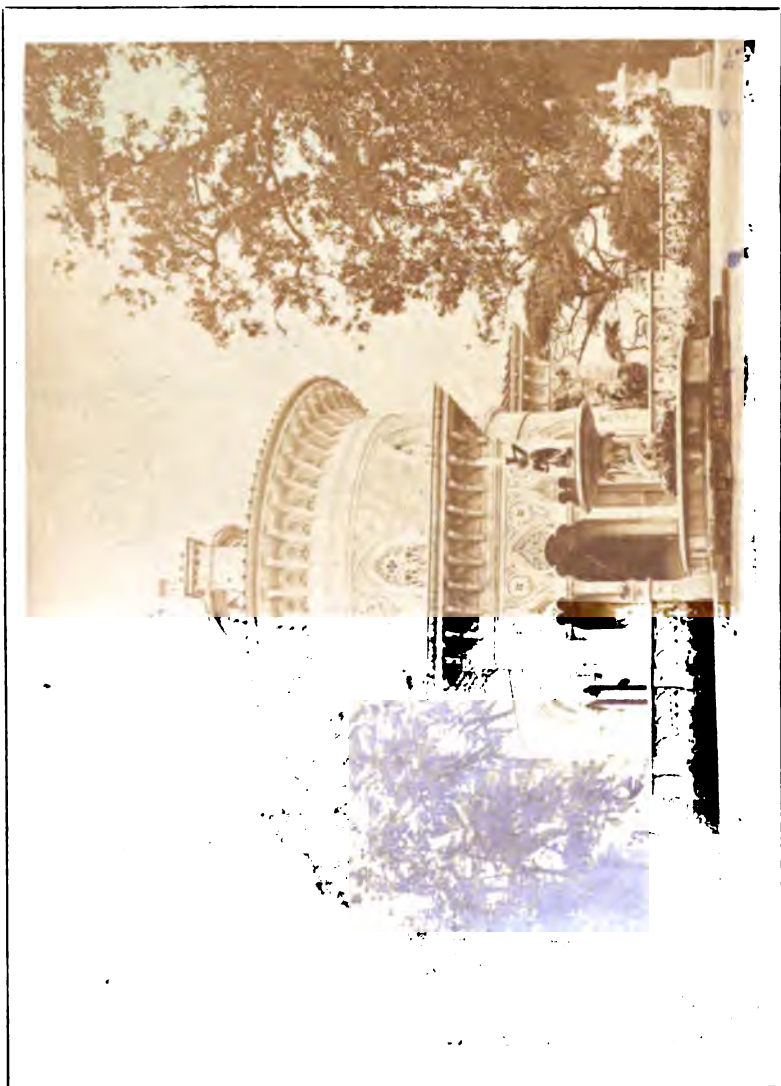


FAIRYLAND.

PART II.

SECOND DAY AND NIGHT.





MONTSERAT—EAST PORTICO AND TERRACE.



FAIRYLAND. . .

PART II.

Oberon.

HOW sweet to breathe the buxom mountain air,
E'en to *our* spirit nature; calm to stand
On a lone granite peak, and everywhere
Unfolding beautiful, to mark the land
Her vales, and trees, and rivers far expand
To meet th' o'erarching concave, from on high
Stooping to her embrace, and ocean strand
Commingle, and his deeps that farthest lie,
Hasting to share their meed—the kisses of the sky!

The mountain-top we love, for he disclōseth
To our quick sensitive being prescient thought,
Of nimble fancy nurtured, where reposeth
Conceit unspoken else, with truth y-fraught;
Cunning intelligence from soul outwrought,
And woven on the web of his still air,
As rosebuds burst in springtime, all unsought,
Robing fair earth with beauty new and rare,
By that all-procreant breath—that wakening atmosphere!

Hail to thee, hoar Bedel! all changeless thou,
Like thy own natal land! Four thousand years,
Four thousand winters scarce have scarred thy brow,
As first we knew thee, thy stout form appears,
Nor time, nor tempest thy proud stature fears,
Built with colossal crags, and boulders piled,
And thy lone top a Fairy circle rears,
And so we love thee! Honeysuckle wild
Enwreathes thy daring head, thou favourite Giant child!

And the scrub-oak doth deck thee, and the gay,
And smiling Phillyréa fondleth thee,
Playing around thy temples! Far away
Adorned thy creviced sides Narcissus free,
And crocus, and wild fern shoot pleasantly;
But scarce to mortal man thy spoils belong.
Circled with peril! Yet, fair women three,
And young as beautiful, and brave as young,
Once scaled thy frowning height—feat that shall live
in song!

Ah! tripping Elves that crowd our glittering court,
And share Titania's innocent gaiety,
Oft to this platform high ye do resort
In breathless summer! This variety
Ye do affect, and dull satiety
Chase ye with nimble feet far hence, I ween;
Oft from our Fairy palace we do see
Your sparkling legions peopling this high scene,
Midst rock and broom and goss, and mellowing pine-
tree green!

Beautiful pinnacle! It doth command
 All points of this sweet landscape, Fairy ground,
 For Fairy presence made, yea, all the land
 Level or undulating, or mountain-crowned,
 And azure ocean to his farthest bound:—
 All this hast thou, divine Titania, erst
 With thy charmed pencil painted; yet around
 Yon solitary westward peak at first
 Unmarked: lo! springs a grove by dews and sunshine
 nursed:

Old Capuchin monastery, now 'Cork convent' hight
 Y-nestled there in Serra's loneliness,
 Doth slowly crumble—yet in Time's despite,
 His walls and cells live on! Umbrageousness
 Of his few sheltering trees alone doth bless
 His desolate old age, and that lone man,
 His hermit guardian, desolate no less!
 Ah! wherefore hath Titania placed her ban
 'Gainst this strange mouldering fane, nor will its
 quaintness scan?

Tit. Ah, me! my Oberon! 'tis not that thy queen
 Doth cease to love this old sequestered spot,
 But that long term of years hath rolled between,
 Since to behold its walls hath been her lot,
 To mark its every nook, and cell, and grot;
 And I would hear from lips of Ariel fine,
 What changes time or man hath there y-wrought,
 For late hath he revisited that shrine,
 And his bright eloquent tongue, well it replaceth mine!

Ariel. Queen of our Fairy hearts! a wish from thee,
 A feeble sign, a thought though unexpressed,
 Bodiless yet and floating lingeringly,
 Finds prompt response in every Fairy breast :
 But late, Orion and myself addressed
 Our steps in morning's roseate hour along
 Old Serra's rocky pathway trending west,
 By heath-clad waste, and granite ridges strong,
 To that old stricken fane its sheltering trees among :

Oasis in the desert! roofless all
 Its simple courts, where boulder huge embrowned
 With moss and lichen helps each tottering wall
 To stem Time's ravage, buttressing them round
 With natural bulwarks, many a rocky mound
 With box-tree old, and fern, and heath upspringing,
 And tufts of lonely violets the ground
 Besprinkling, and their odorous incense flinging
 On th' air's soft bosom stirred by summer songbird's
 singing.

And but for his low warbling, and the hum
 Of floating dragon-fly, or mountain bee
 Career'ing onwards, or the booming drum
 Of the ground-cricket, or moth, 'broider'd, free
 Winnowing the air, disporting merrily,
 Or tinkling lulling fount, or chorister
 Hallowed in song, eternal in his glee,
 Invisible minstrel, the quaint grasshopper,
 Whispering the Pilgrim's ear of olden days that
 were :

And but for the raven's ominous croak high speeding,
 Her flight in midway air, and sounds subdued
 Of bleating flock on far-off pastures feeding,
 Girdled by rocks their mountain solitude,
 Where nought from morn till eve doth e'er intrude,
 And sounds of lowing kine, by zephyr rare,
 Borne to the ear their diapason rude:
 Yea! but for these life-pulsings of the air,
 Well might ye deem this shrine a silent sepulchre,

Lone cemetery of the dead, where living thing
 Claims kindred none, and cannot choose but die
 If it approacheth this death-charm'd ring,
 Forsaken of God and man mysteriously!
 Yet breathes there all around a sanctity,
 Fruit of long-vanished years, when holy men
 Gave up all joys, and mortal cares that be,
 Their fleshly wills to purge from mortal stain,
 And rise to Heaven itself, by penance and by pain!

Four open courts in this lone hermitage,
 Do greet the eye: the first an ample space,
 Pranked round with crocus wild, and to assuage
 The summer's noontide fervours, there doth grace
 Its centre one old plane-tree, and the place
 Is circled by grey rocks, and crumbling walls,
 And old stone seats set all around their base,
 For weary pilgrims' ease whose lot befalls,
 To muse in this old fane, and greet its desert halls.

Then pass we through a natural archway rude,

By two great granite boulders face to face
 Reclining formed: there wedgéd have they stood
 Archwise, since that dread deed their first embrace,
 These wrestling giants! Straight our path we trace,
 Climbing eight granite steps to yet again
 A smaller circle, and the largest space,
 By four granitic steps we now attain,
 Stretching its wide ellipse to adorn this sylvan fane.

Here welletth ever that old fountain free,
 Fresh as in days of old! and by its side
 On either hand two ancient tables be,
 Fashioned in stone withouten art or pride;
 And shadowing o'er, two ash-trees old abide
 Within the sacred precinct, and his leaves
 And prickly nuts sweet chestnut doth not hide,
 But bendeth down regarding, and receives
 New grace round his old stem which clambering ivy
 weaves.

At west extremity of this rude hall
 Up two wide steps, cork-covered shrine is nigh,
 Sentinelled by one box-tree old and tall;
 Here Magdalene's painted effigy doth lie
 Recumbent on old altar, lavishly
 With ocean-shell bedecked, and painted tiles,
 Ne precious gaud, ne jewel greets the eye;
 Ah! cold that heart their simple taste reviles,
 And task of love which oft lone weary hour beguiles!

And on the right a door of cork reveals

Sad sight appalling to our Fairy eye;
 Awe-struck we gaze! A fearful tremour steals
 Through all our spirit being! Lo! on high
 The Lord of life and glory's agony!
 In silken robes he stands, besmeared with gore,
 Thorn-crowned his livid brow—Ah! mystery
 Of mysteries dark to us! We dared no more
 This piteous sight to scan, nor farther to explore,

But hasting on by a low rustic door,
 A lowly door behind the Magdalene,
 A winding passage reach, and stand before
 Rude statue of a blessed saint, I ween,
 The famed Francisco, patron of this scene
 Of bygone fast and vigil! there devout,
 In rock's recess down kneeleth he—serene
 With upturned eye, clasped hands, and girt about
 His waist that humble rope, his semblance none may
 doubt.

From thence by four stone steps we straight emerge
 To a large court of form irregular,
 Commanding landscape wide, and the white surge
 Breaking on Apple beach with ceaseless jar
 Of his chafed waves, and his broad plains afar
 Of gently heaving azure, still sublime
 Or in repose, or lashed by tempest war;
 Ah! this lone Druid circle! it doth chime
 Well with religious vow, in old forgotten time!

Centre of this wide court a fountain fashioned

In stone, dismantled long, and opposite,
A chapel with seven steps wherein the impassioned
Form of the blessed Christ, the Lord of light,
In dark Gethsemane if we read aright
Doth anguished kneel—and here an altar stands
With cherubs graven, and porcelain tiles bedight;
But now the interior fane our care demands,
And shrines and cells y-carved by pious monkish hands.

In lowly porch on right appears the round
And brick-floored Chapter-house—of cork its ceiling,
And porcelain-tiled the walls—its narrow bound
Circled by seats of stone; thence gently wheeling
Leftwards, the dim refectory came stealing
Upon us unawares! One slab alone
Of granite soon a table quaint revealing
Runneth from end to end, and a huge stone,
Colossal boulder there, one side for wall doth own:

Adjoineth here their humble kitchen rude;
Ah, bloated wealth and luxury still defieth
Its artless gear! keen air, digestion good,
Sole helps to appetite then, ne ever vieth
Their cook with old Apicius' brood, ne sigheth
One holy man for Epicurus' reign;
His simple daily wants kind God supplieth,
In his dear Love! Withouten care, ne pain,
He seeks his rush-strewn couch, and fareth forth again!

Anon we mount a gentle rise, and lo!
On right and left seven beadmen's lowly cells,

• Good six feet square they be, and nothing more—
 Dear life! what orisons and pious spells
 Have hence been borne to heaven! Ah, never melts
 With souls assoiled, foul sinful snare of earth,
 But prayer and fast o'ercome it! Penance quells
 Loose thoughts that oft in mortal minds have birth,
 Oh Man! strange web thou art of wickedness and worth!

First grave Orion oped the tiny door,
 Door of a cell cork-covered, and did smile,
 When as he entered, curious to explore,
 Certes he needs must stoop! Puck's elfin wile,
 Not his—but nathless with facetious guile,
 I' th' entrance turned he round—then stooped he
 Complacently, and eyed me all the while,
 Askance! his mystic stature faërie
 Longer one little inch than those quaint doorways be!

Then come we to the sacristy—dire room,
 And melancholy, sharing scanty ray
 Of cheerful sun to dissipate its gloom,
 But cushioned all with cork, and now away
 By six steps down to where did chiefly pay
 Their orisons the brethren—chapel rare,
Capella mor elaborate, massive, yea
 Cut in the living rock by toil and care,
 A Covenant in Stone—an ark for humble prayer.

A rail its modest area doth divide
 In half; one end reveals the altar's sheen:
 Encaustic tile with varied colours dyed,

And on its top a central work is seen,
Two slender twisted pillars fair between,
Sienna marble these—and all around
This mimic choir are niches, once I ween
With statue decked, and door with window crowned,
Fits well the seeming Nave, in this old hallowed ground.

Retrace we now our steps, the sunlight free
Once more to woo in that same court again
Where first we entered; yet bethinketh me
More cells in this lone hermitage remain,
Blent with its mouldering structures. Winter's rain
Did use to enter there. Thought good at need!
A right-hand path y-mounting, now we gain
Seven higher cells more airy, but I rede,
With sorrowful symbols fraught, and mickle dolour dread!

There Desolation flaps her listless wing,
And leaden Silence broodeth, and the air
Seems rife with cowléd shadows uttering
Mysterious whisperings of things that were,
And are not now, and long have ceased to bear
Trace of their mundane presence, and there swells
At intervals low moaning, faint and rare—
'Tis but the breeze piercing these ruinous cells,
Where pilgrim well may deem that nothing earthly dwells:

Yet may he err! for casting round our eye*
From cell to cell, in one, y-couchant there,

* See Note 1, at end of Part II.

A badger grey eftscoones we did espy,
Nursing her grisly cubs! Secluded lair
Well had she chosen, for she claimed her share
Of what remained—silence and solitude:
Divine maternal instinct! who shall dare
With ruffian hands to harm her hardy brood,
'Gainst sacred Nature's ban, 'neath shade of holy roode!

Now haste we forth, and thread yon sloping path
Upwards and westwards, through a woody scene
With rocks y-blent, yet many a shrub it hath,
And odorous flower and tree—our quest, I ween,
That prostrate table-pine still fresh and green,
Though rooted up a century ago
By tempest rude! Lo! his great bulk doth lean
Across a mighty boulder, whence do flow
Down to the champaign wide his stem and branches low.

And there he thrives, for that our generous Puck,
Guardian of Fairy pine, with watchful skill,
From rampant Boreas his dear life did pluck,
And tendeth him with Fairy favour still,
Benignant, though with humour whimsical,
Hath he contorted every branch and limb,
That he a riddle lies fantastical,
Eccentric, zigzag-waved his gnarly trim,
Ne mortal wight mote find the root that nourles him!

Now turn we back, and leftwards pierce anon
Into a shrubby pathway tortuous, lined
With scrubby oak and hazel leading on,

Through lush wild roses delicate intertwined
 With the blue periwinkle climbing kind
 From its low bank, to that austere abode
 O'ercanopied with grey rocks, and moss-enshrined,
 Steep narrow cave delved in the sacred sod,
 Where old Honorius lived, who liveth now with
 God!

Nor doth the epitaph rock-graved above*
 Yon narrow hermit den, with rash surmise
 Forestal that sainted future! Heavenly love
 Of highest God His lowliest children eyes
 With most approval, and their footsteps tries,
 And doth o'erwatch with chastening discipline
 Their sin-fraught lives, that so their souls may rise
 To His own likeness, by His power divine
 Washed from dark earthly stain, in Heaven's own courts
 to shine.

This way of God with Man, that Anchorite
 Did to himself and by himself apply,
 And did concentrate all the inner light
 Of his own soul with introverted eye;
 Upon himself flinging its radiancy,
 In that lone narrow cave! Soul! deathless spark
 Of heavenly lustre! thy bright destiny
 Should be for all, to light creation dark,
 And o'er Time's tempest waves to guide man's labouring
 bark.

* See Note 2, at end of Part II.

Ah mortals, blame him not! Long fifty years,
 And more, beheld him in yon cell entombed,
 Darkling, with spirit strife, and pain and tears,
 And solitude and penance—yea, self-doomed,
 Through fallible mortal teaching, long assumed
 Infallible! Now angel-taught, behold!
 He walks through groves of amaranth, illumed
 By God's own sun of truth! Heaven's streets of gold
 He treads in bliss divine, 'mongst Angel-bands enrolled!

Oh Man! thou view'st not God aright! that truth
 Which should be thine, but is not, His great plan
 Of all-embracing Love, not gloomy ruth,
 Love fixed as Heaven itself, thou canst not scan,
 As we have learnt it—and 'twixt man and man
 Religious hate spreads an infernal pall,
 Quenching Heaven's light and love with cursed ban,
 All sects diverse on this terrestrial ball
 Struggling in that foul net, in prince of darkness'
 thrall!

Thrice glorious time by Thomas true predicted,
 Last night in that far trance! th' enraptured theme
 Of Israel's prophet bards, and erst depicted
 To him of Patmos in a golden dream.
 God-given, God-woven! A live lightning gleam
 Of dim futurity, when heavenly love,
 Like tender Spring, shall rest with kindly beam
 On God's fair image, and God's truth approve
 One creed, one will, one tongue, while rolling years
 shall move.

Now turn we from that sainted Hermit's lair;
But first descending, plucked Orion sage
That wilding fern, the beautiful maiden-hair,
Trailing within, like childhood fondling age
(Sith well we love the Fern, our crest and gage
Of Fairy fealty), and we straight retrace
That flowery path, when lo! another page
Of mortal nature! stand we face to face
With that weird grizzled Man, lone guardian of the
place!

On yon stone bench he sits, his aged head
Propped on those trembling hands which yet again
His pilgrim staff supporteth: atrophied
That wiry frame and dwindled—curved amain
His back like bended bow—slow gnawing pain
Of fell rheumatic cramps his gnarly limbs
Hath twisted hither and thither with tightening
strain,
Natheless his hazel eye in lustre swims,
Deep in its orbit sunk, ne age its virtue dims:

Luxuriant still, his glossy raven hair
Down floweth straight, unkempt, ne pride hath he
To curb its rebel course—the mountain air
Doth play therein in its wild vagrancy,
Lifting it from his temples, and our eye
Can catch some silver threadlets straggling fleck
Its silky black—his beard curtailed doth lie,
Thick, snow-white fringed, shielding his shaggy neck,
And of its matted guise full little doth he reckon!

José Rodriguez! patriarchal man!
 Thou sittest motionless! Thou grisly seer!
 Our thoughts fly off to sunny Hindostan,
 Where sits, half fossilized, the maimed Fakir
 Triumphant over suffering! Far or near
 No traveller thou. No, certes! for thy years,
 Eighty and seven, have told their circle here,
 Now tombed in memory's grave their hopes and
 fears,
 Wrapt in oblivion's shroud their loves, their smiles,
 their tears!

Thy past disturbs thee not, thy present all—
 Thy future starred with hope! Thou smilest now,
 For that thy brother Joachim at thy call
 Doth tottering come to thee; his senior thou
 Four years, and he for five with pious vow,
 Hath nursed thy second childhood tremulous when
 Himself in second childhood, and his brow
 Furrowed with thousand wrinkles. Mortal men!
 Why cling ye so to earth with heaven so nigh your ken?

Now slowly doth he rise, while Joachim
 Prepares and lights fair Cuba's fragrant weed,
 Commending it to his lips secure, for him
 The only luxury he knows, I rede—
 Scant pilgrim's offerings do supply his need,
 And should the stranger ask how fareth he
 In winter's duress and long drerihedd,
 He smiles, through those set teeth of ivory
 Murmuring, 'Francisco mine! Francisco helpeth me!'

Tit. Thanks, Ariel! thou hast painted well
That sanctuary rock-embowered
In Serra's bosom, built and dowered
By Castro, as old legends tell;
And to my eye thy words recall
Full well its caverned quaintness all—
And that strange guardian of the hold,
Companion of its monks of old!
Ofttimes would we seek that spot
Of hallowed thought, 'neath summer's ray,
But that our volatile Fays, I wot,
Do scarce affect its shades, and say,
That in those courts and cells appear,
In lonely march, or kneeling there,
With wailing sigh, or muttered prayer,
To their quick sight, grey phantoms drear,
Or gliding through the atmosphere,
Of mournful spectres they are ware,
Transparent in the hurtling air!
Thus rarely do our steps incline
To that mysterious desert shrine.

Fairies! from this our breezy site,
On steep Bedel's aspiring height,
From every toppling giant cone,
And massive wave-worn boulder-stone
Around his northern aspect piled,
To nigh his base, where yawneth wild
That grim 'Wolf's Cave,' created drear
By tumbling crags chaotic there,
Its roof one vast and flattened rock

Granitic, curved, a single block,
 Whilst one great mass doth sleep y-thrown
 Beside his archéd entrance lone:
 From each commanding spot the eye
 Our palace of the Faërie
 Beholdeth true: ensconced here
 On fair green spur of Serra near,
 High raised its graceful structure stands,
 Yet sheltered by those higher lands
 Which mostly do surround it—there
 Its lofty dome doth rise in air
 From that central fabric square:
 On pillared arches' basement light
 It doth repose, its curving height,
 With imbricated tiles bedight
 Florentine, subdued in tone
 Those armour-plates, firm locked in one,
 And circling its convergent swell
 With fretted arch and pinnacle,
 These louvres rich adorn it well.
 Above it mark the cupola chaste
 On arch and slender column based,
 Its just proportions crowning high
 The dome's unerring symmetry;
 And last that golden finial,
 Reflecting from its surface tall,
 Th' advancing or declining ray
 Of the far-darting God of Day!

Now from his central tower doth spring,
 On either side, a lengthening wing

With Gothic windows perforate, traced
 In finest sculptured forms, and graced
 By slender columns propping high
 Their arches' rich luxuriance:—
 Flanking the wings on east and west
 Two round and massive towers do rest,
 With these same Gothic windows dight,
 At lower plane and greater height,
 Each tower its graceful cupola
 Lifting on arch and column gay—
 And we can mark the summer's glow
 Smite on that gorgeous portico,
 South entrance, from the centre square
 Projecting high, a terrace there,
 Of massive stonework's ample length,
 Propped on the light yet solid strength
 Of those eight columns tapering tall,
 Each to his Fairy capital
 Of Fairy flowers, enrichment rare,
 Chosen by Titania's watchful care,
 And all their forms and bright aspect
 With harmony and beauty decked,
 Breathed in the pure, receptive mind
 Of that mortal Architect
 Who our Palacio fair designed,
 And of my counsels little recked,
 Unconscious all of Fairy force,
 Unconscious all of spirit source!
 Fairies bright who throng around
 The steeps of this enchanted ground!
 Every stone by Fairy will

Engrafted there by Fairy skill,
 And every arch, and pinnacle,
 And every ornament, and flower
 Decking within that stately tower,
 Its every monument outwrought,
 Of Moorish grace or Gothic thought,
 Hath a law, a lesson old,
 Hath a wisdom to unfold,
 Heaven-taught lore to Fairies known,
 Doubtful and dark to Man alone :
 This divine Philosophy
 Gainsayeth he resistingly,
 Yet through the *Word* that law doth shine,
 Running, a golden thread divine !
 Its substance this : whate'er of good,
 Or beautiful, in earth hath stood,
 Offspring of mortal minds, has come
 From Heaven its own eternal home ;
 Fixed in man's soul, and will, its plan,
 By influx heavenly not in Man
 To originate, but projected there
 Through those who spirit angels are,
 Bright ministers of that Most High,
 Soul of Creation's harmony,
 In whom man lives, and moves, and hath
 His being, his sustaining breath,
 Not rooted in his powers, nor wrought
 By his own will's creative thought,
 Though his own force innate he deems
 All potent ; cradled thus in dreams
 Fantastic, and with desperate art,

Clasping the sophism to his heart !

Man's soul doth shine a sparkle free,
 Incarnate, of the Deity
 Whereon His light, and love, for aye
 Benignant ever seek to play,
 T' illume and renovate alway
 Reflected thence alternately
 With flashing beam, or waning ray,
 For as its receptivity,
 So bright or dim its sphere may be,
 And through man's spirit's wondrous power
 (The organic Man's epitome
 And antitype, its heavenly dower
 With man or angel to confer—
 The soul's unfoldment—every hour
 Her immortal minister
 Fulfilling her behests) a flood
 Pouring on earth, of Truth and Good,
 Or Evil's blight, and Falsehood's dole,
 As God or Demon rules that soul.
 Such, Fairies ! are the secret springs
 Of all man's pure imaginings
 Fulfilled in act—and such the source
 Of his ill deeds: infernal force :
 Permitted his elective will,
 Accountable free agent still ;
 Permitted evil ! Mortals free
 To choose it ! Solemn mystery !
 Yet solemn truth by Heaven revealed,
 Its purpose yet by Heaven concealed.

From highest fount! these mysteries



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Love-enwoven, stretching high
To his bright futurity !

Yet now he wandereth darkling ! Lost
In labyrinths of doubt, and tossed
On unbelief's dark heaving sea,
Dashing against the rocks alway,
Of pride and passion—often swamped
On blind presumption's shoals, or cramped
By his blind spiritual guides, the river
Of that pure Word defiling ever
With earthly taint, or sealing up
It's truth-revealing fount, the cup
Of gloomy infidelity,
Thus tempting him indignantly
To drink ! Full oft in foul abysm
He lies, of dense Materialism,
There wallowing hopeless, and ignores
All save his erring sense explores,
As taste, touch, sight—e'en to deny
His Spirit's immortality,
And the existence vast, diverse
Of the great Spirit Universe,
(Sole real world, sole world of cause,
Evolving all the natural laws
Of his and our fair earth) and bands
Of ministering spirits hovering bright,
In million ranks, by day, by night,
Around our planet, Heaven's commands
Of grace and merciful intent,
Fulfilling, ever vigilant ;—

All clear in our keen spirit light,
 Unkennd by man's material sight,
 And so denied! Truth's spirit shield,
 Known by all tribes of earth, and sealed,
 By God's own Word of old revealed.
 But, Fairies, list! what plummet line
 Can sound the depths of love divine—
 Of God to man! These latter days
 Even now do shed mysterious rays
 Piercing, from out the spirit world,
 Man's darkened reason: truth unfurled
 Direct by spirit influence,
 Waking his soul and mind, and sense,
 As by heavenly miracle,
 To know and grasp th' invisible,
 And on wings of Faith to rise,
 Claiming his heirdom in the skies!
 Already that command on high,
 Put forth by pitying God, unscales
 By millions man's thick crusted eye,
 From Atheistic leprosy,
 And gross materialistic lie;
 And wheresoe'er its truth prevails,
 Fixeth it his purged sight
 On that fount of sacred light
 Christ-hewn; that living water's store,
 Where whoso drinks shall thirst no more!

Fairy spirits, well-beloved,
 And ever loving! I behold
 Your divine affections moved,

And your sparkling eyes unfold
 Joy and heaven-born sympathy
 For tempted, torn humanity,
 Lone glimmering star in blackest sky,
 Yet glittering ever, ne'er to die!
 Man's life is one great progress: free
 Ebbs and flows his vital sea;
 Its flow, a high and higher swell,
 The vantage gains perceptible,
 And ever conquering, still o'errides
 Dull retrocession's backward tides.
 This communion spiritual,
 Marching onwards gradual,
 But as yet with current small
 As man can bear it, free to all,
 Is but the day's bright harbinger,
 The dawn-foretelling Morning Star,
 Prelude of that advancing time
 Millenniál, when from clime to clime
 Man's spirit shall familiar be
 With all the heavenly company
 Of every world that sparkles high
 In the vast circle of the sky,
 And his bonds be loosed, and he
 Walk in glorious liberty,
 And peace shall reign from sea to sea!

Tit. Fairies! now yon glorious sun
 Three parts his burning course hath run,
 And his slanting ray 'gins streak
 Far Peninha's western peak:

Disperse ye now, in spirit free,
 Where'er gay fancy leadeth ye,
 Some to work of Fairy art
 On canvass fine, or sculptured part
 With studious care evolved, to start
 Life-like, complete with Fairy grace,
 Soon from its marble hiding-place;
 And to the loom's loved labour some,
 All to deck our Fairy home,
 At fitting seasons: haste ye, Fays!
 You who love divinest rays
 Of wisdom in philosophy,
 And truth-teaching poesy,
 Humble learn of Thomas true;
 Or if science ye pursue,
 Exhausting earth, and reaching high
 To thousand worlds that gem the sky,
 And arts occult, and spirit lore
 Prized and treasured long of yore,
 Grave Orion's counsels greet,
 Meekly learning at his feet;
 And you loving elves who bear
 Invisible, through the noiseless air
 Gifts and Fairy help to man
 When struggling 'neath misfortune's ban,
 Concealed from him your fostering care,
 And whence these Fairy favours are,
 Vanish all! and when the light
 Quails before descending Night,
 And the ebon goddess reigns
 O'er earth and sea's extended plains,

Fairland.

And Cynthia's full-orbed majesty,
With all her train doth sail the sky—
Then, Fairies! shall ye all repair
To our new finished palace there
With Oberon and Titania gay,
Music and merry roundelay,
To wile the speeding night away;
Now th' auspicious hour is come
To inaugurate our Fairy home!

Ho! all ye nimble spirits rare,
Ye our household acolytes,
Of skill consummate to prepare,
For grave or gay whate'er invites!
Give good heed to Hermes! He
Hath our orders, fittingly
Our Palacio to adorn,
This night, with all of beauty born,
And regal Fairy splendour—art
Vying with nature to impart
Such charm of loveliness divine,
As ne'er on mortal eye may shine,
Evoked by spirit skill to rise
Around our Fairy Paradise!

Thus Hermes! thou shalt first expose
By instant spell, enchantment sure,
That carved and costly furniture
There piled away, and shalt dispose
With thy old, thy cunning tact,
Each object in its place exact,

All in matchless harmony,
 Since marshalled by a spirit's eye,
 For when to-morrow's sun again
 His bright meridian shall attain,
 Here arrive those honoured guests,
 If Titania her allies,
 Guests may call, who her behests
 Of spirit-truth receptive, wise,
 Have ever followed, to devise
 This Fairy structure, gift of Heaven
 To them well merited, and given,
 By that same heavenly power to us
 Fairies jointly to possess:—
 Smiling temple, spirit planned,
 A joy for man alike to stand,
 Or denizen of Fairyland!

These friends of earth, to whom pertain
 This Fairy hold and bright domain,
 They shall find on entering there,
 All perfected by Fairy care;
 All labour saved by Fairy skill,
 In order unimprovable;
 And, Puck! thou volatile spirit! see
 Thou doest this order fittingly:
 Ere Hermes' task begins, with wile
 Watchful, shalt thou straight beguile
 All of mortal which may bide
 In that charmed Castle's area wide;
 Thou shalt wave the poppy white,
 Before their eyes' uncertain light,

Fairyland.

And shalt speak that spell to steep
Their senses in entranced sleep,
Enduring till to-morrow's sun,
His fervid midday goal hath won,
And all our wealth of sculpture pure,
Zealous, shalt thou straight conjure
To those our Fairy halls of state,
Breathing a charm half animate,
Diffusing through that stately place
Their snowy lustre's matchless grace,
Mingling with mortal artist's skill
Our tribute to the beautiful!
And thou shalt with thy wondrous train
Of quick-winged Fairy elves again
Invade sweet Flora's peaceful reign:
But see thou gather nought beside
The flowing fern's green feathery pride,
For our nation's waving crest,
 Emblem of sincerity,
This opening night sole flower shall rest,
 Wreathing our palace tracery,
Since of himself divinely fair,
He well may gild all beauty there!

And when our revelry is o'er,
And thou seekest to restore,
 Again, 'in morn's uncertain light,
 'By glimmering stars of waning night,'
These treasures as they were before,
Fron'd to frond, and spore to spore,
Thou shalt again pronounce that spell,

Possible 'gainst th' impossible,
 Divinely taught, ineffable!—
 Dost thou mind it? tell me, tell!—
 Sad spirit! by thy downcast eye,
 And knitted brow, I well descry,
 That secret from thy memory's store,
 Hath passed for ever, evermore!—
 Evermore, till I unroll
 Its tablet buried in thy soul,
 And bring its deep-hid rays express,
 In focus of thy consciousness,
 Thence illuming all thy brain,
 To grasp its mystic power again,
 And in language not the less,
 To breathe its magic forcefulness!
 And this gift I will infuse
 Again into the Nectar's dews
 Thou quaff'st to-night, and Flora's reign
 Shall instant own thy sway again.

Resolute spirit! I do see
 How thou sigh'st regretfully,
 That in heaven or earth should be
 Aught of difficult mystery,
 Unapproachable by thee,
 Mystery high thou canst not find,
 Mystery deep thou canst not bind
 Even in thy spirit's chains, but fail'st,
 When thou that sacred thing assail'st
 With keenest weapon drawn by thee
 From all thy spirit armoury!

Know then, this the Almighty's plan
 With spirit angel, spirit man,
 Or spirit Fay: all destinies
 His—Whom He willeth He makes wise,
 And chooseth mortal's history
 From out the universe to prove
 Himself sole source of Wisdom, Love,
 And Power, and Knowledge; agency
 Of things despised by mortal ken,
 As child, or humble fishermen,
 Using, man's wisdom to confound,
 On earth, to earth's remotest bound;
 Through such, by spirit inbreathed; to wake
 New revelation's truth, and shake
 Man's thoughts from their self-centred sway,
 Sunk in dark Lethe's wave for aye!

Enough, sweet Puck! to-morrow's sun
 Shall see thy ministering featly done,
 Once more thy Ferns to Flora given,
 And thy dread charm—exhaled to heaven!
 There (in the world of causes hid,
 Where first its might was fashioned)
 Reserved in special dower for me,
 When I may wield its potency
 Heaven-accorded, and to thee
 Brave lesson taught through this same spell,
 How precious, how becoming well,
 In angel, man, or spirits that dwell
 In charmed land of Faërie,
 That grace divine, humility!

* * * * *

Grave Orion ! thou shalt send
 All thy brilliants there to blend
 Their flashing forces, gracing free
 This royal night's festivity,
 And that gold service shall be part,
 Gem-decked by thy so wondrous art,
 And thy lamps of adamant,
 Thousand, thousand, there shall shine,
 Lighting that chosen Fairy haunt
 With treasures of Golconda's mine,
 Flinging around their silvery rays
 Rivalling the noontide's sunny blaze :
 And lovely Elfin ! be it known,
 From this my ancient rocky throne
 On high Bedel, my pleasure is,
 To-night the diamond's costliness,
 All other lustre shall efface,
 All other gems shall well replace ;
 Your robes no other precious stone
 Shall gorgeous deck save this alone,
 Richness with simplicity,
 So shall ye living symbols be,
 Of truth in her transparency,
 Resplendent truth in first degree ;
 And her twin grace Sincerity
 Our hallowed fern shall typify,
 Spread around and waving high :—
 The diamond our one precious stone,
 The Fern one precious flower alone.

* * * * *

And you, rough Pan and brown Sylvanus,
And rosy Liber, and Silenus!
And all that swift attendant band,
That emulous round your footsteps stand,
Hearken well your Queen's command!
Cocoa's ambrosial vase divine,
Still on our teeming board shall shine,
But Drinking-cup for Nectar's wine,
And Fairy vessel greatest, least,
Meet for royal Fairy feast,
Shall be Orion's carved in gold,
And gem-embossed in days of old.
With care precise shall ye provide
These, from his teeming stores supplied,
But mark this higher toil beside!
Haste ye, ere bright Phœbus gain
His blushing goal the western main,
His panting coursers there to bathe
In Neptune's liquid depths, and swathe
All the far surrounding sky
In gold and crimson drapery,
And Hesperus with chastened ray
Forth peering, gild the dying day,
And Dian's pale and delicate tint,
With beam slow changing bright, do glint,
I' the deepening azure firmament:
Even now your glittering squadrons bring,
In two great cohorts mustering,
Destined, this auspicious night,
New adornment and delight
From far-off lands to furnish free,

To our gay court's festivity :
 Love's fragrant offerings ! gifts, I ween,
 Of Oberon, and his Fairy Queen,
 To those illustrious strangers twain,
 Possessors of this fair domain ;
 Possession theirs by claims of earth,
 Possession ours by Fairy birth,
 And royal station. As we will
 We do possess man's wealth, and skill
 In Nature and Art—invisible
 To mortal sense our high command,
 Its roots far off in Fairyland !

Now, Fairy commissariat !
 Whose sedulous legions prompt do wait,
 In cohorts two our ordering,
 From this Bedel's enchanted ring !—
 One band shall hie to farthest East,
 Cradle of luscious fruits, and bring
 Those golden trophies, gathering
 Large store to deck our Fairy feast :
 You, rosy Liber, and Silenus !
 This task be yours, sith well ye know
 Each hallowed spot wherein do grow
 Pomona's Eastern treasures—Go !
 And prosper lightning-winged ! And lo !
 You, rough Pan, and brown Silvanus !
 Northwards far to England's shores,
 Your hardy squadrons shall incline,
 And from that land's exhaustless mine,
 Where Art doth Nature's treasured stores

Fairyland.

Of fruits and marvellous flowers enhance
With tenfold rich luxuriance
Science—cultured—ye shall draw,
Guided strict by Fairy law,
(Man repaid a thousand-fold
In costly gems, our rule of old)
Mellowest fruits of species three,
Pine-apple, peach, and strawberry;
In large abundance shall ye bring
These choicest tributes of the spring,
Ripened by tenderest care of man,
Unmatched in all my kingdom's span,
For they shall deck our banquet, mingled,
In befitting rivalry,
With rosy Liber's treasures singled
From summer lands' untold supply,
But when ye spread our Pilgrims' feast,
And nectar bright doth sparkle there,
With fruits and fair Ambrosia graced,
(And that Alabaster rare
Of Trojan shepherd, arbiter
On Ida's mount, where goddesses
Contest the palm of loveliness)
Then shall ye fill those goblets fine,
Their own, of Crystal carved with Fern
Our Fairy crest, with threefold wine,
To cheer them in their brief sojourn,
Whilst two pale moons do wax and wane,
In spring and summer's tender reign!
And to this end ye shall advance,
Through vine-clad plains of sunny France,

Hasting home, and thence shall choose
 Three special wines which mortals use,
 For chief delight—charmed number three:
 Champagne's proud beverage foaming high,
 And delicate generous Burgundy,
 And Chateau Margaux's rosy dew
 Of choicest vintage old and true,
 These shall ye bring, in teeming measure,
 Soul-enlivening fragrant treasure!
 And shall dispose with anxious care
 Their cobwebbed ranks symmetrical,
 In that great subterranean hall
 Beneath our palace, vaulted there
 In its cold darkness—and where'er,
 Or vantage point, or space may rest
 In his old caverns, shall ye store
 These gifts compact from vault to floor,
 Fairy gift to mortal guest!
 Then that transcendent Fairy feast,
 Shall ye trick out, with Spirit art,
 When at to-morrow's dawn we part:—
 Banquet for our fond allies,
 Whose are all our sympathies:
 Far-travelled Pilgrims, ye shall prove
 Fairy faithfulness and love!

Oh Pan! thou hirsute Spirit strong!
 Thou rov'st the woods and fields among,
 Surrounded by that Fairy tribe
 Who love thy following! Jest, and gibe,
 And echoing laughter, love they well,

Fairyland.

Scouring woodland, grove, or dell :
 Ye reckless sprites ! ye do abide
 In merry England's forests wide,
 And scattered hamlets—all beside,
 In other climes 'neath other skies,
 Doth find scant favour in your eyes,
 Yea with contemptuous merriment
 These have ye nicknamed 'foreign lands'
 To Fay's effeminate kindly lent,
 Unfit for your free, hardy bands ;
 Thus with Sylvanus and his freres,
 Gay ye pass your happy years !

Hail, Sylvanus ! russet brown,
 Apple-cheeked ! On breezy down
 Delighting, or on meadow mown,
 Tripping it with thy company,
 When the golden moon rides high,
 The Harvest moon, or Hunters' ! Then
 Thy merry sports do chief begin,
 And Autumn's mellow fruits are thine
 And Cider's gushing floods ; these shine
 At thy gay nutty banquets—cream
 Rich mantling, poured in copious stream,
 Thy tribes delight in, sooth to say,
 Their Nectar and Ambrosia !
 For this, and for its wondrous air
 Bracing or balmy, north or south,
 Hast thou approved old Devon rare,
 With Pan concerting, 'Brothers both,
 'And both Arcadians !' Nothing loth

In Fairy holiday time elate
 From courtly etiquette and state,
 Your rustic tribes to emancipate,
 And wanton free, and take your ease,
 By Devon's rocks, and shadowing trees,
 In Exmoor's wild and heathy woods,
 By Exe and Teign's meandering floods,
 Or Dartmoor's forest solitudes ;
 Or where the huntsman's echoing horn
 Greet's the fresh and rosy morn,
 Sylvan Dulverton around ;
 Full well ye know that Fairy ground !
 And there the peasant knows full well,
 Where ye do haunt invisible,
 By many a prank, and tricky spell,
 To aught but Fays impossible,
 And 'Pixies' do they call ye bold,
 Since times and generations old !

Hark in thine ear, brown spirit ! Still
 Remains a duty to fulfil,
 Duty to be featly done
 Ere the setting of the sun :—
 Devon's richest dairies thou
 Careful, shalt revisit now,
 And from their yellow depths shall skim
 Foaming to thy large vase's brim,
 Store of fresh delicious cream,
 Mortals love to ally its stream
 With the fragrant Strawberry ;
 And see thou bring'st in large supply

Fairland.

That other beverage known to thee,
 Cream thy legions Fairy-lipped
 Have with rapture ever sipped,
 'Clotted Devonshire' yeapt:
 Artful Fay! full well thou know'st,
 Scarce other point on England's coast,
 Can this inviolate treasure boast!
 How mortals its rich virtues love,
 To-morrow's glittering feast shall prove.

Fairy Commissariat!
 Ye have our orders: will of fate
 Our royal will! Now vanish all
 And swift return; in yonder Hall
 Your golden spoils upheaping rare,
 And each his zealous labour's share
 Giving to Hermes! Then for Ball,
 And Banquet's Fairy festival,
 Shall ye provide right watchfully,
 'Neath that Fairy's thoughtful eye!

Lieges 'neath Titania's spell
 And rule of lofty Oberon,
 Vanish now from high Bedel!
 Ebon Night will climb anon
 The steps of her star-spangled throne;
 There meet we all 'neath yonder dome
 Our gay Palacio's Fairy home.

(End of Second Day.)

Night. The Fairies assembled in the Palacio everywhere—chiefly in the North and South Drawing-Rooms. OBERON and TITANIA seated in the South Drawing-Room surrounded by their attendants, Ministers of State, &c. The Palace in complete order. All the Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and other furniture whatsoever, and all the carved, sculptured, and other objects of art or use, as glass, china, &c. previously stored in their packing-cases, produced and arranged in their places. The Palacio also adorned everywhere by Sculpture, Painting, and Tapestry, the work of Fairies. Every part of the interior lighted by the diamond lamps of Orion, and decked with almost every species of fern in the grounds. The Fountain plays in the centre of the corridor,—likewise the large fountain in front of the great eastern entrance.

Tit. Welcome to our sparkling halls

Smiling now in finished pride,

Loyal Fays! Titania calls

Her glittering legions to her side:—

With a heartfelt Fairy joy,

Ethereal, pure, without alloy,

She greets her Fairies, one and all,

On this our opening festival!

Grateful we, for fate doth beam

On Fairy vow, and mortal dream!

Ob. Oberon welcomes this fair night

His thousand Fairy guests, at will

To share new vision of delight,

Work of man and Fairy's skill:—

For seven long years of mortal's toil,
 Seven mystic years of Fairy's thought,
 From Time's slow warp did we uncoil
 This web by subtle fancy wrought
 Through patient human genius—this
 Fit Palace, or for Fairy bliss,
 Or man aspiring—temple bright
 With brooding ray of heavenly light,
 Light which shall oft to man reveal,
 Gazing here, what he may feel,
 Half tranced! deep thoughts from nought which lies
 In scope of his material eyes,
 But sense that what he sees so plain,
 His soul doth draw from memory's reign,
 Long treasured in her own domain;
 In sooth that what he traces here,
 Hath dawned upon his view elsewhere,
 In vanished time familiar!
 This our Fairy-charméd house,
 With varied deep artistic maze,
 Shall oft reflect to Pilgrim's gaze,
 Such parallel mysterious:—
 Man knows not yet that he can grasp
 At once two worlds within his clasp:—
 Deep contemplation of the one,
 Doth oft reveal the other's zone,
 Where scene and picture spiritual,
 (As though long ages floated by)
 Distinct from the terrestrial,
 But fashioned correspondingly,
 In man's unconscious reverie,

Do float before his inner eye,
From that far world's immensity!

Joyful, we do commemorate now
Our finished task, our Fairy vow;
With songs and dances and delight,
So, Fairies, crown this festive night!

Tit. Impatient elves! now are ye free,
With mirth and careless jollity,
Through this fair enchanted bound,
And all its treasures cast around,
To career, with curious eye
Discovering gay whate'er may lie
Most hidden—tripping o'er the ground,
With scarcely planted footsteps, sound
Evoking none, enwrapped with light,
And your snowy vestments bright
With wealth of rich Golconda's mine;
Beauteous forms unearthly, flinging
From your rare substance pure, divine,
No shadow, as with lowly singing,
Or frolic, jest, and smile, ye glide,
Where beauty doth your steps abide!
Anon, upborne on sylphy wings,
Where'er your quaint imaginings
Do possess you, ye may fly,
Fanning the yielding air on high,
Where flowers in sculptured tracery,
Half mock the far explorer's eye,

Fairyländ.

In towering height of Octagon
Nestling secure, or spread around
By thousands, in yon great saloon
Apollo's and the Muses—crowned
With special art his golden round:
In these wide concaves may ye speed,
Peopling the buoyant air, I rede,
Or in quaint metamorphosis
Disporting there—as Butterfly
Blythe waking from his Chrysalis
With gorgeous wings, and flutteringly
Resting on chiselled flowers—or Bee
Rushing round meanderingly,
With menacing hum—or nameless thing
Air-balanced 'bove yon crystal spring,
Scarce visible his wondrous wing—
Or darting finny multitude,
Of shapes fantastic, thousand-hued,
Gambolling in that pellucid flood—
Or tiniest humming-bird arrayed
In gold and purple, and inlaid
With blush of every flashing gem
Can weave a Fairy's diadem!
Tho' haply birds may rule the hour,
No beast or insect, shrub or flower,
But this night, 'tis in your power
T' usurp his form, his ways, his mien,
Novel mask of Fairy Queen!
Rare license this her Fairies use,
Privilege her lieges ne'er abuse,
But well they love rich novelty,

And charm of quaint variety,
Thus innocent bodied forth and graced
With wit and mirth, and heavenly taste.

Gentle Oberon ! we will leave
Our volatile spirits now to weave
Their quick-fed fancies as they will,
With fruitful art devising still
New-found schemes for mirthful measure,
This rare night of Fairy pleasure :
Meanwhile with this our chosen court,
Our officers of Fairy state,
And Titania's nymphs that wait
Surrounding, we will straight resort
To all our Palace-halls ; explore,
And calmly scan their beauties o'er :
And mark ye, Elves ! when Puck shall call
Your myriads to our Fairy Ball,
In a charmed Fairy trice,
Time exact for winking thrice,
Each masking metamorphose nice,
All shall lose, and all shall gain
Their glittering Fairy forms again !
Right nimbly shall ye then repair
To Cecilia's temple there,
Where her dulcet strains shall vie
With laurel-crowned Terpsichore :
I have said—my word hath sped—
Vanish, and be prosperéd !

*(The Fairies disappear, and curiously investi-
gate every portion of the Palacio. Their*

Fairland.

masquerade then begins, when they assume the forms and demeanours of the most beautiful objects in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, especially birds and ferns, the size of all being proportioned to the area in which they move, and enlarged or diminished at their pleasure. They amuse themselves variously. Oberon and Titania with their staff explore the Palace.)

Tit. Lo! this drawing-room bedight
 With thousand stars of living light,
 Lamps of adamant, supplied
 With magic oil, Orion's pride!
 Deck they every crystal bright
 Which doth compose that lustre's weight
 Of glittering pendants nicely swung
 From ceiling's central point, and hung
 With forms of beauty: Mortals these
 With wax-lights gay, Titania's bees
 Their source, are used to decorate,
 And graceful to illuminate
 Banquet or Ball in festal state;
 See, Oberon! how that wondrous star,
 Centre of thousand others round,
 In its constellation bound,
 Sends its glories flashing far
 Adown yon lengthening vista there,
 East and West, ye know not where,
 Flinging its pure resplendent rays
 On what might seem a Fairy maze
 Of costliest objects endless, shining

In a light all things refining,
 Magic work of spirit hand,
 Struck out by this so potent wand!

‘Might seem,’ I said, ‘a Fairy maze,’
 But ’tis not so—that silvery blaze
 Of diamond lamplets hung on high,
 Studding their crystal panoply,
 Doth illume, with radiance pure,
 The walls and carved furniture,
 Bathing all in light intense
 Rivalling noontide, and from hence
 Reflect them true those mirrors grand
 Which like twain magicians stand
 At this Saloon’s extremities,
 Doubling all the gazer sees,
 New space creating to the eye,
 Which straight perceives a harmony
 Scarce natural, yet in natural laws
 Enfolded strict: effect and cause—
 For mortal wight who strayeth here
 Beholds long vista endless, planned
 As though, far off, all mundane sphere
 Loosed its faint hold, its earthly band;
 Plunged in ethereal medium clear,
 Those lessening masses slow appear
 To melt away in Fairyland!

Pointed arches’ curving grace,
 All throughout their dwelling-place,
 Oberon and Titania love,

Through all its traceries interwove,
 For beauty or use, or both combined,
 And slender columns, intertwined
 Their capitals, and the walls around
 With fruits and foliage summer-crowned.
 Deck this Drawing-room alone,
 Of arches moulded or in stone,
 Twice one hundred clear and one . . . [201]
 And of slender columns' store,
 One score, and half a score, and four, . [34]
 Mark its ceiling ivy-leaved,
 All with chastest art relieved,
 Save the centre where do swell
 Three wide circles beautiful,
 Diapered, or foliate,
 Touched with gilding delicate!
 And that Moorish pendant where
 Hangs the crystal lustre fair.
 As on the ceiling, foliage rich
 Relieved, adorns the walls on which
 Moulded arch on arch abide,
 Bumed on those gilded columns' pride,
 And Mauve with faintest, tenderest grace,
 Gives softness to this Fairy place.

From those Windows arched high,
 Ah! what glories fill the eye!
 Grey rocks—yon mountain range embrowned
 With heath and moss and bracken, and crowned
 By Pine-tree, stately sentinel!
 Seems it as though he did repel

From these steep ridgy summits all
 Who rash unhallowed step might bring
 In cincture of that Fairy ring
 Where lie his troops symmetrical,
 Dark-green accoutred, Serra's breast
 Encircling till that they do rest,
 Down lower on yon veteran lines,
 Hoary waving cork-trees massed,
 In their green luxuriance vast,
 A sacred glory of the past,
 Which on the present radiant shines;
 A pictured forest old—a screen
 Of verdure for our Fairy scene!

Now the gay Northern Drawing-room
 We enter opposite and resume
 Our task soon finished, for, in truth,
 In plan it nothing differeth
 From its twin sister of the South,
 And varying furniture alone,
 Confers those features all its own:
 Feet it stretcheth thirty and four,
 Along its east and western floor:
 Equal in breadth and height it shines,
 Its feet eighteen—proportion's lines.
 And here the eye doth wander far
 O'er these white village-dotted plains
 North, bounded by old Ocean's bar,
 East reaching Cintra's fair domains,
 By Varzea's vale of deepening green,
 Enlivening all that pastoral scene!
 But Pilgrim, whosoe'er ye be,

• Lov'st thou the wide, the bounding sea
 In landscape spread before thine eye
 From towering height, from vantage high?
 Our Dome's steep summit climb, Oh climb!
 At noon or eve's sweet softening time:
 Ah! glorious prospect meets thy view!
 Atlantic's fields all darkly blue:
 Beyond yon territory's goal
 Studded with hamlets he doth roll
 His broad majestic waters wild,
 In sportive fury tossing high
 Their roaring waves whose melody
 Reacheth our ear—or if beguiled
 To softly heaving slumber mild,
 Then spreads he out his calm domain,
 One wide cerulean liquid plain,
 That blue the deepest, tenderest dye
 That ever charmed the entranced eye
 Of Mortal born or Faërie:
 And in those hours of halcyon rest,
 Lo! floating on his azure breast,
 Rocked in Ocean-cradled sleep,
 The Berling's dim and distant steep!

Now trace we this rich Corridor:
 From hence his tessellated floor
 Stretcheth to the farthest verge
 Of the whole fabric, there to merge
 In yon great Eastern Portico;
 Runneth it east and west, and so
 The northern from the southern sides

His central line exact divides.
 And midway, Lo! yon fountain flings
 In air its glittering, cooling springs,
 With never-ceasing murmurings;
 And above it, hangs on high
 The elaborate Dome's concavity,
 Octagonal, and fair enchased,
 Worthy of Fay's fastidious taste!
 On northern and on southern side
 Of this cool fount there doth abide
 Transept arched and pillared high,
 To th' entrances respectively
 North and south extending: thus
 Th' interior shadows forth a cross,
 And round this symbol's hallowed sign
 Lies all our temple's Fairy shrine.

Thomas true! what thou dost write,
 Titania's gift to mortal wight,
 (Unknowing else our Fairy sphere:
 Earth and Earth's bright atmosphere,
 Titania's special dower; though still
 Other spirits for good or ill,
 In myriads wander here at will,)
 What thou dost write of this bright hall,
 And its Fairy graces all,
 Man's nimble fancy will not fail
 T' exaggerate in size, in scale;
 Wherefore shalt thou straight indite,
 Precise, its length, and breadth, and height,
 Sith we 'small folk' do covet never

Fairland.

Size, but beauty, ever, ever;
'Precious things in compass small,'
Axiom old for Fairies all!

In length from East to West remain
Twice a hundred feet and ten:
For its breadth from northern face
To southern, seventy-two we trace:
Ninety and one its height we call,
To top of Dome's proud finial.
Modest these dimensions be,
Yet adapted fittingly
To Fairy use, when Fairy court
It pleaseth hither to resort,
And its rich Fairy-woven plan,
Contenteth Fay, delighteth man.
Of its ancient desert halls,
Save the unflinching massive walls
Three feet thick, compact, no jot
Entereth our modern fabric; nought
First planted by the good De Vim,
And which that wandering scion lone
Of England, 'Vathek,' claimed his own,
And left to moulder, stone by stone:
Instead hath risen a Fairy dream
Of fretted art—it might beseem
Our Eastern court of gay Cashmere,
Were it quick transported there,
Or Persian real of Candahar,
Where thousand, thousand Fairies are!

Moorish chiefly its design,
 Architecture graceful, light,
 And Fairy; it doth well combine
 With the stately Gothic's flight
 Of lofty decoration: style
 Pointed, pure, which yet can smile
 With highest thought severe, and thus,
 Linked with that charmed expressiveness
 Moresque, it doth interpret well
 Fairy mind, and Fairy spell!
 Yet another order, bright
 With fancy's pure mysterious light,
 Sparkleth throughout our chosen fane,
 Order all original,
 Mingling there—light beautiful chain,
 Binding these forms harmonial,
 In one creation—Fairy three,
 Symbolic, mystic unity!
 This style ethereal, novel shines,
 For man in our Palacio's lines
 Invented first, Titania's grace,
 And thought, more justly forth to trace,
 And this new product she will call
 'Knowlesian architecture'—all
 From that gifted mind unfolded,
 Mind by thought and fancy moulded,
 Till that from Heaven it did receive
 New light which Heaven alone can give:
 And this is Genius! Higher source
 Of light to lighten mortal's course
 Than that he knows of: soul-desire

Fairyland.

Victorious : beam of heavenly fire,
 Glowing with Spirit radiancy,
 Calling from dark nonentity
 Things which be not—and they be!

Such hath Knowles evoked—for free
 His soul to receptivity
 Of new creations, he hath given
 Their joys to man from bounteous Heaven
 Through him descending—a fresh birth
 Of Beauty's plastic forms on earth
 New-dawned! And lo! a Fairy tone,
 Caught from Fairy influence mine,
 Inbreathed there, not less divine,
 Stamping a lustre all its own,
 Will cause that he shall stand alone,
 Time-honoured, and his memory
 Men will 'not suffer to let die.'

No thought profound—no grand emprise,
 Nor work of skill and genius, ever
 In this our planet's destinies,
 Hath found strong root, and ripened—never
 Been crowned by fruit in mellowed prime,
 Save chosen men, and chosen time,
 All conquering coincidence,
 Have lent concurrent influence;
 And oft in small things as in great,
 Man's pride must own this law of fate,
 For few Man's bark of Progress guide,
 On fitful life's uncertain tide!

Nigh a hundred years are flown,
 Since these foundations deep were sown,
 And those thick massive walls became
 Our gay Palacio's outer frame.
 I did inspire the good De Vim,
 Special mark of Fay's esteem,
 Its outer shell to rear—this plan
 And form t' observe, till that the man,
 Yea, and the destined time, should come,
 T' unfold superb our Fairy home!
 This part proud 'Vathek' coveted,
 'Vathek' by taste and genius led
 To our bright scene—spot to ensure
 His yearnings for the beautiful,
 And here secluded, nought should dull
 His heart's contentments—since secure
 Here he might dream his life away,
 Rocked by dull misanthropy,
 On sullen luxury's listless sea!
 But Titania loved him not,
 For that he was earthly all:—
 Untinctured by the spiritual,
 His soul ungenial was a knot
 Twisted within itself—a spot
 Of landscape, where the silvery ray
 Of the lone moon did ever play,
 Turning darkness into day,
 Her white lustre pouring still
 On rock and river, tower and hill,
 All owning her ecstatic rule,
 All sparkling with the beautiful,

Fairyland.

The purely beautiful, and clear,
 Steeped in that starry atmosphere,
 Yet cold and lifeless all! Ne'er fed
 By that bright influence overhead,
 The blessed, wakening, warming sun,
 Blazing onwards, not for one
 Self-cherished man, or world in space,
 But joying in his golden race,
 His beams actinic to dispense,
 Whose life-kindling influence
 Feeds those bright orbs of ray diverse,
 That circling deck the Universe!
 And so Titania loved him not,
 Nor did vouchsafe his cynic lot
 With heavenly ray to shine upon,
 Sith he did live for self alone,
 Complacent—cold his sympathy
 For man, or realm of Faërie.

Corridor! thou gleamest there
 In thy white peerless lustre! flinging
 Thy lacework arches in the air,
 Each snowy half embracing fair
 Midway its sister half, upspringing
 Each from her shining capital
 Of pillar monolithic! All
 Standing stately in this hall,
 From end to end ranked opposite,
 A double file, how strong, how light
 They show! of Cintra's marble red,
 Crystalline, they be fashioned,

Their capitals, Knowlesian,
Their bases, snowy Parian.

Now, Oberon! haste we to explore,
With our bright staff to scan it o'er
Nearer, our favourite corridor:
March we East to where ye see
Its minished far extremity:—
Quick there dawneth on our sight
New arch on arch, on left, on right,
Double, Moorish, perforate-traced
With self-same art the transverse graced,
And on the self-same columns based,
But stretching horizontally
'Twixt each supporting pillar free,
Even to the farthest Eastern bound
Of this spell-circled Fairy ground.
Mark, too, those arches fair recessed
Between each pillar; here shall rest
Such marvels of old Grecian's art
As genius old could once impart
To wondering mortal's mind and heart,
Immortal still! Ineffable
The thoughts they wake—the tales they tell!

Enriched and propped, each arched recess,
By Moorish column's gracefulness
Of slender stem and capital,
Another carved arch doth fall,
Reaching along to seek its base,
Where stands its sister's resting-place:

Fairland.

Arches fair ten score and six [206]

Of matchless fretwork, here do mix

In this our Corridor's magic bound,

And columns seventy-six are found. . . . [76]

Rearing their stately forms around:

Surface all,

Recess and wall,

From top to pavement here do shine,

In glory drest!

Where eye may rest,

Lo! diaper of Alhambra's shrine,

Web jinu-wove, where the gazer sees

Real all unrealities!

Now, Fairies, upwards cast your sight,

Where in our diamond lamplets' light

Close darted on them, Spandril rare,

And concave Cornice, glitter there,

Roof of each curious fretted shrine,

Summit a window, concave too,

Whence drops each pendent lustre fine,

Cut delicate, and the charmed view

Finds spot uncarved none, but rise

In soft commingling harmonies,

All lines of beauty! and sharp leaves,

And berries such as Fairy weaves

From sculptured shell in holly grove,

Sacred to every Muse's love!

Now checks our wandering steps I wot,

Egeria's fountain: central spot

Of this our shining temple—hewed
 Its reservoir from fragment rude,
 Of Cintra's solid marble, led
 From Serra's steep, its rocky bed ;
 And raised within its circle wide,
 On structure, rich Carrara's spoil,
 Ruling the splashing water's moil,
 Behold the fabled Nymph descried.
 Those glittering streams wrap her faint traits
 In misty veil of gossamer
 Woven of the waters shrouding her
 From mortals' all too curious gaze,
 As though those waters knew her will,
 Like as in days of sacred Rome,
 To be almost invisible,
 Sad, till her kingly Numa come !

Oberon ! behold high overhead,
 The glorious Dome in air outspread,
 Poised o'er Egeria's fountain ! Art
 And Nature both do here impart
 Those charms which Beauty claims her own,
 Evoked in forms of loveliness :
 Column of Cintra's choicest stone,
 Blue marble, flanking arched recess,
 For statue's pride—supporting power
 Of pointed arch, rich, Gothic ; well
 Their spandrils shine with leaf and bell
 Of Scotia's saucy emblem flower,
 And higher, fruit and foliage fine
 Betray the rich, the truant vine,

Luxuriant trailer ! Now behold !
 Midway the Indian Gallery bold
 Sweeps the whole concave round, and seems
 Birth of some Eastern Poet's dreams,
 For marvellous it doth hang in air
 Circled with beauty everywhere ;
 Moorish windows, deep recessed,
 Quintuple-arched, do shed the day
 On its pure structure, but repressed,
 Subdued, his all too garish ray :
 Twenty and four these windows be,
 And a rich solemnity,
 Their chastened radiance pours around
 All the concave's fretted bound,
 Attempered into harmony,
 By faintest bloom of roseate light
 Slow spreading from that Dome on high,
 Artful, scarce visible canopy,
 Suffusing all its sculpture bright,
 Like blush that dawns on Beauty's cheek,
 Its source, its power, 't were vain to seek !

Fairies ! these beauties of the day
 Ye mark not 'neath th' o'erwhelming ray
 Of this white flood of living light
 Sparkling for you this festive night !
 See how it flings its lustre fine
 On every snowy marble line
 Of yon strange witching Balustrade
 For Indian kings in India made
 Some thousand years ago, I ween,—

The solemn Durbar's glittering screen,
 From Delhi's gorgeous palace saved
 When a whole nation fiercely braved
 The might of England's conquering sword,
 England, their proud unconquered lord!—
 A fretted, fairy, marble wall
 Of forms pierced geometrical;
 To the fair dome's octagonal
 Adjusted nice each Fairy screen,
 Varying, enriching all the scene!
 Happy thought of Fairy Queen,
 Whispered to that quick Wizard rare,
 Possessor of this temple fair,
 Wizard of taste innate, divine
 Else ne'er had sprung this beauteous Shrine!

Ye Fairy powers whose Spirit will
 Leaps instantaneous, slave of Thought,
 Your kindred purpose to fulfil
 Like lightning's arrowy flash! think not
 That Wizard strong, in mortal coil
 Hampered and bound, withouten toil,
 And fret, and care, on foreign soil,
 Subtle and patient, did achieve
 To raise our temple! yea to weave
 Therein our Spirit-born longings keen,
 Meet castle fair for Fairy Queen!
 Wizard patient! wizard rare!
 Titania thanks thy skill, thy care!

Ob. Fairies ever grateful be

Fairland.

For mortals' favours open, free,
 Ungrudging given ; and well we trace
 Through all our Fairy dwelling-place,
 That other son of England's hand,
 Called by our Wizard's artful wand,
 Yet Spirit-chos'n this fane to rear,
 In all its magic detail : clear
 Thy genius, prompt, intuitive :
 Oh ! firm of purpose, thou didst strive,
 Subduing, unsubdued,—and now,
 Well-won laurels on thy brow,
 Fairy wish we give to thee :
 Health, wealth, and calm prosperity ;
 And 'Buonarotti' we do write
 Thy name this single festive night !

Ah ! our Fairy masquers, see !
 They do improve the time ! the Bee
 Flitteth not from flower to flower,
 With more cunning energy,
 In summer noontide's sunny hour,
 Reckless, and with a busier glee,
 Visiting every chalice'd bell,
 Than these bright Humming-birds ! they float
 In gorgeous legions, marking well
 Each sculptured mimic blossom-note.
 How fixed they hover there or dart,
 Like wingéd gems through all the air,
 Flashing their glories everywhere
 Through all this spell-bound Palace ! Art
 With Nature's self harmonial.—

Lo! in high Dome's octagonal,
 On archéd cornice solemn blink
 All velvety hornéd owls, and wink
 Astucious, 'neath o'erwhelming rays
 Of Diamond-lighted Lustre hung
 Pendent i' th' midst, whilst on them gaze
 Hornbills and Toucans Indian-sprung,
 Ironie, beaked prodigious! Wings
 See from all lands where soars or sings
 Each feathered legion: Parakeets,
 Macaws, and that gay reveller,
 Green festive Parrot! blythe he greets
 His festive mates. Hark! the loud whirr
 Of Grouse and Golden Pheasant sweeping
 The long Arcades! Lory and Dove,
 And Nightingale the charmed air steeping
 In her melodious song of love,
 And Australian Bell-bird filling*
 Her pauses with his tinkling song,
 Silv'ry monotony! and trilling
 With chastened strain, the Lark along
 Air's highest beds warbleth betimes:
 But mark where high on cornice sits
 Australia's Laughing Jackass! Chimes†
 Wondrous, discordant his! his fits,
 Ah me! do now possess him! Seven
 Join in his mocking chorus, all
 With laughter demoniacal,
 Seeming to flout the startled heaven,

* See Note 3, at end of Part II.

† See Note 4, at end of Part II.

Fairyland.

Till every Fairy masquer's breast
Trembles with laughter unexpressed!

Deem not, sweet Fays! he will repeat
His strain for jest and laughter meet;
Nor deem that Parrot, or Macaw,
Or stridulous Cockatoo, or Daw,
With raucous note, will vex the ear
Of charmed fastidious silence here,
Since all are Spirits! Faintest trace
Of aught uncomely nowhere! Grace,
And Mind's interior, hidden light,
Rule the glories of the night!
Strange that one little spark of soul,
Should act, and will, and thought, control,
The outer semblance nought! should tie
In bonds of delicate harmony,
Nature's grand gift Vitality!

Stacking round fair Egeria's springs,
Or wading her waters crystalline,
Flamingo, Heron, Egret shine,
Watching her finny masquers—things
Unearthly, nameless, strange to man,—
And lo! pretentious Pelican,
And flaming scarlet Ibis grave!
King-fisher, too, his plume doth lave
In this strange Fairy-haunted wave!
Woodpecker, Oriole, Lovebird rare,
And Widowbird, cling everywhere,

And jet-black Satinbird derides *
 Mirthful, his sober russet brides !
 Fern and tree-fern surround the whole,
 Each animate by a Fairy soul ;
 Sprinkle their fronds these diamond rills,
 Egeria's bounteous wealth distils,
 And lowly placed, or high in air,
 Glows their soft verdure everywhere.

Thread we still this glittering maze,
 Eastern corridor's sparkling blaze,
 Down to its far extremity ;
 Sparkling indeed with life, and light,
 Its pathway, sith in splendour bright,
 New marvellous Fairy birds invite
 Our pleased, our wondering scrutiny :
 No arched recess untenanted
 By statue, but some bird hath made
 His resting-place on either hand,
 To greet Titania's Fairy band
 With mute obeisance ! Here do stand
 Great Argus pheasant, thousand-eyed,
 And Peacock in his pomp of pride ;
 Filling each arch with broad expanse
 Of their glories all unfolden,
 With tremulous rustling, they do glance
 Into our Fairy eye, and golden
 Birds of Paradise low bending,
 Sun their plumes in Fairy light,

* See Note 5, at end of Part II.

And greet their Queen! All forms transcending,
 With unimagined lustre dight,
 Seven kinds diverse do charm this night
 Sacred to Beauty and Truth—and rare
 Sense-dazzling Trogons wing the air,
 And lo! beside her artful mounds,
 Australia's Lyrebird walks her rounds,*
 In playful beauty, and displayeth
 Her wondrous lyre on high, and sayeth:
 'Fairies! Fairies! list to me!
 'What is like Humility?
 'Boast I not sweet music's tongue,
 '“Bullen, bullen,” all my song;
 'Surpassing grand, and fair to see,
 'Boast I not my pedigree;
 'Seldom sage my lineage kens,
 'Family mine the tiny Wrens!'

Now stand we by old carved door
 Of solemn Library, and lo!
 What serried ranks, from roof to floor,
 Stand stately wheresoe'er we go!
 Thousand volumes ranged around,
 Therein what million thoughts abound!
 List, Fairies, my Philosophy!
 Can a thought forth dawning come
 From Man's immortal spirit free,
 Spark of his immortality,
 And cease itself to shine? be dumb,
 And die as things material die?—

* See Note 6, at end of Part II.

Never! ah! unconsumedly,
 Lives it for aye! Man's thoughts expressed,
 Soul's scintillations, worst or best,
 Immortal all for good or ill,
 Live on, who writes responsible,
 By that one awful word Freewill!
 'Thought, word, action soul-begot,
 'Liveth ever, dieth not,
 'For that which cometh of the Soul,
 'Hath no end, no finite goal:'
 So Thomas true, late reasoning high
 Of Soul, Time, Immortality,
 Did well depict. Hush! now ye gaze
 Tranced, on yon grey, yon shadowy maze
 Mind's million voiceless ghosts, still fraught
 With heaven or hell's all changeless thought!
 Thought—spirits—by my Fairy will
 Made visible, else invisible!—
 Books?—solemn witnesses they stand,
 Thought-germs! Their buds scarce here expand,
 Buds yet to burst in Spirit land!

Ancient armour graceth well
 Yon wall, the west extremity
 Of this weird space; time fails to tell
 What spoils of grey Antiquity,
 Marble spoils of Grecian art,
 And Roman, frown in every part
 Where vantage shows: Oh! musing mind!
 Muse on! Th' historic Past defined
 In breathing Sculpture's deathless bards,

Warriors, and Statesmen, well awards
 To thy mute spirit joyful meed
 Of awful contemplation! freed
 From Time's tyrannic Present's thrall,
 His Past doth wrap thee, all in all!

Cross we now our Corridor bright,
 Banquet-room there tempts our sight;
 Blaze of silver glory stealing

Through half-drawn velvet curtain, tells
 Of Hermes' toils:—Approach! now swells
 Our throbbing hearts' soft tumult! Feeling
 Which not to earth pertains, revealing
 Our Fairy spirit nature: sight
 This for man's eye too heavenly bright
 To meet undazzled! Lustre old

Of mediæval time depends
 From yon high roof of fretted gold;
 Usurped our myriad lamps, it sends
 Its radiance far and wide—and high

Those cornices encircling all,
 This great Saloon symmetrical,
 (Small arches from their tracery,

Five score and four their numbers glow) . . [104]

Covered with diamond lamplets throw
 Long lines of archéd silvery fire

O'er walls and roof; and still below,
 Venetian slaves in quaint attire,
 .. Carved in brown wood and ebony,
 Dark, life-like slaves (long ages past
 Decked they a Doge's palace vast)

Do lift their sinewy arms on high,
Charged with new lamplets' radiancy,
Destined to fling their mellowing sheen,
Full on yon Banquet's glorious scene!

Lo! all these Walls how rich they shine
With Fairy paintings chaste, divine;
Spirit-limned, pellucid, clear,
How glows yon landscape of Cashmere!
How deep its living waters flow,
Fresh as five thousand years ago,
When first it dawned on Fairies' eyes,
A pure, a Fairy Paradise!
See all those subjects manifold,
Deep Fairy lore, and legends old
All round, of marvellous excellence,
Charming e'en Fay's fastidious sense.

Consider, royal Oberon!
This Eastern side; how blaze thereon
The labours of our Fairy loom,
Pouring all round this wondrous room
Splendours of far antiquity!
Mortals' first Parents here ye see,
Unfallen, angelic, stately wandering
By that bright river's flow, meandering
Through Eden's blessed vales! How oft
When sank the golden sun, and soft
Peered silvery Hesperus, we beheld
Their innocent steps, mild Zephyr playing
Odorous around them, and bewraying

fairyland.

In that first time, remotest Eld,
Her heart's pure rapture, Philomel,
No sadness in the gushing swell
Of her exulting melody,
When man was sinless, Nature free!

Behold Earth's mighty Deluge! see,
Wove in that marvellous tapestry,
A ruined world! Clenched hands, despair,
Blaspheming lips, and the fell glare
Of scornful pride, or lowering hate
From Titan's eyes, defying fate,
Defying death, whose cold decree
Fixes their iron destiny!
But mark what hues of heavenly light
Come dawning on our charmed sight,
From Fairy vision opposite!
Here, Death and darkening Horror; there,
Life and Immortality:
On a Virgin mother's knee
Sits a meek child; the Deity
Breathes from his haloed brow: Oh! ne'er
Since Time and Nature first began
To gild the dying hopes of man,
Hath drama so transcendent been,
As lives in that mysterious scene!
Behold yon flashing silvery star
Reveals the present God from far,
To Persian Magi heaven-inspired;
Lo! with prophetic utterance fired,
Bend they to Heaven's incarnate King

Their suppliant knees, low worshipping.

There blaze great Ilion's towers ! There see
Hector and sad Andromache ;
And patient with her woman's guile,
Nurtured by love and constancy,
There weaves her never-finished wile,
Hope's pledge, the calm Penelope !

Haste we from this blaze of day,
For Hermes crowns our Banquet : here
Great eastern entrance his array
Presents ; rich arch and pillar clear
With radiant forms and tracery bright,
Look forth into the silvery night,
Where glisten the pale stars—and through
Arched windows gleam, on south, on north,
Rich glades which Cynthia pranketh forth
With mellow moonshine, ever new
Their lights and shadows, and the floor
With varied marble glows, and o'er
Our heads, the ornate ceiling rears
Its fair proportions, and appears
All dight with rare Acanthus leaves,
Save in that circle whence depends
Rich crystal lustre ; it descends
From centre nice where interweaves
Palm with Magnolia's bright relief,
And sacred Bay's bold classic leaf,
And arch's soffits rising round,
Smile with their sculptured ivy crowned.

Circling this *Inner Portico*,
 Eight marble columns rise, and lo!
 They do support eight arches high,
 Double, and pointed Gothic—vie
 With them those Moorish traceries
 Strange wheelwork, rich, fantastical,
 Flung all around with graceful ease,
 Their magic charm still blending all,
 And from this area forth do spread
 Eight outlets velvet-curtained,
 Great *Outer Portico* displays
 Twice seven Knowlesian pillars fair;
 Five Moorish arches rich and rare,
 They do sustain—and, maze on maze,
 On soffit, and wide Frieze above,
 Crowd Moorish decorations wove
 E'en to projecting cornice high,
 Their bold and sculptured canopy.

Can subtle Fairies guess,
 What numbers true express
 Arches and columns here that greet their view,
 In these twain Porches stout,
 One within and one without?—
 Fairies! ye silent be—
 The stones shall answer me!
 This column's stately height
 My Fairy wand doth smite,
 This hollow Arch doth ring
 With my weird questioning!
 ' Without and within

'We be all akin,
'Fays! solve us our riddle—we challenge you!'

* * * * *

Hark! Arches echo: 'Seventy and two!'

* * * * *

And Columns answer straight:—
'Within, behold us eight,
'Red polished marble we—
'Without, fourteen we be,
'Of costly stone outwrought, y-carv'd pleasantly!'

See fronting this great portico,
 (Old oak and plane-tree rising round,
 Hallow all this classic ground)
How yon silvery Fount doth throw,
High, high in air his crystal streams,
Fretted by our sweet Cynthia's beams,
Into ten thousand diamonds! Seems
As though the Naiad of this scene,
Claiming to greet the Fairy Queen,
Had bid her dolphins stronger urge
Their torrents of that weltering surge,
And yon great Triton who doth stand
On Fount's high top had had command,
From his vast Horn, with tenfold glee
To awake her fountain's minstrelsy!
Naiad, farewell! fast fly the hours:
 Outside our gay Palacio
By this broad walk enriched with flowers,
 Reach we great *Southern Portico*,

Fairland.

Centre of this our fane. Behold !

Eight columns, each a single stone,
 Rise proudly, and sustain alone,
 On arches, terraced cornice bold,
 And this light structure doth enfold
 Large space bedight with hanging flower,
 And seats in marble carved—meet bower
 For moonlight Fay, or musing sage,
 Conning bright Fancy's pictured page
 To rear this Terrace hung on high.

Project they, each rich sculptured wing
 Seven Moorish arches lightly spring;
 From those tall pillars gracefully
 With foliate Spandril up to Frieze,
 Glistening with Moorish traceries,
 Whence bracket and arch machicolate
 Treble, support in antique state
 The Terrace's impending weight,
 Whose length feet fifty and five we call,
 Its breadth fifteen from Palace wall,
 Rich Gothic brackets twenty and four
 Direct support his stately floor,
 And treble machicolate arches see
 Deep grooved beneath, twenty and three;
 And this *machicolate treble arch*

Our fane surrounds continuously
 Throughout, and with symmetric march,
 Close ranked, its lines delight the eye :
 Two lines distinct, one high, one low,
 On wall and tower they graceful show
 Wall and tower rough-hewn and bold,
 Like castle's front in days of old.

Treble Arches' double row!—
 Curious Fairies, ye would know
 Their sum exact, I ween;—
 Curious Fairies, ye would ne'er
 Solve to me my riddle rare:—
 One thousand and one hundred fair
 And threescore and sixteen! . . . [1176]

Consider now this artful *Balustrade*!—
 Work of Fairy thought,
 By Mortals' patience wrought,
 Around, around, around,
 Our temple's hallowed ground,
 Circleth it everywhere, in pomp arrayed;
 Broad space it leaveth meet
 For Pilgrims' wandering feet,
 And vases' classic forms surmount its piers;
 Vases of rooted flowers,
 Culled from our witching bowers,
 Fed by the rosy Hours,
 With dews of fragrant morn, and April's sunny
 tears!

Its substance Arch-enwove,
 Quintuple—three above,
 And two inverted, blend
 Below, as friend with friend;
 Light-traversed, perforate all,
 Guarding our Fairy Hall,
 And baffling Time's dull tooth, through slow revolving
 years!

Ah Fairies! must I tell
 Sum of those Moorish Arches low that unobtrusive dwell
 In this our Balustrade
 With pomp of flowers arrayed?
 Why solve ye not to me
 My riddle's mystery?
 Herein ye cannot dive
 Like Œdipus believe:
 Sphinx answers: Fifteen hundred clear, and adds one
 score and five [1525]

Now this our circling path
 Its Western limit hath,
 And mark we well those *Gothic windows* tall:—
 Ah! unsuspecting Fays!
 Why start ye at the blaze
 That glows within Cecilia's golden hall?
 Hermes labours there!
 Silent he doth prepare
 All means that fitly tend, to Fairies' coming ball.
 This pointed decorate Window see
 Type of all that here may be:
 Sixteen separate Arches make
 His one great Compound Arch, and high
 His perforate head doth boldly take
 Quaint forms of Gothic masonry,
 And opes he from within, his fine
 Doors of plate glass, bright crystalline.

 To form these Windows fifty and six
 How many Arches mix?

Titania maketh answer true:

Eight hundred and three score and two . [862]

And, Fairies! yet again

How many pillars enter them,

Of Capital chaste and slender Moorish stem?

Answer: Two hundred and three score and ten [270]

Still march we, march we round

To Northern Entrance bound,

Through beds of slumbering flowers that spangle all
the ground!

Diverse our *Northern Porch* appears

From its fair sisters—bold it rears

On either side from Pillars twain

One grand, one Moorish arch bedight

With sculptured shapes Moresque, and bright

With Spandrils glorious wove! Again,

Flanking this, grand Piers arise,

Nigh twenty feet by four, and high

Broad frieze above arrests the eye,

And arch machicolate supplies,

And Gothic Bracket, resting-place

For Terrace whence ye well may trace

Yon landscape's far receding space.

Touch of Fairy's magic wand!

These massive doors fly open wide,

And in *North Transept* now we stand,

Old sculpture's spoils on every side:

Rising aloft on either hand,

Red marble columns, Cintra's pride,

Fairyland.

Project great pointed arches high,
 Rich with all Gothic fantasy ;
 And mark'st thou, Oberon ! how above
 The doors' high tops on south, on north,
 Yon arches' heads do well set forth
 What wonders Moorish sculptors wove !—
 And right and left with fancy graced,
 Carved oak their furniture, are placed
 Two Chambers for repose, and round
 Our Fairy Gallery do abound
 The like—and all throughout there be,
 In order, half a score and three.

Crossing round fair Egeria's fount,
 Large *Southern Transept* meets our eye,
 And pillars and pointed arches mount
 With stately symmetry on high,
 And the same plan and forms abide,
 Which form our Northern Transept's side ;
 But here, on either hand disposed,
 Delhi screens do stand disclosed,
 Screens of that wondrous work which high
 Decks our Indian Gallery :—
 How shine ye 'neath our magic light,
 Spoils of the glowing East ! How bright
 Sparkles your snowy radiancy,
 Sculptured marble filigree !
 Lo, on our left, a chamber rare !
 Decorate with charms of art—Ah, there
 Doth stand within yon hallowed shrine,
 Diverse with varied marbles show,

Form of a blessed saint I trow,
 On whose half-parted lips aglow
 With love scarce earthly, sith divine
 Is their expression, clingeth still
 Mute influence of th' Ineffable;
 For on his clasping arm doth sit
 The Child-God, Man's Redeemer! Lit
 His countenance by a sunny smile
 Of innocence and love the while,
 The saint doth bend his wondering sight
 On Him sole fount of Life and Light—
 Child—yet th' Eternal Infinite!

Listen, Fairies mine!
 'Vathek' bade it start
 Into life divine,
 This gem of sculptured art!

Vathek snatched a wreath
 From Fate for Rossi's brows,
 What time he did bequeath
 This task to him with vows
 Proffered to Anthony,
 Mysterious saint who quells the singings of the sea!

For Vathek lived again,
 Triumphant o'er the wave;
 Plucked from the raging main,
 Where yawned his coral grave!

Fairland.

And long this proud one kept,
In blazoned 'Sanctuary,'
His gem, but years have swept
Its venturous history :

Long lost, now found by spell
Of Fay's puissant word,
The saint returns to dwell,
Where Vathek once was lord !

Right opposite, a spacious *Hall*
Riseth around aërial,
Irregular, and its towering wall,
Reaching to second story's roof,
Is decorate of that marvellous woof,
Alhambra's diaper, yet we scan
In part design *Knowlesian*.
In this our cheery *Hall* ye see
Treasures of *Rome's* antiquity,
And in the centre, raised high
On pedestal, there solemn sits
A Sibyl of prophetic eye,
In white *Carrara* hewn, and flits
Before her inner vision dreams
Of man's far future ! awful beams
From his pale star of destiny,
Seeking to pierce that fitful eye
Tranced in its marble ecstasy !
And round this *Hall* doth graceful wind
Broad marble *Staircase* rich, designed
By gradual steps thirty and three

To mount to Indian Gallery ;
 Its *Balustrade* of vine-leaf bold,
 And clambering stem of vine-tree old,
 With spiral sweep, still vine-enwove,
 Portal to all our fane above.

Fairies ! now Titania, wise
 With bright clear-seeing thought, hath traced
 To her Fay's admiring eyes,
 Her Palacio's mysteries
 Yet lightly touched, for much of taste
 Unconned remains, and yon great hall
 To dance and music dedicate,
 Sparkling effulgent, must await
 Our masked unmasked for Fairy Ball,
 Ere she describe its graces—now
 Fairy Queen completes her vow
 To her loved Oberon : true to tell
 Whole sum of Arches here that dwell,
 Inside and out—and clustering bold,
 What columns deck our stately hold :

Arches outside ye view
 Three and seven and two and two, . . . [3722]
Inside exact they run
 One and six and one and one . . . [1611]
 Whole number : five and three, and three and
 three [5333]
 Numbering such numbers here as Fairy numbers be !
Outside, tall Columns shine
 Two, and six, and nine [269]

Inside they do arrive

At three and six and five [365]

Whole number: six and three and four . . [634]

Fairies! hearken now! Before
 My teeming fancy did accord
 To breathe o'er Man's receptive brain
 The lines of this our stately fane,
 I did consult Orion, lord
 Of that dark problem magical,
 Vanished with Chaldee sage from earth:
 The force occult of Numbers: birth*
 Giving to those weird symbols all,
 Of power t' unlock the Beautiful:
 Mysterious test immutable!

The sage retired: deep in his hermit's cell,
 Brooding three days and nights—then spake me well:
 'When Column and Arch to be,
 'Stand forth collectively
 'Five and nine, and six and seven . . [5967]
 'Shooting their graces towards the Heaven,
 'Warns me my Chaldean lore,
 'Perfection crowns these ciphers four!
 'Queen! then thy work is done,—
 'Wear then thy laurels won,—
 'Rest!'—Fairies! yea, I rest! my greatest task
 is o'er.

* * * * *

* See Note 7, at end of Part II.

Ob. Oh! fair Titania! Spirit full of power,
 And of benignity no less!—thy dower
 When thou first leaped to life at His decree
 Who all created, was that thou shouldst be
 As well in our calm sphere of life and light
 Which circleth Earth the nighest, as afar
 On that same solid Earth the semblance bright
 Of His three essences which were, and are
 Unchangeable, and ever more shall be:
 The True, the Good, the Beautiful—the three
 First principles of the Absolute, and taught
 Through Him to man—basis of act and thought:
 In this thy work well hast thou taught mankind
 The True, the Good, the Beautiful combined!
 Well pleased thy Oberon wondereth, and amaze
 Reacheth the bosoms of admiring Fays!
 Small part took Oberon here, for that he knew
 This a pet purpose thine, for thy fair hand to do!
 But hark! what music floats,
 In clear delicious notes,
 As though preluding some soft harmony?
 Sweet songsters of the night,
 Ye do our steps invite,
 Beneath the moon to list your delicate melody!

Ha! Orpheus! well I understand,
 Thou hast bade thy feathered band,
 Ever thine at thy command,
 The Fairy Queen to serenade,
 This night for sweetest music made,

With strains that echoing burst from shrub and bower
and glade !

Orph. Most truly, royal Oberon !
Dost thou divine ! By Helicon
Wending here, when dewy eve
 Pressed down day's dying eyelids—quick
 These favourites did surround me, thick
As this fair spring-time's blossoms—leave
Petitioning with impassioned mien,
That this blest night the Fairy Queen—

Tit. Well hast thou done, melodious Sprite !
We will list, this witching night,
Their many-voicéd welcome ! They
 Are ours devote—and their wild love
Our tender care doth oft repay
 With dulcet song in Fairy grove :
For we did make these charmers free
Of our Fairy company,
When, smiling, we to them unfurled
One portal of our Fairy world :
Sole bird the Nightingale hath fed
On that rare Honey hallowéd,
That honey of my honies three,
Which whoso tastes enjoyeth free
‘Communion with the Faërie.’
So we to them are visible,
And sportively they flutter still
Our steps around, or joyful rest
In shelter of our Fairy breast !

Ho! Puck! thou nimblest Spirit! hie
 To where our Masquer's revelry
 Still charms the night! Take thou thy stand
 On Indian gallery: thence command
 That every Fairy semblance there
 Its pristine form resumed, repair
 To our smooth velvet lawns where sing
 Night's gifted minstrels of the spring;
 Thence to Cecilia's marble hall,
 All Fairy-decked for courtly ball!

[SCENE: the lawns and grounds: All the Fairies promenading there by the light of the full moon, and listening to the Nightingales. TITANIA, OBERON, and their suite in an arbour, round which the Fairies in costume (white with diamonds) are chiefly grouped.]

Tit. Oh! Goddess! Night divine!
 Glorious art thou now!
 Love and awe are thine,
 As from thy ebon brow
 Thou wav'st aside thy sable locks that fall,
 Glittering, and wrapt around thy form majestic!

Thy sister Silence wakes
 From Sleep's entrancing spell,
 To list what rapture breaks
 From heavenly Philomel,
 Quiring in myriads now at her sweet will,
 Waking faint Echo's voice from rock and cave and hill!

Oh! wondrous Bird possessed!
 For possessed thou art!

Madness thrills thy breast,
 When thou essay'st that part
 Of thy wild song which incoherent flings
 Its dying tones away in hopeless sorrowings!—

And then a pause—the while
 In thy o'erladen brain,
 Love hastens to beguile
 Fond memory's saddest pain;
 And thy low silver warbling fills the air,
 As though thou didst repent thy madness and despair!

Mysterious Bird! Oh! brief
 This self-deluding joy—
 Say is the sense of grief
 To thee no bosom's cloy,
 That now thy loftiest strength put forth, there sweepeth
 Within thy golden bars, wail as of one that weepeth?

What tremulous sympathy,
 What grief, what joy inspiring,
 We do cull from thee,
 Our quick nature firing
 Thy strains, as wild as fired the Thracian breast,*
 On lone Libethrus' hill, where Orpheus' dust did rest!

Bird! how thy onward rushing
 Scales the heights of song,
 To fall with plaintive gushing,
 Strange dying chords along!

* See Note 8, at end of Part II.

Hast thou some talisman, of Starbeam's silver light
Fay-wove, that thus thou charm'st th' enchanted ear
of night?

I will tell thy story,
Thou nursling of the flowers!
Since Eve did first adore thee,
In Eden's happy bowers,
And fostered thee, tranced with thy notes of gladness,
Thy gurgling passionate song, unmingled then with
sadness!

Alas! the day, the hour
The serpent tempted Eve!
Clambering her rosy bower,
Glozing to deceive;
And Man's first mother heard his golden tongue,
Guileless all else beside, when Life itself was young!

Loved Eve! Companion ours!
Then we mourned thee sore,
When to those blessed bowers
Thy steps could turn no more!
Then first thy favourite caught his tender wail,
Roaming the world with thee, thy faithful Nightingale!

And thou, sweet Bird, wilt pour,
From copse and leafy grove,
That tale for evermore
Thy dream of grief and love,

Till Moon's millennial radiancy shall shine
On Man, and once again, lost Eden's strain be thine!

Fairies! Cynthia's orb advancing,
Nigh yon mountain's ridgy crest,
With weaker, yellower lustre glancing
On rock and Malta's shrubby breast,
Warns us that with tripping feet,
Skimming our sloping lawns, we greet
Yon fane that shoots her lustre bright
Along the darkening brow of night.
Glow-worms with effulgence golden,
In every grassy turf enfolden,
Deck our pathway verdurous,
Led by sober 'Hesperus,'
And in the stirless air above,
'Benshacher's' myriad legions rove,
Arrowy fireflies! Love they well
Mirth and Fairy's frolic spell,
And loveth well their Fairy king
Moonlight and mirth in Fairy ring;
A weird, eccentric spirit he,
Of an untaméd ecstasy;
Energy and whim conspire,
To rule that restless soul of fire!—
And flutter round our steps departing
What locks of Nightingales! Forth darting
Each from shrubby hiding-place,
Elated, emulous, they do race,

Our aërial convoy rare,
To porch of glittering Palace there !

Through Southern Entrance open wide,
Our thronging multitudes do glide,
And skirt Egeria's fount, and pass
By western Corridor, to where
Watchful Hermes doth prepare
To draw aside that gorgeous mass
Of flowing velvet, Fairy screen,
Hiding our ball-room's magic scene.
'Ope, Hermes !' and we stand within
Our Temple of the Muses, bright
With thousand thousand gems of light,
Such fane as Knight or Paladin,
In the days of tender spring
Seeking his 'Ladie' sorrowing,
In his lovelorn wandering,
Entereth on some enchanted plain,
Having its Dragon guardian slain,
And gazeth round, and wisteth he
Paravaunt that all may be
Glamour and cunning sorcery !

Unresting Fays ! full well I wis,
All our Ballroom's loveliness,
E'en to its golden pendant high,
Ye have conned exploringly,
Exulting in that novel task,
Each wingéd Fay a living mask !
Spirits of Fairy liberty !

Now smileth gay Terpsichore,
 Bending from her vantage high,
 And her lips utter whisperingly,
 'Seize the moments as they fly!'
 Wherefore whilst your Fairy Queen
 Paints this bright Interior's plan,
 Dashing lightly out the scene,
 For Oberon and our staff to scan,
 Let your small and silent feet
 Skimming light these mossy flowers,
 With Fairy dance ecstatic greet
 The welcome of the flying hours;
 And Orpheus with his silvery band
 All our temple will command
 From yon high orchestra behind
 That belt of Stars!—express designed
 By Fairy prescience mine, t' enhance
 His melodious utterance.

(The Fairies promenade, and the band of ORPHEUS, in its orchestra, which goes round the whole Dome, executes the Fairy National Hymn. Their ball then begins, whilst OBERON, TITANIA, and their staff examine the most prominent points in the structure of the Music-room.)

Tit. continues : Great concave Dome upreareth high
 His carved and golden symmetry
 'Bove this large area circular,
 Round whose rich walls disposéd are
 Sixteen marble columns tall,
 Each with golden capital
 Crowning his creamy shaft—and springing

From these same gorgeous capitals,
 Lo! sixteen Gothic arches flinging
 In carved wings their decorate walls
 All round the wide circumference
 Of this our rich Saloon, and thence
 Ending in Moorish Frieze above,
 And broad projecting Cornice wove
 In richest Moorish fashion—all
 Its lower ridge of arches, small,
 With pendent boss—its upper face,
 A Moorish fillet carved like lace,
 And pushing up a cresting high
 Of finials rising taperingly,
 Each ending in a golden star,
 Twinkling ever, near or far,
 Sith their bright galaxy surrounds
 Our dome, and circlet all its bounds.
 But, mild Orion! I do see,
 That with watchful pleasantry,
 On every star that there should shine,
 A matchless brilliant thou hast placed,
 Plucked from old Golconda's mine,
 Long ages past! They have effaced
 The golden beams, and flashing wide,
 Their silver radiance, kindled fair
 From million lamplets, all the air
 Seems rife with starbeams, and the pride
 Of planets this one night to roam
 In circle charmed of Fairy Dome!

Above these starry lustres see

Ribs massive, gilded delicately,
 Sixteen in number rising high,
 Sustaining Moorish Cornice bossed,
 And double-arched, and gradual lost
 In concave rich expanding frieze,
 Blending in its harmonies
 Those curling leaves the ceiling rare,
 Unfolded, waving high in air;—
 And that gay centre doth project
 Downwards a glorious Pendant deckt
 With golden leaves and flowers, and thence
 Descends in chaste magnificence
 Yon crystal Lustre's massive weight,
 Graced by our diamond lamps of state.

Royal Oberon! now behold
 Between those gilded ribs how falls,
 Broad relieved from out the walls,
 That ornament unadorned with gold,
 Expanded like a magic fan
 Of open lacework, vast in span,
 Or lamina of colossal shell
 That deep in Indian seas might dwell;—
 But perforate with all Beauty's lines,
 And ivory white, how grand it shines!
 From highest cornice fair extending,
 It cleaves its course, halfway descending
 To yon charmed space where Orpheus high
 Pours his silver melody.
 Through all our Dome wherever space
 Undecorate seems with sculptured grace,

Such partial spot is featly set
With diaper and gold rosette.

Now from raised Dais we can see
Those objects fair that nearest be,
Glancing around us pleasantly :—
Richest India furniture
Here usual bideth, but secure
Hermes hath by Fairy spell
Rapt it away, on high to dwell
In upper chambers—clearance meet,
Till joyous Fays, with flying feet
Threading the dance, have vanished all
From this our gorgeous festival!
It will all return anon,
Breathing of beauty!—

. There was one
Marble contrast smiling lone,
Sweet Pindaric Ode in stone :
A glistening white Carrara group,
Where fair Diana deigns to stoop
On a bank of forest flowers
Her languid limbs. With toil opprest,
The virgin Huntress calm doth rest,
While speed the noontide's fervent hours,
And a beauteous Nymph doth share
Her quiet time—and couchant there
At their feet, a favourite hound ;
His ear attentive, some sweet sound
Hath softly smitten, and the three

List far-wafted harmony
 From Apollo's lyre divine,
 As seated with the Muses nine,
 One some bright peak Thessalian near,
 He doth enchant the atmosphere,
 Rolling on Dian's startled ear
 Such strains she cannot choose but hear!

Fairies! now direct your sight
 To that high circle glowing bright,
 With every Muse that haunts the streams
 Of Arcady in poet's dreams,
 And the bewitching Graces three,
 Whoever their companions be,
 And Dryads coy of dale and grove,
 Nymphs who soft seclusion love!—
 Each Gothic archéd Spandril wide,
 Hollowed express, is occupied
 By a wondrous effigy,
 Snowy white reality,
 Most speaking work of glowing art,
 Stealing softly to the heart:
 Medallioned, large, they stately show,
 And standing out in classic row
 Expressive, far they stretch around
 All our Dome's symmetric bound,
 And Cecilia, type of song,
 Well doth close their glittering throng!

Now at lowest level see
 Those eight recesses hollowed, free,

Spaces between the Pillars all,
That stand around this Fairy Hall:
Arched double, pointed, each recess
Claims slender column's gracefulness,
And golden capital to lean
His weight thereon, and they the scene,
In just accord do harmonize
With all that there adjacent lies,
And each recess will soon receive
Such gem as sculptor's art can weave.
On either side yon curtain door
Of entrance by our Corridor,
Beyond the Hall's bright circle bold,
A small withdrawing-room behold;
Their Gothic archway's tender glow,
And slender columns pure as snow,
Gold capitalled, attest that there
Nought bideth but of rich and rare!

Fairies! your Titania's eye
Hath lightly glanced, and rapidly,
O'er all this rich Palacio ours,
Study for Fay in leisure hours:
Now from our Dais' slight ascent,
Watch we our Fairy merriment;
And all our staff, in this romance
Join as they please yon Fairy dance!

Ob. All are vanished as by spell,
From Dais, bright Titania mine!
Even to delicate Ariel—
Lo! in the dance behold them shine!

Fairland.

Save grave Orion bright,
 Who in his belted light
 Of sparkling diamonds, still
 Museth at his will,
 And with benignant smile
 Regardeth all—the while
 True Thomas sitteth, watchful for to cull,
 For man's behoof, I trow, each Fairy syllable.

Oh! Fairy dance! a dream thou art,
 Beneath this Dome so heavenly bright,
 Where through the eye and ear, the heart
 Pulsates with a soft delight,
 And Mind, and Soul, and Spirit free,
 Look forth in linked harmony!

Gift celestial! Harmony:
 Here Love his golden sceptre holds,
 Ruling high in first degree,
 And deathless Joy her flag unfolds,
 Care, and carking Memory's sting,
 All unknown in Fairy ring!

Tit. Blissful scene of peaceful strife,
 All below, around, above:
 Art, Nature, Soul, Thought, Feeling, Life,
 And beauty hand in hand with love!
 Scarce fathomed fount where secret lie
 Th' eternal springs of harmony!

Ob. Hast thou afar on Ocean's breast,
 Marked the soft curling wavelets rise,

Each flinging from his snowy crest,
A thousand diamonds as he flies,
Then mingling noiseless with the main,
His crispy forms not seen again?

Tit. Yea, Oberon! and advancing fast,
Onward and onward o'er the tide,
New crispy squadrons white have passed,
Pursuing on that area wide.
Ob. So moves yon sparkling Fairy maze,
As wavelets on the watery ways!

Matchless action! Grace unbought
By artful study! Effortless
It doth unfold its charm unsought,
For that its source is perfectness;
Each Fairy form Perfection's flower,
Faultless evolved by heavenly power!

'Fay's Ariadne!' Ah! they seem
Caught in labyrinthine snare!
Now, now, as fades a morning dream,
Th' encircling toils dissolve in air,—
And every glowing Fairy stands
In circle vast with linked hands!

Storm or calm—what varied measure!
See those entwined bands that float
On th' air's soft breast in languid leisure,
Wooing the mild relenting note

Fairyland.

Of Orpheus, now silvery and low,
As airs o'er Araby that blow.

Oh! Fairy dance! a dream thou art,
Ecstatic, born of Fairy night,
When through the eye and ear, the heart
Thrills tremulous with its pure delight,
And Mind, and Soul, and Spirit free,
Are one in heaven-tuned harmony!

*(The Fairies promenade, and those of Oberon and Titania's staff,
who had disappeared from the Dais, return to it.)*

Tit. Now hath well-pleased Terpsichore
Received her votive offerings—now
In this most fitting temple we
Will straight discharge another vow,
Proof of Titania's magic might,
To Oberon pledged, this festal night:
Weird power of Metamorphose mine
Heaven-accorded: gift divine:
My birthright when a Planet Queen,
I ruled small Juno's Fairy scene,
Long ere our wandering feet had found
This solemn Earth's mysterious ground:—
Thou concave Dome gem-starred, and ripe
With thought matured, Creation's type
In miniature, shalt see to-night
Earth's Seasons by thy glorious light.

* * * * *

Life-pictures of the varied year,*
 Woven of Fays transformed—Appear!
 Come, meek-eyed Spring! my wand obey!
 In verdure dawn while dawn you may!

* * * * *

Ob. Oh Fairies! who on Dais crowd around,
 Behold yon carpet art-wove slowly change
 To tender-bladed grass, and all the ground
 Put forth sweet spring flowers of the forest's range:
 Crocus and Snowdrop; and a rural grange,
 O'erclambered by faint Woodbine's stems and leaves,
 Looms gradual forth; woods spread around, and
 strange
 Old gnarled Hawthorn clumped, the eye deceives,
 Bending his snow-white head 'neath thousand flowers he
 weaves!

Now opes the scene in wide perspective far:
 A smiling country closed by mountains blue:
 A frowning Fortress for defensive war
 In middle distance charms the gazer's view,
 By rocky Lake, whereon an angler true,
 In shallop sits to guile the speckled trout,
 Spring's gentle pastime! and the landscape through,
 Breaks into hill and dale, and Forest stout
 Unfolds his silky leaves, and birds are heard about:

* See Note 19, at end of Part II.

And hark ! the Cuckoo's note mellifluous,
 Beating the air's soft bosom ! and behold
 The Husbandman afield, assiduous
 Scatters the grain prolific—o'er the Wold
 Gather light rain-clouds, and the bleating fold
 Seek shelter while descends the pattering rain
 In genial showers, and on the clouds unrolled,
 Lo ! gleams the Rainbow spanning half the plain,
 And now evanishes soft, and all is bright again !

* * * * * *

Tit. Fair Spring, retire ! Hot Summer, rule the year !
 And living pictures Fay-formed, Rise ! Appear !

* * * * * *

Ob. What warmth slow creeping permeates the air,
 Whilst Spring's sweet blushing landscape disappears
 With measured steps, and the down-darting glare
 Of the meridian Sun yon mountain clears
 From vapoury cloud, and morning's dewy tears !—
 Now swarms the Insect-world on burnished wing,
 And Shepherd's blythsome throng, with brandished
 shears,
 Despoil the fleecy flock, and joyous rings
 Th' embrownéd field with song the swart Haymaker
 sings !

And herds and flocks besprinkle all the leas ;
 But, Fairies ! mark the darkening atmosphere,
 And lurid clouds up-piled, and fitful breeze
 Sighing along : the rustics, smit with fear,
 Gain quick their cottage homes : what silence drear

Broods ominous!—and now the forky play
Of the live lightning tears the concave sphere,
And the loud thunder sweeps his crashing way,
And rain and rocky hail bed in th' expiring Day!

Yet doth he not expire; for Westward far
Growls the exhausted thunder, and the Day
Leaps brightening forth, the elemental war
Lulled into slumber! Beds of Roses gay,
And Lilies, and a thousand flowers display
Their glories new unfolden, and the Sun
Cleaving behind dense purple clouds his way,
Tinges with sharp-edged fire their masses dun,
Which bar his golden Steeds ere their far goal be won!

* * * * *

Tit. Hot Summer, vanish! Autumn of the Year,
Fay-wrought in living pictures: Rise! Appear!

* * * * *

Ob. Now fades the Summer into Autumn brown,
Now wave the fields with Autumn's nodding corn,
Waiting the reapers' toil. Each breezy down
Teems with its nutty treasures, and the morn
Looks forth on smiling Orchards which adorn
The generous season rich in mellowed store
Of golden fruitage bending, and upborne
By art the tottering branches: hanging o'er
What clustering grapes surround each fostering trellis
floor!

We are in England! Hark! the hunter's horn!

Its mellow music wafted on the wind,
 Hither advanceth, on the echoes borne:
 Lo! gallant Horseman, bursting in to find
 The fox astucious! craftiest of his kind,
 Here hath he earthed in gorse and broomy brae;
 Ah! foes in green and scarlet! ye have lined
 The wood. Hark! hark! the hound's exulting bay!
 He breaks—and vanish all, like hurricane away!

* * * * *

Tit. And Autumn too hath vanished! Winter lower!
 Arise! Appear! and own Titania's power.

* * * * *

Ob. The air is dark with tempest!—hear ye not
 The deafening roar of winds? hoarse winds unchained
 From their Eolian Caves! mysterious plot
 Of the strong rushing Elements! They have gained
 Th' ascendant, and the firmament hath rained
 All night, as seemeth that continuous plash:
 But now the misty curtain riseth: waned
 And rayless gleams the sun:—List, list the dash
 Of Ocean's monster waves! a rocky shore they lash,

And a lone ship is foundering! and the flash
 Of yon blue lightning leaping from his lair,
 Hath circled her an instant, and the crash
 Of volleyed thunder, drowns the loud despair
 Of the brave hearts who manned her! buried there
 In fathomless gulphs where silence broods eterne,
 And tempest toucheth not, nor vexing care
 Reacheth—but hovering o'er their watery urn,

Heaven's Spirits watch those Souls to deathless Life
return!

The scene is changed! Hushed is the roaring blast
Without, and quiet reigns; our Temple fair
Its former semblance hath:—Within, Lo! fast
Light feathery snow-flakes hurtling in the air,
Glide noiseless down, and dart a flickering glare
Obscure, our lamplet gems—
. from highest Dome,
What masses huge, opaque, now tumbling, bear
White Winter's wrath! Whence come ye? Do ye
come,
Fell snows, and glacial frost, t' entomb our Fairy home?

* * * *

Again a change! The burthened, palpable air,
Now clear as bracing Morn! Our diamond light
Shaming the noon again! Our temple fair
Grim Winter's charmed Palace glittering bright
In wondrous Stalactite and Sculptures dight
With mantling virgin snow! Three solemn Trees,
Cedar and Pine, low bending from their height,
Whisper to Fancy's ear weird mysteries,
Their snow-fraught forest boughs unruffled by a breeze!

* * * *

Tit. Wilt thou, my Oberon, fix thy gaze
Still on this wonder woven of Fays,
Ethereal element divine,
Plastic by enchantment mine!
Or wilt thou that I now unclasp

Fairyland.

Stern Winter's unrelaxéd grasp,
 Severing his Siberian chain,
 Losing from his cold domain
 Our myriad Fays who captive be
 To his frozen dynasty,
 And now 'gin sigh to pass again,
 To Fairy form 'neath Fairy reign?

Ob. Beautiful Titania mine!

Thou hast been this wondrous night
 As the Diamond's inborn light,
 Intrinsic, precious, pure, divine;
 All Truth revealing, yea creating still,
 Thyself its Heaven-lit source, unseen, ineffable!
 Long this sight might fix our eye,
 Beauty strange and novelty—
 Art and Nature! But the hour
 Fast flies, and Winter, tyrant power,
 Triumphs long, with iron will
 Stretching his icy sceptre still
 O'er passive Fays, co-workers thine
 To build him this palatial shrine:—
 Wherefore all potent Fairy Queen!
 Bid thy Wand dissolve his reign,
 Melt in air his Temple sheen
 And all our Fays transformed again,
 Blythe conquerors of the varied Year,
 Their thousand shining legions here
 Bid once more Arise! Appear!

* * * * *

(The Fairy Queen advances to the edge of the dais, the level of the snow, and waves her wand in the air. A silvery vapour arises, and slowly reaching to the top of the Dome, it pervades the whole atmosphere as a dense cloud. Gradually it clears away, and the Fairy host is revealed glittering in their white and diamond robes. Cecilia's temple shines as before the Ball, save that its Indian furniture and all appurtenances, the young Dian, &c., are in their places, having been conveyed thither by Puck and Hermes during the temporary obscuration of the Saloon.

(The Fairies receive the smiling congratulations of each other, and of the circle on the dais, and defile past Titania and Oberon. The latter with their Staff repair to the Banqueting-room, marshalled by Hermes in his official robes, and followed by all the Fairies. Oberon and Titania, and the chief Fairies, occupy a raised transverse Platform at the top of the room, the other tables traversing it from top to bottom.)

Ob. Grateful, charming every sense,
 Titania! doth thy Banquet smile,
 Gilded by our light intense
 Those products rich of every isle,
 And Continent of the purple East!—
 What golden fruitage! Such did feast
 Bright Lyæus ivy-crowned,
 What time with Orient suns embrowned,
 He did teach to downcast Man
 That mystery hid since Time began:
 The secret depths incarnadine
 Of care-dispelling generous Wine!

Mind'st thou, Titania ! those sweet hours,
 When in palmy days of Greece,
 We have led to Fairy bowers,
 Unconscious rapt Mæonides,
 And listened to the golden strains
 Of Bacchus on hot Indian plains
 Drawn in his car by spotted Pards,
 And sung long ages afterwards,
 In deathless odes by Classic Bards?—
 Boy-conqueror of the glowing East,
 Thus hies he to the vintage feast ;
 And at his steps all Nymphs and Fauns,
 That haunt cool groves and flowery lawns;
 And fat Silenus, and his thralls
 The riotous grape-crowned Bacchanals ;
 Sylvan and thyrsus-bearing Pan,
 And all their Satyrs in the Van !

Such fruits adorned their board I trow
 As here their mellow treasures show ;
 Gleaned 'neath warm Ind's maturing sun,
 By us the self-same sweets are won,
 But Bacchus' self must yield the prize
 To Olympian Fays, for vies
 Never Wine the god could brew
 With our Nectar's rosy hue,
 And in Olympia first did shine
 Our Ambrosia divine !

Tit. Sweet is Ambrosia after toil
 To languid Fays ! 'tis sweet to foil

Lassitude's dim, faint beginning,
 Creeping o'er us, stealing, winning
 Partial influence o'er our spirit
 All compact, which doth inherit
 No clog of sad mortality,
 No link to things material,
 To wound us all ethereal,
 Scatheless, most divinely free!

* * * * *

How in primeval innocence
 Our revelling Fays do taste the sense
 Of leisure, toil accomplished,
 Gay, with our grateful Nectar fed!
 And mingling rich Ambrosia
 With golden fruits from far Cathay,
 And isles that circle Borneo
 I' th' Indian Archipelago,
 And tracts of sunny Hindostan,
 Centre whose wide discursive span
 Shoots East to Birmah's palmy land,
 And Cochin's fruit-abounding strand;
 And South to fierce Malayan shore
 Down to extremest Singapore,
 Nurse of yon fruit unrivalled, keen,
 Of all fruits the fragrant queen,
 The precious, peerless Mangosteen!

But Westward too from out the blaze
 Of the Tropic's fervent rays,
 Have pierced our magic-winged Fays,

And they have culled from Persia's land,
 And Bagdad, even to Samarcand,
 Those choicest fruits whose perfume strange
 Floats high above our festal range;
 Impregning the voluptuous air
 With the delicious scents they bear:
 And some have fair Columbia sought,
 And her rarest fruits have brought
 Captive wheresoe'er they grow,
 In rich Brazil or Mexico,
 In Chili or in far Peru,
 Washed by Pacific's Ocean blue!

Ob. What order at our Banquet reigns,
 And yet what thronging hosts unite
 In joy convivial! Nought remains
 Prey to confusion! Legions bright,
 By Fairy method come and vanish
 When sated with our Banquet, free
 To bands succeeding: well they banish
 Thought, save of mirth and jollity,
 Twain companions ever ours,
 Ruling aye our festive hours!—
 Oh! rough Pan, and brown Sylvanus,
 And rosy Liber, and Silenus,
 And all your busy helpers old,
 Well for you your spirit mould,
 Fatigueless, brave, and cheerful! Gay
 Smiling, ye do dispense alway
 Those well-earned fruits the golden East
 Hath yielded for our Fairy feast:

* * * * *

Guava, and Araça fine,
 And wondrous Mangosteen, and Pine,
 Art-cultured English—and that other,
 A Brazilian giant brother.
 ‘Abacastree,’ from fields supplied
 Northwards, Pernambuco’s pride;
 And creamy Custard Apple fair,
 Rose Apple, Mammee Apple rare,
 And Ribstone Pippin, Orange, Pear,
 And downy Peach delicious;—sweet
 Pacoury-uva berries, seat
 Of Almond-flavoured seeds, and Durian meet
 For royal tables—and Banana’s gold,
 Shield to the delicate pulp he doth unfold,
 And Avegado Pear—Pitanga mild,
 And yellow Loquat luscious, and high piled
 Nuts, endless, of all climes, from Cocoa vast,
 To modest Filbert; gushing Melon classed
 Various; Peruvian Cherimoyer there,
 And India’s cherished Mango, and whate’er
 Springs richest, sun-matured in either hemisphere!

Tit. Beautiful fruits! your charm fair Nature owns
 Lovelier than aught she nurseth, save the flowers
 She decks her robes withal, and precious stones
 She shroudeth in her bosom!* Hidden powers
 Well knows she these possess, and jealous keepeth
 Guard o’er a mystery true in every Gem that sleepeth,

* See Note 10, at end of Part II.

Till Man shall wake, himself, the Arch-image,
 The Wizard long dethroned, with power again
 To seize and hold his primal heritage,
 Fallen into ruins—dower of ancient Men :
 Knowledge of God and Nature, and to read
 True use o'er all the Globe, in Gem, and Flower, and
 Weed !

Mark'st thou, my Oberon ! how the yellow gold
 Of yon great Banquet-service gem-embossed,
 Artistic chimeth with our fruitage bold,
 In one rich harmony, no vantage lost
 For prescient Art whose triumphs Fairy-wove,
 Breathe from the radiant walls old tales the Fairies
 love !

And longer might we muse ! But Lo ! the East
 From yonder window warneth ! One bright ray
 Darteth sheer upwards !— Lamplets ! ye have ceased
 To fling such intense lustre, and the Day
 Strikes through Night's dusky cloak, and looming dawns
 Yon Moorish Palace quaint 'bove Cintra's misty lawns !

(OBERON, TITANIA, and all the Fairies at the transverse
 table arise. TITANIA speaks.)

Tit. Fairies ! now the envious Morn,
 Of bright Hyperion eldest born,
 Companioned by the golden Hours,
 All garlanded with blushing flowers,
 Chariot-drawn, ascends the East,

Rosy-fingered, and released
From sceptred Night proclaims the Day!

Hasten, joyous Elves, away
To fragrant couch where dewy May
Dresses her pavilioned bowers
With twining roses and all flowers
Devote to Fairies' slumbering hours:
Hasten! save those chosen sprites
Who, when close our festal nights,
Magic-gifted, do restore
All things as they were before,
Transferring to Orion grave,
In his deep delved rocky cave,
In secret Serra's bosom, all
That decked our glittering festival:—

And Puck! resilient Spirit! Thou
Wilt straight fulfil thy Fairy vow,
And yield to Flora's gentle reign
Fern and Tree-fern thy spoils again;
For when thou banquettedst to-night
And quaffedst thy rosy Nectar bright,
Within thy sparkling cup did I
Infuse that potent Mystery,
Weird talisman of Flora's world:—
So, to clear consciousness unfurled,
From Memory's cell within thy brain,
Thou canst call it forth again!

Oh! faithful spirit! known afar,

Fairyland.

Far as pale Cynthia's crescent Star,
 Or diving through Earth's central breast,
 Fulfilling aye thy Queen's behest,
 To piercing Neptune's dread abyss,
 To grottos green, vast, fathomless,
 Where in proud Ocean liberty,
 My myriad Sea Fairies be :
 Well hast thou laboured since our Court
 In pine-clad Cintra hath resort,
 And thy quick zeal and merry mien
 Our Fairies' pride hath ever been :
 Give thy help to Hermes rare,
 When that choice feast he doth prepare
 Assiduous, for our friends benign,
 Of mortal mould ! Thy judgment fine
 Thou wilt use, that so they be
 Banquetted right royally,
 Nought forgot—and specially,
 The heart-enlivening magic three,
 Chateau Margaux, Burgundy,
 And bright Champagne, now filling all
 Those vaults beneath our Fairy Hall !

* * * * *

Now doth gay Titania
 Resign the sceptre of her sway
 Whilst two short moons revolve, to Her
 This bright domain's fair Arbiter :—
 Though mortal-cast her form and face,
 Owns she an ethereal grace
 Of mind, and heart, and spirit, such

As well beseemeth Fay—yea much
Of Titania's lightning speed
In thought and language! Fairy meed .
I did at her birth confer,
Sighing, and wishing that she were
Not mortal, but a Fairy born,
So be our Court she might adorn,
Shining ever—ever bright
With her own interior light,
Unvexed by earthly moil and care,
A calm creation glowing there!

* * * * *

And now Farewell! When Phæbus' power
Reacheth his high meridian hour,
Each slumbering Fay from musky bower,
Curled silken leaf, or chalice'd flower,
Springing invigorate, shall repair
To our high Emerald Lawn: from there
We will visit all our grounds,
To their farthest flowery bounds,
Mata wild, and hill and dale,
Where'er our sacred Nightingale
Lays on the slumberous atmosphere
Low languid Day-notes silvery clear,
His quiet musings! Goodly trees,
And blossomed shrubs, Titania's Bees
Murmuring delighted round them: these
And flowers exotic bending there,
Filling with sweets the heavy air,

Fairyland.

Well pleased shall greet their Queen anon,
And our royal Oberon.

* * * * *

Faries, Adieu! Sleep, leaden-eyed,
On every gentle Fay abide!

(The Fairies disappear.)





NOTES TO PART II.

NOTE 1, PAGE 160.

'Yet may he err! for casting round our eye,' &c.

An analogous incident was met with by the writer of these notes on visiting the convent in 1858.

NOTE 2, PAGE 162.

'Nor doth the epitaph rock-graved above,' &c.

HIC HONORIUS
VITAM FINIVIT
ET IDEO CUM DEO (DO)
VITAM REVIVIT.
OBIIT ANNO
D 1596.

NOTE 3, PAGE 213.

'And Australian Bell-bird filling,' &c.

This is a very different bird from the Bell-bird of South America, though it has received the same name from the colonists of Australia, owing to its peculiar note. The writer of this has often watched it on the 'Devil's River,' where it inhabited a single clump of gum-trees, not thirty feet square; and he has never been able to meet with it elsewhere in any part of his wanderings in Australia. It is considered a scarce bird in these regions, though

common in New South Wales. This Bell-bird is a honey-eater (*myzantha melanophrys*), and is called 'Gilbulla' by the blacks on the Murrumbidgee. When I observed them, there seemed to be a little colony, where they flitted about in numbers, uttering their peculiar note, which exactly resembles that produced by gently striking with a hammer on a small silver bell: these notes are separate and repeated a long time together. The plumage of these birds is plain, and the bird itself not larger than a sparrow.

NOTE 4, PAGE 213.

'Australia's Laughing-Jackass,' &c.

This curious bird is only found in remote places in the Bush. There, they are far from bashful, and I well remember once coming suddenly upon one in the Gum-tree forest. He was sitting on a bough above my head, so near that I threw small pieces of rotten wood at him. He did not stir, except to edge a little nearer, but curiously looked down on me, inclining his great bull-head first to the right, then to the left, clearly as if he intended to say, 'Who art thou, pale-face, and whence come ye? Is not my right to these woods greater than thine? Why dost thou pelt me with sticks?' I retired, leaving him master of the situation! Had I answered his mute appeal with my gun, I could not have forgiven myself. I never would kill one—neither do the blacks, who hold them in the highest veneration. They are the bitter enemies of the snakes, whom they pounce upon and dexterously seize by the neck in their knife-like bills. They then mount with their victim to a considerable height, whence they drop him on a rock or other hard surface, repeating this as often as may be necessary for his destruction, when they regale themselves on him with considerable satisfaction. They are a little larger than a Jay, which they resemble in form, but have a much greater profusion of close thick feathers of a dove and cream colour. They belong to the natural family of kingfishers (*Dacelo gigas*). They assemble together at sunset, when they give out simultaneously these extraordinary, and what seem absurd peals of human laughter, from whence their

familiar name is obtained. This is heard to a great distance in the woods, and is repeated regularly at sunrise, whence the colonists say that they are the timekeepers of the forest, and warn the other birds when it is time to go to bed, and when to rise.

NOTE 5, PAGE 215.

'And jet-black Satin-bird derides,' &c.

This beautiful bird of Australia is of one colour, the deepest black, but which shines like satin. His eyes are of the most exquisite ultramarine blue, and he is about the size of a blackbird. His creed is favourable to polygamy, and he possesses an extensive harem. He is seldom to be seen himself, but his numerous wives are so tame that they visit the gardens, and I have, concealed behind a lattice, been able to watch them often for a long time together, play about and amuse themselves within two or three yards of my window, at the hospitable house of my friend Mr. Peppin, in the far Bush. They sometimes seem to fall out, and they would then utter a strange hissing sound like that of a serpent. I do not think this peculiarity has been observed before. Their plumage is a good deal like that of the Thrush, except the light green back, and they in no way resemble the male bird, except in the deep azure of their eyes. As to their movements, I have never seen anything at all like them in birds. They seemed to me more to resemble a company of dancers going through a variety of particular figures than anything else. This bird (Satin Bower-bird, *Philonorynchus holosericeus*) belongs to the natural family of starlings. The blacks have a superstitious awe and veneration for it, and will on no account molest it. Its extraordinary Bower, and actions connected therewith, puzzle them, and notably the fact which they aver, viz. that none of them has ever seen or been able to find a Satin-bird's nest. The bower is of great size, and is made of sticks and twigs interwoven and meeting each other from opposite sides, so as to be vaulted. They are always in the most retired part of the forest. Outside, rows of white stones are placed, so as to form little lanes, and everywhere there are

signs of contrivance. Their ornamentation of these Bowers or 'Playing Places,' as the colonists call them, is very singular: they collect large quantities of things that are white, shining, or coloured, and arrange them chiefly before the front entrance of their Bower. Snail shells and other land shells, the whitened crania of birds and the smaller mammals, the fine blue tail-feathers of the Lory and other Parrots, &c., are their chief objects, but they are not very particular as to the 'meum and tuum,' for when the Blacks miss any article which they can nowhere find, they regularly visit these curious bowers and respectfully take it back again. Mr. Gould, in his beautiful 'Birds of Australia,' says that from some of the larger and most favourite bowers has been taken as much as half a bushel of the above-mentioned objects. What is the specific purpose for which these bowers are constructed?—a question as yet rather of conjecture than specifically answered. My own personal observations lead me to think I can settle it. They are immoderately fond of two things—Dancing and Playing at hide-and-seek and its analogues; these Bowers are merely Terpsichorean temples for the gratification of the community, and places where these pastimes, the delight of their lives, can be obtained at greater advantage, since they can repair there at any time, where they are sure to find partners ready and willing to join them, and the buildings are well adapted for these purposes. *When there*, they are never seen at rest, but always observed to be going through their evolutions, running through and through the Bower and threading the lanes of stones outside. The philosophy of this light-hearted Bird seems to be comprised in our familiar apothegm, 'A short life and a merry one,' and their motto to be 'Carpe diem!'

NOTE 6, PAGE 216.

*'And lo! beside her artful mounds
Australian Lyre-bird walks her rounds,' &c.*

The Lyre-Bird is, I think, without exception, the most striking, elegant, and graceful creature amongst the Birds of Australia. (*Menura Superba*). It is bigger and much taller than the Pheasant.

The colonists call it the 'Native Pheasant,' and the blacks the 'Bullen, Bullen,' from its note. Though possessing that wonderful tail—so closely resembling, even to its strings, the ancient Grecian lyre, and which is more than ten feet high, and composed of sixteen feathers—it still claims for its sole relations, the Wren family, owning for its next of kin that nearly smallest, plainest, and humblest of our songsters, 'Jenny Wren!' Some Naturalists, however, have lately disputed this. Its motions are grace personified, and in its playfulness it will often leap ten feet perpendicularly into the air, when it is visiting those curious Hillocks of earth it constructs seemingly for its diversion. It is the sprightliest (except the Bower-Bird) and certainly the shyest of Australian birds, being with difficulty seen, except at a distance, and baffling, to take or kill it, all but the native Blacks. Its nest is very remarkable, being an extensive vaulted dome of sticks and grass, with a narrow portico to it. I have been told by Australians who have seen their nests *in situ*, that, hanging down so as completely to close the portico and conceal the nest, is an artificial curtain, made of dry leaves, moss, and sticks, which is pushed aside by the birds on their entrance and exit. (*For the manners and habits, &c. of the birds of Australia, see Gould; also the Rev. J. G. Wood's 'Illustrated Natural History,' vol. 'Birds.'*)

NOTE 7, PAGE 232.

'The force occult of Numbers,' &c.

That there was an occult power in numbers, and that the Universe itself was constructed and ruled on fixed principles involving certain numbers, was the belief of sages from the earliest times, and one of their mysterious studies. It was subsequently a prominent feature in Magic, Astrology, and Alchemy. The odd numbers three, and seven, were most important, also five and nine.

NOTE 8, PAGE 236.

*'Thy strains as wild as fired the Thracian breast,
On lone Libethrus' hill, where Orpheus' dust did rest.'*

Mount Libethrus, in Thrace: sacred to the Muses. Here

Orpheus was buried, and the Thracians used to maintain that the nightingales which built their nests around his tomb, sang more divinely than all other birds. These charming birds are immensely abundant around Cintra and Montserrat, and I have reason to believe that numbers remain there all the winter. I am informed by Mr. Burt, head gardener of Montserrat, that he has seen them all through the winter, both up in the Serra and down in the valley of the Varzia, where, by the brooks and springs, they can always procure insects. From this we may infer that, allured by the charms of the locality and climate, many, declining to migrate south, remain always.

NOTE 9, PAGE 249.

The seasons are here described by Titania as they are seen in England, since in England they present much more variety than in Portugal.

NOTE 10, PAGE 259.

'And precious stones, she shroudeth,' &c.

In the early ages of mankind precious stones were believed to possess extraordinary properties, each differing from the others. They were used to cure diseases, and worn as amulets to protect from the influence of evil spirits. Stones, metals, and roots, were considered by the ancient writers, (and notably by Orpheus in his poems), to have extraordinary secret powers. Precious stones were used for divining purposes, and the Urim and Thummim of the high-priest of the Jews was a breastplate of jewels used in the enunciation of the divine Prophecies. Dioscorides, Pliny, Aristotle, and Galen, allude to the magic power of certain stones, which were used as Talismans and Charms. The extraordinary effects produced

by the contact, or even contiguity of gems, metals, and certain stones on modern sleep-walkers are well known. (See '*Experiments of Dr. Justinus Kerner on the Secress of Prevorst,*' &c.)



FAIRYLAND.

PART III.



MONTSERRAT—CORRIDOR FROM EAST TERRACE.



FAIRYLAND.

PART III.

Noon. The Fairies assembled on the great Lawn in front of the Palacio. All Nature hushed into a calm, and the sky above cloudless and of the deepest azure. The scenery around, sylvan and floral, sleeps in sunshine.

Titania.



WEET are the visions of a mortal child
Bathed in half-conscious slumber, 'neath the
eye

Of Spirit beings angelic : harmonies
Not of the Earth, but Heaven, do shed a mild
Entrancing influence o'er him—he hath smiled
Anon, and doth outstretch one tiny hand,
In sportive joy, to yon angelic band
Which do surround him, and inspire his dreams,
Unkenned of man their presence, and the beams
Of that so holy light, whose effluence flings
Its spherulustres round them—hallowings
Of the invisible life! Sweet is this scene
To watchful spirit Fays; with reverent mien,

Oft we behold it, this communion blest

Of Man with powers angelic, mostly given
To his sweet tender infancy, expressed
To guardian angels his by Heaven's behest:

A morning dawn of his returning Heaven!
See! see! the infant sleeps! but Fancy's play
Wafts him to fields Elysian far away;
The golden casket of his flesh not hides
Its jewel Innocence within that bides,
And his pure soul there glistening like a star,
Well it conceives who these companions are,
With their celestial smiles!—He wakes—he weeps,
But Earth compassionless, her captive keeps!
Oh! Fairies! slight the golden threads that tie
This beautiful Phantom-world, to worlds that never die!

And Thou, thou animate Nature, called of Man

Inanimate, but by Spirits seen to glow
With myriad Life through all Creation's span,
Where'er a mount can soar or breeze can blow,
Or herbless desert doth its breadth expand,
Or moving force exists on Sea or Land,
Or in the trackless empyréan: Thou,
In thy calm glory, as unfolded now

Thou drinkest the warm sunlight, dost awake

In us that Light, the inner vision, given
Thy lowly worshippers—light which doth take

Its hues from Him who rules in highest Heaven,
That Spirit from whose great source the Life divine
Fills all the Universe; all worlds that shine,

Jubilant in fathomless space; their one control
That Spirit-breath of God, this Earth's undying soul!

From this our gentle eminence, summit bright
Of our great velvet Lawn, we do behold
All objects near and far, in dark or light,
Sunshine or shadow;—Lo! what mountains old
Do bound the varied landscape, and enfold,
With masses huge, irregular, this scene,
Our garden of delights! Such rocky screen
Of towering peaks granitic, guards the ground,
A giant amphitheatre around!
His central mass green sloping, we do call
Hallowed by Memory, sacred 'Olivet'—
Though now its branch of peace is held in thrall,
Yielding to massive Cork and Pine-tree, yet
Yon ancient Cross still decks his holy brow,
Symbol of life to Man—relic of Pilgrim's vow!

And Eastward on his right, a deep ravine
Murmuring with crystal waters, doth divide
Fair Olivet from Him of lordly mien,
Who now aspireth high in stately pride,
And looketh far abroad: our old Bedel,
Girt with his many satellite peaks, who swell
His mountain court, and do adorn his reign—
Sedate they stand around, that time-worn, honoured
train.

And on the left of Olivet a pass
Deep cleft in Serra's bosom openeth far,

Whence towereth Amaranta, mountain mass
 Stretched horizontal ;—waved irregular,
 Gently he curveth inwards, western bound
 Of this so Fairy landscape, and the ground
 Of his great surface shines diversified
 With fragments of bare rock outpeering wide
 From the green Pine-tree's dense and sombre gloom,
 Gay lights of life with shadows of the tomb,
 In startling contrast ; and commingling there,
 And clothing Olivet, in circles fair
 Spreading their tufted head and branches hoar,
 What solemn Cork-trees wave these mountains o'er,
 Speaking of glories passed, and long-lost days of yore !

All at the base of this great mountain belt,
 Runs Cintra's highway to Collares white,
 Bordering our fair domain, which here doth melt
 Insensibly into that sylvan height
 Mingling its trees and shrubs exotic, bright
 With the meridian sun's resplendency,
 The limit scarcely traced by mortal eye ;—
 Old Cork-tree, Heath, and Arbütus compose
 Chiefly our Mata thick, and the wild Rose,
 And Honeysuckle climbing all around,
 Scent with sweet fragrance all this charmed ground,
 And cunning pathways, cut with studious care,
 Allure the wanderer's steps to beauties everywhere.

See'st thou, my Oberon ! high on Mata's steep,
 Bedded in verdure, yon particular stone ?
 'Philosopher's' we term it—all alone,

Flat, glistening-white—none else around to keep
It company :—thereon a Poet oft,

Lost in deep-brooding thought, did use to sit,
As 'twere on Nature's lap, i' th' sunshine soft,

And weave quick-wingéd fancies that would flit
Before his mental gaze ; seclusion sweet !

A faithful spaniel couchant at his feet.

Above the Poet's stone, a winding way

Few paces thence removed doth pleasant veer,
Leading the Pilgrim to a circle grey

Of ancient stones, meet resting-places here,
In the far Mata for his weary feet ;

A waving Cork-tree guards this cool retreat,
Seen from whose shade our Fairy Hall doth rear

Its just proportions, solacing his eye,
And the wild dove aye murmureth in his ear

Her cooing notes of tender melody :

Memorial this of Vathek's taste and love

For Beauty wheresoe'er her devious steps might rove !

Our Mata much we love, sith Nature here

Luxuriant reigneth empress ; rules of art
Waving away from her dominions dear,

With smiling gesture ! All yon western part,
'Spirito santo,' nighest Olivet,

Good olden times have named, and reverent, yet

We do preserve that name, memorial

That Man, enslaved of sense, is not material all !

Now at the base of this our verdant lawn,

Our standing point, behold yon valley sweep

And cross yon rustic bridge to Pilgrims lent,
 Spanning the rivulet, and thread the dale
 Leftwards on lower lawn, up towards the source
 Of bright Penéus, who hath all his course
 Decked here with tropic plants, which love to lave
 Their roots and tendrils in his healthful wave;
 Whence, passing soon a rustic seat, we turn
 Into a realm of Fern-tree and of Fern,
 Gladding the valley; and Penéus' marge
 Smiles with his waving Fern-trees high and large,
 Expanding wide their fronds! See, Oberon!

The sisters twain, 'Ada' and 'Amy,' fair;—
 Their graceful stems and leaves beyond compare,
 Fairest of all beside, comparison
 Do challenge with two beauteous forms of Earth,
 Whose names, pet names, they bear—sisters of mortal
 birth!

Puissant Puck! Ah! well I see,
 Thou didst 'thy ministering tenderly,
 Swiftly, softly, skilfully,'
 When thou didst bring our 'Amy fair'*
 To light our Pine-tree banquet rare,
 With her thousand, thousand eyes
 Of glowing diamonds, and thy prize
 Hast swift restored to 'streamlet's marge,'
 Unharm'd, secure, thy precious charge!
 Spell-bound Amy! One of three
 'Who Australian sisters be,'

* See Note 1, at end of Part III.

Lives there in thy memory
 Fairy-haunted still, a gleam
 Of that mysterious Silver dream?

Still follow we our pathway full of flowers,
 Ascending still our fern-environed way,
 And now make pause before this favourite ours,
 Ah! well beloved 'of each admiring Fay,'
 Old stately 'Dots!' there haughtily*
 Lifting her fronds aspiring high;
 Still centre of that ferny maze,
 'Whence diverge two branching ways,
 'One running to "our Ladie's nook,"
 'The other round to crystal brook,'
 All the greener doth she stand,
 Since vision weird of Fairyland,
 Vision whereof half conscious, she
 Still senseth the reality,
 And trembles still that marvellous frame,
 With thought perplexed of heavenly dream!
 Here stand we in the midst of shadowing Planes,
 Which spread around their branches towering high
 Towards Heaven, whose patches of cerulean sky
 Glint down amidst this foliage fitfully:
 They do protect 'gainst boisterous winter rains,
 And summer suns too ardent these our Ferns
 So thickly treasured here; a circling space,
 O'erhung by copse luxuriant, and by turns,
 Fuchsias, and clambering Roses in this place,

* See Note 2, at end of Part III.

And rich Camellia, and Begonia rare,
 Present their smiling beauties, and the breeze
 Hath an Arcadian freshness. Fret and care
 Far hence removed, the Pilgrim at his ease
 Musing reclines, and through o'erarching trees,
 Penéus lulls his ear with wafted harmonies!

Westward this path whereon we stand doth creep,
 To where 'our Ladie's Chapel' modest rears
 Her ruined fane grey with the lapse of years,
 And East, and curving Northwards, it doth sweep
 Up this incline, far as yon towering arch,
 Which hath a Roman aspect. It doth bear
 Broad highway stretching to our Palace fair,
 Choice planting all around it. We will march
 Straight up to it, and then regain this spot,
 And thence diverge unto 'our Ladie's Grot,'
 To scan her ancient Sanctuary. Oh! Fays!
 In this our archward walk oft hath amaze
 Beset the Pilgrim sudden entering here,
 For waving all around, there doth appear
 Australian Fern-trees cut in Dandenong,
 Nigh unto golden Melbourne! Such among
 His sombre glooms in deep ravines do stand,
 And deck with glories all that mountain land.

Fairies! these self-same Fern-trees that ye view*
 So old, so tall, in Dandenong they grew,
 Midst his green hills, till Puck, far-reaching sprite,

* See Note 3, at end of Part III.

Levelled them there, and with his cunning sleight
 Transported here: ne fronds, ne roots had they,
 But their bare stems bore witness to his sway;
 For in our Ladie's fane, his Spirit breath,
 And moonlight charms, dispelled their seeming death,
 New Fairy sap ran coursing through their veins,
 New roots, new fronds, reward Vertumnus' pains,
 Lo! now their feathery plumes they wave, and sing
 New hymns to Nature's God, and sense perpetual spring!

Oh! Pilgrim wandering here! this miracle
 Is thine—for thee; it saith, 'Contented fill
 Life's anxious part!' Symbolical these trees
 Of thine own past, and present destinies,
 And of thy future: five great mysteries!
 Take them, and fret not at thy mortal strife:
 Birth, life, death, resurrection, and new life.

Regard this giant Palm; translated too,*
 Yet full of life, his birthplace far Cascaes,
 Where centuries he had stood; the stranger's view
 Now charms he here by his so stately guise;
 His stem of massive girth, from it do rise:
 What lofty fronds that spread themselves in air,
 Then droop recurving, most supremely fair,
 Casting a conqueror's look on all around,
 Shrub, flower, or ferny gem, that clothes th' enchanted
 ground.

The noble Palm, much Oberon loves—the Fern

* See Note 4, at end of Part III.

Doth well content Titania ; and in sooth,
 All Fays delight in both :—the Palm in youth,
 Or crowned with reverent age, where'er we turn,
 Doth greet us, and the fresh, and feathery Fern,
 Like a gay younger sister, frolicks fair,
 Foil to the graver semblance *he* doth wear !

How rare this nook where they do flourish free,
 'Puck's Corner' called of playful Fays, since when
 That artful spirit planted there that Tree
 Incongruous, strange, since welded there, there be
 Two trees in one—puzzle to gardening men !
 Plane-tree and Cork in sworn hostility,
 For with averted looks they climb on high,
 And yet their bases intertwiningly
 Mix in eternal union ! cunning spell,
 Of pleasant Puck, whose wit at times will tell,
 In sly Tree-language, tales political
 And social of Man's life, in symbols all,
 Shadowing with humour quaint some ills his lot befall !

Retrace we now our steps to Tempe's vale,
 And visit, close at hand, our Ladie's nook :
 Roofless her three compartments ; summer's gale
 Doth wander through them healthfully, and look
 Outside and in, her walls are clambered o'er
 By choicest plants exotic, at their will
 Creeping aloft to highest pinnacle
 Of mossy gable—Nature's kindly store
 Of generous richness compensating Art
 For Time's dread ravage ! and in every part

Within, now bloom all odorous flowers that grow,
Where'er bright suns may warm, or tropic breezes blow !

And Fairies ! see reposing in that grot*

Carved in the solid rock within our shrine,

Sleeping the sleep of ages, well I wot,

Vision of primal eld ! A form supine

Sculptured in Tufa, calmly doth recline

On yon Sarcophagus ; a Priestess erst

Etruscan, for the old Etruria nursed,

Her days devote to mysteries divine,

And her right hand these symbols still doth hold

Of sacrificial rites in days of old :—

Massive and rude this strange Sarcophagus,

But of effective art those forms outhewn,

Simple and bold on its broad surface—thus

Loomed old Etruria's work ; ne tale, ne rune,

Ne legend floating in the night of time,

Doth lift Etruria's veil ; ne antique rhyme

Sheds o'er her language lost, one flickering spark

Of truth-divining fire to light the dark

Shrouded in yon inscription nigh the lid ;

Ne hieroglyphic stone, ne pyramid

Egyptian, ne Assyrian palace wall

Charactered wondrous, weird, symbolical,

Can e'er conceal from wonder-working Man

A nation's secrets tombed, as old Etruria can !

Yet Fairies ! it but needs Titania's hand†

* See Note 5, at end of Part III.

† " 6, " "

Laid on that ancient relic disinterred
 But yesterday from Rome's old hallowed sand;
 And all its past doth stand revealed! No word
 Needed, but vision psychometrical,
 Titania's, floods its history with light
 Transparent, and from ages lifts the pall
 Of darkness—but to Man reserves that right
 Th' Omniscient, and low bends the Fairy Queen,
 Shrouding that conscious power, as it had never been!

Now step we yet again a moment back,
 To our first spot in Tempe, and we face
 This gravelled path whose steep ascent we track
 High up the mount. Adorned with every green
 Sylvan, that Faun, or Dryad e'er beheld,
 It doth pursue its wild meandering course
 By fair Penéus' edge up towards his source,
 And foaming waterfalls; his stream repelled
 By rude rock fragments, how he rusheth by,
 Tearing his way adown, and flinging high
 From his chafed breast what silver-beaming sprays
 On Fern, and Fern-tree, Arbütus, and Bays
 Clothing his either marge!

Oh! blissful Fays!
 And thou, my Oberon! see on this bright side,
 In the dark, loamy ground which doth divide
 Our path from hurrying rivulet, what pride
 Of swelling Fern-trees, and of spangled Fern!
 High as the Falls ascend they, and below,
 Down stretching, 'neath the Arcadian Planes they
 grow.

Here wave they their high fronds where'er we turn,
Reliant, care of art seeming to spurn,
And drink Penéus blest, their bright exhaustless urn !

Now flashing down his Fern-encircled steep,
Crowning our 'Fern-tree gully' Tempe's bound
Eastward, we reach in this romantic ground,
Our lower waterfall: a single leap
Sufficeth that his silvery treasures all
Mingle below in a clear fountain small,
Welling alway into Penéus' stream,
With music murmured as in Fairy's dream !

But trace we still our pathway to the right,
Round a great clump of Fern-trees, and the height
Of the small waterfall we reach anon,
And from new platform small our wondering eye
Far down the deep ravine, can pleased descry
A waving, ferny landscape:—Oberon !
Behold in that rich mass beneath our feet
Yon fern-clothed symbol of a maiden sweet,
Whom Puck to light our Banquet with her eyes
Of thousand lustrous diamonds, did surprise,
Two nights ago beneath the starry skies,
And there 'by murmuring low cascade,
'Where Milly, pensive, favourite maid,*
'Still bloometh in that sylvan shade
'Lopt he her bright and arching head !
'But deftly, softly, silently,'

* See Note 7, at end of Part III.

And did restore her artfully,
 What time those silvery stars of night
 'Gan pale beneath the dawning light !
 Ah ! tenderest of our Sibyls three,
 Who Australian sisters be,
 Thou bend'st not all unconsciously,
 But sensest, now, that marvellous stem
 Inbreathed low Fairy requiem ;
 Music and Light, magnetic stream,
 Memory of bright Elysian dream !

Now short the space we farther go,
 O'er stepping-stones, the overflow,
 Retarding scarce of Hippocrene
 Weltering o'er this platform sheen,
 Into the gushing fall below :—
 But facing round what beauties new,
 Burst sudden on our charmed view !
 A circle large, expanding wide,
 Steep fenced with rock on every side,
 Deep cut in Helicon's fairy mount,
 Holding our Hippocrene's fount,
 Which doth receive perpetual,
 Dashing upon her sparkling breast,
 Yon highest foaming waterfall,
 Plunging from Helicon's riven crest,
 Yet so impinging, that still shines
 Much of her surface calm and deep,
 Reflecting tranquilly those lines
 Of tree and shrub, and rocky steep,
 Towering around with careless grace,

Enclosing all this fairy place:
 Seclusion's boast! For Pilgrim's feet
 Miss oft its freshening cool retreat,
 Shrouded in summer foliage round,
 Its steeps with hoary Cork-tree crowned,
 And Oak, and ancient Elm—the while,
 Jutteth that which seems an isle,
 Into our fount, and there doth blow,
 Luxuriant, whatsoe'er may grow
 By marge of rippling wave, and fair
 Exhale its dewy fragrance there!
 And wilding Fern here wanton weaves
 Her frondlets fine, and chiselled leaves,
 And up his circling craggy steeps,
 The bright wild Ivy smiling creeps,
 And wadeth here that plant of yore
 Nilotic, nurse of Egypt's lore,
 Papyrus, bending as is meet,
 O'er Nile's white Lily at his feet!

Thessalian scene! but chief o'er all,
 Hangs whitening yon lone Waterfall!
 Direct in front he cleaves his way
 Down Helicon's steep mount; the day
 But half illumes his sparkling source
 On high, where he doth first essay
 That plunge, half veiled his reckless course
 By Shrub and Cork-tree's branching bough:
 But mark yon rocky terrace brow
 Projecting midway—leaps he now,
 With one mad bound from off its plane,

Flinging abroad his crystal rain,
 Burying his silvery waters wide,
 In Hippocrene's plashing tide!
 Mark, Oberon! Nature's instinct nice,
 How from yon wave-worn precipice,
 Down drops that giant Willow root,
 Nor stops for aught, till it doth shoot
 Sheer down the rock, where it can trace,
 Sidling along its craggy base,
 Firm earth, its nutrient resting-place!
 And see on high yon rocky break,
 'Neath which our torrent-flood did take
 His last great leap, an Ash-tree there
 Grows rooted in the stream; ne bare,
 His leafy boughs, ne sickly seems
 His verdure nursed by watery dreams;
 Cut off from Earth, rock-bound, yet smiling,
 Planted by cunning Puck, beguiling
 All mortal quest his roots to see:
 Puck's curious, quaint, weird Ashen tree!

Ob. Titania eloquent! here will we rest
 Short space by waterfall and fount and stream,
 With all our Elfin's gay, for now the beam
 Of summer's sun smites fiercely, and confest
 This calm secluded spot by woodland dressed
 Of our domain the fairest:—Lo! appear*
 In myriads now, the Spirits of the Flowers,
 Hovering all o'er us! they do come to cheer,

* See Note 8, at end of Part III.

Vivacious, these the sunny leisure hours
 We spend in their domain, and homage due
 To render to Titania; spirit powers
 Ineffable, thrice delicate! their hue,
 Their character, and qualities diverse,
 Sharing with every fragrant flower they nurse
 With their innumerable legions, Heaven-endued
 With wonder-working forces, and imbued
 With Flora's gifts and properties divine
 In every land wherein doth circling shine
 The blessed Sun, our world's magician, light,
 And heat dispensing from his heavenly height;
 But, wise Titania! thy own tongue must tell
 To man the love and lore that in these mysteries dwell!

Tit. True Thomas; robed in suit of sober grey,
 That antique vestiture so quaintly thine,
 Since thou didst doff mortality, and Fay
 Immortal didst arise, thy wondering eyne
 Unscaled to see the vision all divine,
 Of Fairyland else viewless, and thy soul
 Steeped in delicious calm, all prescient, fine
 With faculty unimagined erst: unroll
 Now to Mankind this law mysterious, how the whole

Of God's great floral kingdom—moss and tree,
 And grassy blade, and all that springeth born
 Of vegetable life in Earth or Sea,
 Doth live and flourish ere it fade outworn,
 Doth live and flourish; and our Earth adorn
 With beauty and health, by one engrafted power,

God-grafted : Spirit attraction : brighter morn
 Awaking, this, than helping sun and shower :
 Pervading every germ, from plain to mossy tower !

Myriads of Spirit creatures throng the air,
 Their bright ethereal mother since the ages :
 Nurtured and fed by her, yet do they share
 With Spirits blest, from heavenly heritages
 Bearing to Man love's gifts, love which assuages
 His mortal griefs ; yea, with these Spirits high
 Share they communion, and in Fairy pages,
 And legends, we have writ their history ;
 Guardians of floral life, ministers of Faerie !

These are the Spirits of the Flowers ! bright host,
 In number as the sands on Ocean's shore ;
 Lovingly now they greet us ! all their boast
 To feed Titania's flowers for evermore
 With their magnetic life ! Strong-winged they soar
 High in the empyréan, and descend
 Upon us, and around us, and do pour
 Their thoughts within our bosoms where they blend
 With Spirit thought of ours, by Spirit mystery kened !

How lovely are they, Fays ! what excellence,
 And grace of human form ! what colouring
 Of every Flower in Nature, waking sense
 Of some great boundless charm ! Lo ! every wing
 Each bears, doth glow with the perfecting,
 In imaged beauty, of the Flower he tends ;
 And bathed in odour of that delicate thing,

Well pleased he floats in ether, or descends,
Fraught with new vital force, which lavishly he lends !

These are the Guardian Spirits of the Flowers,
As Man his Guardian Angels hath, who care
Incessantly for him, and watch his hours
Of dread or danger, ministering ever there,
Benevolent, all holy ! influence rare
Protecting, shielding ever : wondrous grace
Of God to straying man, unconscious heir
Of so much Heavenly love, which doth embrace
In its enfolding arms his lineage and his race !

Man knows not of the Spirits of the Flowers !
For with the natural eye he may not see
Aught of the Spirit life, sith that its powers
Pierce not so far :— to witness spiritually,
He must put off his flesh, and 'cease to be,
And die,' as he doth term it, though to live,
Then first begins he truly, Death's great key
Opening the gates of Life !— What narrative
Strange of his wax and wane, Time's faltering legends
give !

Yet much hath Man discovered of the laws
Of Flora's realm ! whate'er doth appertain
To things material there, doth give him pause,
Pondering—and he doth garner up full fain,
Most subtle secrets, and not all in vain—
Sunshine and shade, and soil, and tempering dews

Do teach him their deep lessons, but the chain
 Of Flora's golden Life, she doth refuse
 To trust to mortal hands, its secrets to peruse.

Oh Man! contemplate that mysterious truth,
 Truth but revealed thee in these latter years,
 In answer to thy yearnings: that, in sooth,
 There springs not in Creation's hemispheres,
 A blade, a leaf, a flower, but what appears
 Radiant with wondrous emanations round
 Its substance, varying, changing as it nears
 That bourn Decay, its destiny and bound:
 Aural magnetic sphere, with rainbow-lustres crowned,

Or colourless! magnetic effluence bright,
 Exhaled from their inborn vitality,
 Attractive of all Floral Spirits of light,
 Purely magnetic spirits, weaving free
 From the exhaustless, circumambient sea
 Of nutrient ether, that magnetic sense
 Vital, identical with theirs, to be
 Incorporate *with* them; heavenly influence
 Feeding, renewing aye their Spirit life intense!

Yea! Thomas true! thy kinsman of the ground*
 So potent Man, hath well this mystery kenned,
 Of *spherical emanations*, and hath found,
 The great material Sun himself must bend
 To his behests submissive, and must send,

* See Note 9, at end of Part III.

Wrapt in his darting beam, th' unfolded tale
Of his material fabric, and must rend
Like him, all visible Suns and Planets pale,
From their far-glittering brows, their Æon-planted veil!

Progressive Man! Now holds he in his hand
The magic *Prism*, new qualities revealing,
New intimate structures! As Titania's wand
Revealeth Spirit mysteries, such its dealing
With forms material, universal; stealing
Their secrets subtle-hoarded, and the land,
The Borderland of Spirit scarce concealing
From mortal gaze, the barriers that do stand
'Twixt these harmonious Worlds, by the Almighty
planned!

Enough! come Oberon, and all Fays
Reckless of the noontide's blaze,
And you soft Spirits of the Flowers
Companions of these festal hours,
Wafting from your emblazoned wings
Odours of all delicious things
Floral, that bloom in dell or grove,
Odours sweet the Fairies love!
Come! and we will thread the maze
Of Mata's thick empurpled ways,
Hence on our right diverging fine
Shrub-encircled, serpentine,
And it shall lead us with descent
Gradual winding, till anent
'Australia's' glowing bank of flowers

Fairland.

We do emerge. . . Ah! kindly towers
 In this choice spot, full blossoming,
 As he did breathe perpetual Spring,
 Australian tree, and all around,
 In the flower-bespangled ground,
 What shrubs luxuriant wave on high
 Their petals 'neath this favouring sky,
 Rivalling their brothers fair who stand,
 All glorious in Australia's land!
 Australia's golden land o'erflows
 Here with the floral gem she owes,
 Rich and quaint their varied birth,
 Gems of a long-forgotten Earth!

But ah! what odours fill the air
 On Zephyr's trembling pinions borne
 Around, above, and everywhere,
 Sweeter than mingled scents the morn
 Flings from her rosy wings! Now, see
 This fair walk's extremity,
 Skirteth yonder bed of Roses,
 Lo! in its area vast reposes,
 Whate'er their peerless Queen discloses,
 Of rarest blooms from regions far,
 Where her richest treasures are!

How tower they upwards, scaling high
 Their tall support's extremity,
 Clambering where Roses clamber not,
 Save in Fairy-nurtured spot,
 And look they down with blushing pride

To where their humbler sisters bide!
 But mark, my Oberon! thousands there
 Half closed: their petals in despair
 Droop on their slender stalks! the ray
 Of the all-piercing God of Day,
 Smites them with too much glory, tainting
 Their roseate hues with pallor—fainting,
 They bend 'neath that effulgence—sinking,
 They sigh abashed, no moisture drinking
 From th' air's dry breast, ne th' parched ground:
 'Oh! Guardian Spirits! hovering high,
 'Wot ye well your Roses die?'

* * * * *

Fairies! list that rushing sound
 As 'twere of murmuring waters! hither,
 Louder it veers converging, whither
 Our flowers do sickening droop! How blaze
 Now, Oberon! to our dazzled gaze

The Spirits of the Rose! they fly to save
 Their delicate charge from peril! How they wave
 Their thousand burnished wings, whereon deep mossed,
 The image of the lovely Rose embossed
 Doth glow resplendent, ever-during; quick
 They do possess each sufferer! entering thick,
 They mingle in his floral sphere, and thence
 Diffusing wide magnetic influence,
 They permeate all his stems from root to flower,
 Charging their cells with new magnetic power;

Minished to snowy points, their Spirit forms
 Join here their vital forces, as in storms,
 Magnetic mix light snow-flakes ere they break,
 Melting in the pure bosom of a lake.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Now, Oberon! now once more
 Behold those Guardians blest!
 Smile they as before,
 In their bright garments dressed;
 Poised on unfolded wings, they do project
 To us clear languageless thought, meeting our thought
 direct.

They hail Titania Queen
 Of their loved realm of Flowers:
 They breathe 'This feat hath been,
 'Of our supernal powers,
 'To show Mankind, thus keep we watch and ward,
 'And all unseen belike, thy fragrant treasures guard!'

And soar they high once more,
 To fields of ether calm,
 There to renew their store
 Of that transforming balm,
 Magnetic-vital essence: potent soul
 Of all that teems from Earth, and spreads from Pole
 to Pole.

But, Fairies all! behold
 Again that field of flowers,

Pink, damask, white, and gold;
 All dews, all sunny showers,
 Powerless to pluck their fading charms so soon,
 From Phœbus' fiery shafts, in this relentless noon!

Sudden electric change,
 How doth it glorify!
 Opening with vigour strange,
 Calmly they do defy
 Th' impartial god! no longer he bereaves
 One petal of his bloom, ne curls his silken leaves!

Rounding this blaze of glory resurrect,
 Tread we our lower Lawn, soft carpet green,
 With Juniper and Cypress all bedecked,
 And Rose, and Rhododendron rich between,
 And fair Camellia;—now a landscape scene
 Romantic, openeth to our gaze: the Lawns
 Do seem to join continuous, and there dawns
 Sudden the Fairy Palace on our sight
 Till now concealed: and Tempe's laughing Vale,
 And fresh Penéus murmuring his delight
 To the rich shrubs that clothe his happy dale;
 Here sucks the Bee, and the coy Nightingale
 Hid in the shelter of thick spreading trees,
 Pours his calm warbling on the summer breeze;
 And the Kingfisher wends his arrowy flight,
 Or darts like sudden beam of flashing light
 Under great trailing Willows, arched above,
 Dipping long branches in the wave they love!

On this wide seat, cork-wove, Oh! Pilgrim! sit,
 And watch the changeful shadows as they flit
 Over the verdant lawns: Lo! Mexico,
 Rock-strewn, in front of thee! what colours glow
 On his hot surface! All that Cactus gives,
 Of indescribable painting, gorgeous lives
 On his steep slope, and Aloe's flaming head
 Shoots darting upwards from his rocky bed,
 And Yucca's thousand chalices of snow,
 Hang bending o'er those broken depths below,
 Outpouring all their sweets on fragrant Mexico!

And closing in the landscape, still beyond,
 From East to West reclining high uprears
 His strength our loved Parnassus! He hath donned
 Even now his summer verdure, sith he fears
 No biting frost in this delicious clime:
 His giant Cork-trees, centuries of Time
 Have hallowed, and all gnarled, and silvered o'er
 With age, yet spread they wide their beauties hoar;
 Brave, stalwart, and heart-whole, they do divide
 With two great Cedars tall which still abide
 Since th' olden time, the honours of the wood,
 All waving peaceful there, one loving brotherhood.

And mark, my Oberon! where our Tempe's Vale
 Dives widening Westward, the Cerulean Sea
 Greet's the pleased Pilgrim's eye; one snowy sail
 Gleams now on his calm waters pleasantly,
 Seems it a tiny morsel of the main,
 Just seen, that artist Fays might far perspective gain!

Now tread we East, skimming the velvet sward,

But note we first, beyond yon Cypress grand,
Coy Arethusa's fount! what wild flowers guard

Her cool retreat, and Fern and Myrtle stand
As 'twere to hide her waters icy cold,
The traveller's solace pure! As Bards of old
Depicted her fair prototype, so she
Appears and disappears, as fearingly
Some god's enamoured footsteps may intrude,
Discovering her Arcadian solitude!

Now cross we our Penéus once again

And follow his bright track as Westward he
Pursues his sparkling journey to the main;

Nor far we follow, but diverge to see
With nearer gaze, luxuriant Mexico,
And th' Lawn's great Araucarias; then go
Contented onwards, reaching an incline,
Gentle, and beauty-clothed, and serpentine,
And broad, and fashioned on the widening slope
O' th' happy valley; here doth it sudden ope
Expanding to the sunshine, and bewraying
New glorious landscape! for the Wanderer straying
It greeteth unawares, and he beholdeth
A new domain, and gradual it unfoldeth
A blaze of Rhododendrons all around,
Flooding with colour all the enchanted ground,
And massed with magic art! Rinaldo ne'er
In his Armida's gardens, aught more fair
Wondering encountered! In the tender midst
Of Flora's toils, Oh! Pilgrim! here thou sitt'st

In circle of our 'Wizard Willow' old,
 Nor car'st to break the charm which doth enfold
 Thy languishing spell-bound sense! Ah! now thou
 sleepest

'Neath his weird shade, and Fairy visions reapest
 Wafted thee with the music of the waters
 Borne on the slumberous bosom of the air,
 With odours all impregn'd! for Beauty's daughter
 The silken flowers breathe here of regions rare,
 And th' atmosphere is drowsy! Give thee good
 dreams,

Oh! happy Pilgrim! Flowers, and woods and streams
 Thy gentle ministers! nor silently
 Obsequious! all unconscious though thou be,
 They mingle with thy dreams, and are a part of thee!

Farewell!—now pass we through this wondrous glade,
 And by its west extremity emerge
 Out on a pathway sloping downwards, made
 To thread the vale, and hanging on the verge
 Of a deep-delved plot where bloom serene
 Those Rhododendrons new, of princely mien,
 And ravishing scent, on Himalaya's steeps
 Their birth-place, nourished, where our Flora keeps
 Secret her choicest gems, the venturous hand
 Of Hooker plucked them from fair India's strand,
 (Hooker! great son of an illustrious sire
 Now in Elysium, where he doth respire
 The fragrant breath of Heaven, by Angels' wings
 Diffused from flowers celestial whence it springs),
 And their vast leaves and petals crisped and curled

Placed he in the great nursery of the world,
 Fair England, Fairy's nurse of flowers, from whence
 Titania doth rich novelties dispense
 To Europe's tribes who her fair favours prize,
 And love plant-lore, for ever her allies !

This choicest spot doth end, I ween,
 In a deep-sheltered cool retreat,
 Shadowed all o'er by Laurels green,
 Aged, gigantic ; Alder sweet
 Doth help, his leafy branches flinging
 Across Penéus here beguiling
 Once more the traveller's path, as smiling
 It leapeth into sunshine, singing
 Loud, never-ending pæans, gushing
 From crystal wavelets dashed, and rushing
 Adown his rocky channel, free
 Floating that air-borne minstrelsy
 Onwards and on, till that it be
 Drowned by the far-resounding sea.

Here Vathek sat, and he did use,
 Oft in the sultry noon to muse
 In this fastidious bower y-wove
 Of circling rock, and leafy grove,
 His own creation : mortals now
 Spread oft their rural banquets here,
 And pour libations free, their vow
 To Bacchus, and to Ceres, cheer
 Grateful in summer's thirst ! Oh ! green
 Retreat, all Laurel-canopied,

Sun-shielded, charmed circle wide,
 To mirth devote! In thee are seen
 Oft Age and frolick Youth y-blent,
 Harmonious, gay, on joy intent,
 With wit and festal merriment!
 And Fairies gay! we too, short space,
 Within this old sequestered place,
 Will sit on these great boulders all,
 That fence our sparkling waterfall!

Ob. The air is stirless here! The sultry noon
 Some hours hath flitted by, scarce marked, and soon,
 Careering in the West, the flaming Sun
 Will fling tall lengthening shadows, and the dun
 And purple-pitted clouds, gold-edged, will swell
 Around his radiant car:—Ho! Ariel
 Of delicate sense! Can thy imagining,
 Divine what pastime new, in Fairy ring,
 Or novel spot known but to Puck, enchaineth
 One half our Fairy host? for now remaineth
 Around us scarce one half those legions bright
 Which did attend our progress! Pilgrims light,
 And free, and volatile, I wot!

Ariel. My liege!
 Marshalled by gamesome Puck, they do besiege
 Parnassus' verdant heights, and do espy
 From chosen points, whate'er can fill their eye
 Of beautiful, and with rapid pencil bold,
 And subtle stroke unerring, they uphold
 Their artist fame achieved, in Fairy days of old!

Anon to Quinta grande's plains they hie,
 Sacred to fair Pomona!—pleasantly
 She doth unfold her blossoms to the sky,
 Soon sun-matured to choicest, mellowest fruits,
 'Neath sage Vertumnus' hand: wherever shoots,
 Or bud, or verdant branch, his eye is there
 To foster, or restrain;—what secrets rare,
 What mysteries o' the gardener's art

Our prince of gardeners, Fairy Puck,
 To sage Vertumnus doth impart!—
 So in his wondering brain will start
 Strange fancies new, whence he will suck,
 As sucks the Bee the blossoming flower
 Gathering sweet wisdom! Yea, the power
 To treasure from fair Nature's store
 Conceits deep hid, unthought before,
 Soon clothed in action, Fairy lore
 Hath given Vertumnus! leading him
 As to a magic fountain's brim,
 Wherefrom, incontinent he drinketh;—
 Then on some new device he thinketh
 Of fruitful art, unconscious all
 Of Puck's magnetic finger small,
 Within that silver fountain dipped,
 Which his eager lip hath sipped!
 So fares he forth, nor deems, I wot,
 That gifting Fairies haunt this spot!

Tiz. Through Puck, my subtle gardener, I
 Set forth the landscape beauties all,
 In rock and distant vale that lie,

Fairland.

And flower and shrub each waterfall
Adorning near ; whate'er may come
In ken of our bright Fairy home :
Yet needs it must, Titania's will
Be worked by Mortals' patient skill,
In our domain of hill and grove ;
Spirit thought by Mortal wove !—
Behold yon Fairy Castle shine
Spirit-planned his every line,
Yet Mortal-built ! Material man,
Though yet a Spirit serves the plan
Of Spirits who higher, purer be,
In boundless spheres by Heaven's decree !

Ob. And thus Vertumnus patiently,
By Puck befriended, doth fulfil
The Floral Queen's behests, and still
Puck's counsel takes, nor guesseth he
Aught of subtle grammarye
In those deep lessons spirit-taught,
But wots his own lone careful thought
Source of the wonders he hath wrought !

Ariel. Well knoweth Puck, all mortal mould
With Spirit blindness struck ! Stronghold
To him of mirth and pastime, lent
For much of Fairy merriment ;
And oft Vertumnus doth supply
Food for his sport and humour sly !—
Minds me this leaf-enfolded bower
How once upon a time it fell,

Close on the noontide's sunniest hour,
 He whispered me, 'Brave Ariel!
 'Come away! Come away!
 'This shall be a sporting day!
 'Vertumnus, he shall hunt the Fay,
 'Come away! nor say me nay,
 'I tell thee he shall hunt to-day!
 'Hunt the Fay, hunt the Fay!
 'And Puck shall be his quarry grey,
 'A fat rampaginous Badger gay:—
 'In Quinta grande's nodding fields,
 'Where now the golden Milho yields
 'Her treasure to the reaper's toil,
 'There will I stir brave mess and moil!
 'Come away! come away!
 'The reapers shall have holiday,
 'Hunt they shall not Fox, but Fay,
 'Puck, in form of Badger grey!
 'Vertumnus he shall hunt I say,
 'With swart Valerio, and all others
 'In yon thick field, his working brothers,
 'Yea, and black-eyed Sisters too,
 'All shall hunt, and all shall rue!
 'For 'tis the sultry hour of noon,
 'All shall sweat, and some shall swoon!
 'And blessed Ariel! thou shalt skim
 'The echoing air, as suits thy whim,
 'Guardian theirs of life and limb!'—

Anon to Milho field we hie,
 And soon Vertumnus doth espy,

Munching in secluded lair
 His golden grains, fat Badger there,
 And still he muncheth, and doth eye
 Vertumnus all complacently:—
 The game is up! Away! away!
 Brave Puck! thou shalt have sport to-day!
 What clamour fills the field! What hoes,
 Sickles, and fell Euxada's blows,
 They launch at venturous Puck! Beset
 All round and round by mortal foes,
 He rusheth through that living net,
 Tripping Vertumnus' heels! and goes
 Straight for Parnassus' wood, and courseth
 Across that thick domain, and forceth
 His hunters through all pits and traps,
 Brambles and furze, and thorny gaps,
 To follow, panting, bleeding, sore,
 Yet hopeful, for that Badger hoar,
 Oft stumbling, feigneth coming death,
 And shows his ivory teeth, his breath
 Convulsive drawn! then toppleth he,
 Sheer o'er yon rugged height, and free,
 He trundleth down those steps that lead
 To this lone Arbour good at need,
 For pause, or pleasure! Down drop I
 Into his leafy Sanctuary,
 Where his Badger form he doffs,
 And sits on yon great stone, and loffs,
 Till he doth shake again!—But hark!
 Quick, heavy, mortal footsteps!—Mark!
 'Vertumnus fierce! Hoho! hoho!'

Quoth Puck, 'And swart Valerio:
 'All others nowhere!' In a trice,
 Time exact for winking thrice,
 Bristling, sound in wind and limb,
 There couched the Badger gaunt and grim,
 On that same stone whereon he loffed,
 When he his Badger's semblance doffed!
 And Vertumnus gazed thereon,
 Mute, scarce believing beast or stone
 Realities—and Ariel high
 On a Laurel bough did lie
 Observant: nor long truce, I ween,
 Restrained these doughty champions keen!
 Blows thick as hail fell fierce and fast,
 But Puck's immortal head they passed
 Innocuous all, Euxada's sweep
 Nought smiting save the rocky steep,
 Or boulder hard, our bulwarks strong,
 Circling the place! Their depths among,
 Glints Puck preposterous, till the ground
 Is strewed with splintered fragments round,
 The weapons of his foes! Then he
 Changeth his tactics, and doth flee,
 With a weird velocity,
 Round and round this Circus strange,
 And draweth soon within the range
 Of his will power magnetic, both
 His hunters, who now follow loth
 His tracks, but must perforce obey
 Stern mystic law, magnetic sway;
 And soon the nimble-footed Fay,

In this round game doth gain apace,
 Nearing those hunters in the race
 Still closer, till, by holy rood!
 He the pursuer, they pursued!—

Circuits thirty and seven they made,
 'Neath this sacred Laurel's shade,
 At breathless speed,—that Spirit's will
 Relentless, irresistible!
 Then stopped he sudden, and did bound
 Into the Rhododendron ground
 Of precious Sikkims, which doth look
 On this our Laurel-charméd nook!
 Oh! royal Oberon! canst thou tell
 What lot these hunters bold befell?—
 Loosed from their strange and viewless yoke,
 That weird, magnetic circle broke,
 Quick stand they rooted there, ne see
 Ne rock, ne stone, ne Laurel-tree,
 Ne swift Penéus' notes they hear
 Fall freshening on their numbéd ear,
 Till in dizzy, tingling swoond,
 Unconscious fall they to the ground!

Ah! hapless Children of the Wood!
 Long, long, that deathlike trance had stood,
 But that Ariel ever tending
 Man imperilled, swift descending
 From his Laurel-bough, and bending
 O'er their pale faces, breathéd thrice,
 Thereon, and in a Fairy trice,

Dim, truant consciousness awoke!—
 Upright they stood, ne word they spoke,
 But gazed around, ne silence broke,
 And walked from out this arbour green,
 As men who have some vision seen
 Unfathomed yet! and slow proceed,
 Nor wist they where:—Their footsteps lead
 To Willow, 'neath whose shady sweep,
 This morn we saw a Pilgrim sleep.

Then first Vertumnus: 'Where are we,
 'O! Valerio! canst thou see?'

Val. Under the Wizard Willow-tree!

Vert. O! Valerio! canst thou guess
 Whence cometh this foul giddiness?—
 Where's the accursed Badger?

Val. (pointing). There!
 He hath made familiar lair
 In this our richest ground! See! See!
 He doth grin maliciously,
 In front of his long Castle tight,
 Yon vaulted drain!

Vert. Ah! grisly wight!
 We have thee now!—Now hath he stole,
 This instant to his wonted goal,
 And plunged within, I marked him well,
 To reach his darksome Citadel!

Haste we, haste Valerio now!
 His den we will blockade, I trow!
 Call thou on great-limbed 'Hercules,' he
 Our strongest hand, fit help shall be
 In this unhop'd contingency!

'O! Hercules!'—Valerio cried,
 And soon that potent man replied,
 And stood by glad Vertumnus' side.

Vert. Place me boulders three
 Massive as may be
 'Gainst this extremity
 Of our vile Badger's den,
 And hie thee, hie thee then,
 Thou strongest of our men,
 To Cintra's ancient towers,
 There in these hottest hours,
 Sir Arthur sleeps, and sleep his stern official powers.
 Tell him a Badger vast
 Within our toils y-cast,
 Awaiteth in despair,
 Earthed deep in vaulted lair,
 His Excellency, with dogs of England bold,
 The bristly foe to draw, and never quit their hold!

And delicate Ariel well did see,
 Ensconced in his old Willow-tree,
 Each phase of that rare comedy!
 And cried to Puck, 'Come, come away!
 'Come from thy darkness to the day,

'Thou subterranean spirit grey!
 'Know'st thou, thou lost, thou ruined Fay,
 'One fleeting hour will bring 'gainst thee
 'Great England's dread diplomacy?'—
 Instant on my Willow-bough
 Stood that subtle spirit—now
 In his own form, and did describe,
 With many a pleasant jest and gibe,
 What haps and hazards Man and Fay
 Braved that joyous hunting day!

But Lo! Sir Arthur!—woe betide!
 Stiff as buckram! at his side
 Two cherished Terriers, England's pride!
 Smooth their skins, and snowy white,
 Eager for frolic or for fight:
 'Lily' and 'Jock!'—Strong Hercules,
 With his old familiar ease,
 Removes Puck's dungeon bars: in rushed
 The dogs, and every breath is hushed—
 But silence reigns within; no sound
 Of mortal conflict doth rebound,
 To smite the listener's ear!—At last
 Returned the dogs:—then looked aghast
 Vertumnus; and Sir Arthur cried:
 'Jock and Lily—Lily and Jock,
 'My cherished dogs, fair England's pride,
 'Never quailed, nor feared the shock
 'Of earthed Fox, or Badger wild:—
 'There is no Badger here!'—and smiled,
 And walked away—and followed all

Th' expectant crowd, both great and small,
And Hercules—and our hunters bold—
And——my hunting tale is told.

Tit. Royal Oberon! I do fear
That Puck's strange freedom trencheth near
On Man's old granted privilege,
What time high Heaven we did besiege
For spherul life on Earth; our pact
That he should be secure, intact
From Fairy Spirit scaith, and we
His diligent ministers should be,
For health, and all prosperity:—
Late it chanced Vertumnus grave,
Vertumnus reticent and mild,
And cautious, rarely thus beguiled,
Spake unadvised words, and gave
Offence to our quick Fairy race,
Who watch and guard this sacred place:
Eftsoones his Mentor Puck did rage,
Puck, puissant Archimage!
And registered a vow—and bright,
Wrapt in phosphorescent light,
Stood by Vertumnus' bed that night,
Th' invisible made visible;
And bending o'er him, frowned! until
Vertumnus felt a freezing chill
Congeal his blood, and he was 'ware
Of strange cold stream of ambient air
Playing around him, and his hair
Stood upright, and his forehead knew

Round beaded drops of pearly dew!—
 Then that dread Spirit silence broke,
 And in clear audible whisper spoke:
 'This shalt thou rue! I'll seal thy lips,
 'And Thought and Memory both eclipse,
 'What time thou need'st them most! Thy tongue
 'It shall have cramps, with palsy wrung,
 'Serving for nought!—I'll do this thing,
 'When next I catch thee with the King!'
 Then lessening slow, that spectre bright,
 Melted into misty night!

Slept not Vertumnus, pondering well
 What this weird vision might foretell;
 And when morning's roseate dawn,
 First glinted soft on wood and lawn,
 Waked he his Pomona fair,
 By his side calm slumbering there!
 And poured into her marvelling breast
 His troubles, and his night's unrest;
 And said: 'I know thy judgment rare,
 'This Vision's meaning now declare!'
 Pomona said: 'No Vision this,
 'But a distempered dream, I wis;—
 'Ghost or Spirit had it been,
 'I too had seen it, well I ween;
 'Go forth! go forth! The morning airs
 'Quick scatter night's fantastic snares,
 'As scatters Winter's fogs, the Spring;
 'Ghost—Spirit—Fay!—there's no such thing!'
 And soon Vertumnus ceased to deem

That Vision aught but baseless dream.

Not long ago, an hour I spent
 In 'Fairy's Walk,' all flower-besprent,
 An Evening hour: Aglaia free,
 Thalia, and Euphrosyne,
 My sole attendants: Lo! we see
 At our Long Walk's extremity,
 The royal Lord of Pena's towers!
 Oft he spendeth pleasant hours
 In this Titania's realm, and now
 Converseth with Vertumnus: all
 Around our lower waterfall,
 And ranged above its sparkling brow,
 Throng Fays innumerable: Puck doth glide
 Therefrom to bland Vertumnus' side.—
 Sudden, invisible we be,
 I, and my fair attendants three,
 Even to all Fairies there; and stand
 On his Majesty's right hand,
 To walk with him in Fairyland!

In a small plot whose treasures all
 Y-sprinkled by the dashing fall,
 Bend around, there standeth one,
 Shaded his stems from summer's sun,
 And round leaf segments: soon he won
 The King's quick notice, who did say:
 'Good Vertumnus! may I learn
 'What name this bright peculiar Fern
 'Doth bear? In Pena's grounds alway

'Blooms he; but treacherous memory mine,
 'His name forbids that I divine!'
 Then stooped Vertumnus to discern
 Closer this round-leaved curious Fern,
 And stooped bold Puck, whispering his ear:
 'Memory! Memory! disappear!—
 'Vanish quick! nor reappear,
 'Till that the King hath vanished too:
 'He shalt wonder—thou shalt rue!
 '"Didymachlæna,"* thou wouldst say,
 'If thou couldst! I tell thee nay!—
 'His genus fled, what species? Ah!
 'Pronounce me now "truncatula!"'
 And stout Vertumnus tugged and strained,
 But resolute Puck, his spell maintained:
 'Speech be Silence! Man be mum!
 'Thought avaunt! Be dumb! be dumb!
 And Titania drew the King,
 Encircled by a glittering ring
 Of thousand smiling Fays, the air
 Fanning with sylphy wings, to where
 Our choicest flowers unfold their sweets,
 Which the Evening Zephyr greets
 With slowly-lagging breezes. 'Here,'
 The monarch said, 'it doth appear
 The last new Cycas greets our eye
 And shooteth up right cheerily!—
 His puzzling name I do avow,
 My memory holds not! Speak it thou,

* '*Didymachlæna Truncatula*.'

‘Good Vertumnus!’—Wistfully
 Vertumnus gazed upon the sky—
 And wicked Puck addressed his ear:
 ‘Memory! Memory! disappear!
 ‘Speech be Silence! Man be mum!
 ‘Thought avaunt! Be dumb! be dumb!’
 Soon cried Vertumnus, ‘Mac—Macleay!’

Puck. His species this:—away! away!
 ‘That which importeth, say me, say,
 ‘His genus!—never canst thou! Nay!’—
 Muttered Vertumnus, ‘Cat and Kid—
 ‘All else from fitful memory hid?’

Puck. ‘What! all from halting memory slid,
 ‘Save this doleful Cat and Kid?
 ‘And must I say it for thee?—Ha!
 ‘Katakidagamia!’*

The courteous Monarch smiled! The Queen
 Invisible Titania led
 His steps adown the glowing green
 Of our great emerald Lawn to tread
 The borders of that incensed bed,
 Far scenting ‘Thalamus:’ the King
 Made sudden pause, and stood before
 A modest shrub: ‘Ah! lovely thing!
 ‘In Pena’s groves thou bloom’st no more;
 ‘Well do I mind me, once we had
 ‘This beautiful Indian Sapotad:

° ‘*Katakidagamia Macleayii.*’

'But, pshaw! his name I do confess
'Hath fled to Indian wilderness,
'From out my brain!—Vertumnus thou,
'Good Vertumnus! help me now!'

But pitiless Puck, with malice fell,
'Gan mumble forth that curséd spell,
By magic wove!—To break the chain,
And loose Vertumnus' tongue again,
I did incline—but did refrain.

Puck. Speech, be Silence! Man, be mum!
Wherefore, Vertumnus! art thou dumb?

Vert. 'Sider—Sider'—

Puck. Oxylon:
The species!—Nought!—Come on! Come on!
But by royal Oberon!
And by our blest Titania!
And by every Fay that there
Stoopeth from the languid air,
Or hovereth high, I swear, I swear,
Thou dost not say 'Argania!' *

And so befel it! and again
The courteous monarch smiled full fain
On vexed Vertumnus, and did say:
'I marvel not some words should stray
'From thy o'erladen memory!—All

° 'Argania Sideroxylon.'

'Wide Flora's reign is held in thrall,
 'By words incongruous, whimsical;—
 'Brave Welwitsch self might stand appalled,
 'If to the task colossal called,
 'To change, by sound reform, our names,
 'And 'stablish all the Goddess claims!'

Then did Titania lead the King,
 Mid Fairies, most on buoyant wing,
 But some on foot close following,
 Across Penéus' rustic bridge;
 And clomb we, lithe, that lawny ridge
 Hard by 'our Ladie's' ruined fane,
 And stood on Tempe's flowery plain,
 And to bright Waterfalls ascend,
 And mounting still, full soon we wend
 'Neath Vathek's rocky, bouldered Arch,
 And on his timeworn pavement march
 E'en to fair Lodge, and burnished Gate,
 Which on his ponderous hinges straight
 Revolved spontaneous, open cast!—
 Greeting Vertumnus as he passed,
 Strode forth our lightsome guest—and all
 Those joyous Spirits, great and small,
 Ere the tall Monarch plunged from view,
 Waved an invisible Adieu!—
 Sooth to say, the Monarch gay,

Whilst thus, that pleasant eve, we walked,
 Oft to Vertumnus did essay

Question deep, and gracious talked;
 But answer none obtained, for soon

I did perceive that precious boon
 Of speech to Man, God-given, clean gone,
 And that Vertumnus journeyed on
 In trance magnetic now! enchained
 Thought, Memory—and what erst pertained
 To the Soul's waking life, the Will,
 No longer his! far powerless still
 Strove he 'gainst Puck's hypnotic sway,
 When that revengeful Spirit 'Nay!'
 Would cry—'it dare not, shall not come—
 'Speech, be Silence! Man, be mum!'
 And I could rear the Monarch's thought:
 'All this thy skilful hand hath wrought,
 'With science, art, and taste full-fraught,
 'Vertumnus! yet thou boast'st of nought!
 'Few words—no talk—strong energy:—
 'Would all my subjects were like thee!'

But when our gates the King had passed,
 Long-striding, then awoke at last,
 Vertumnus from that tranced state,
 And pressed his brow, and hurried straight
 To those three plants his memory late
 Had mocked,—and did repeat aloud
 Their names—ne stop, ne bar had he,
 For back on wakened Memory,
 Did rush, and swell, impetuous crowd!
 All names of shrubs and plants, whate'er
 Had vigorous felt his fostering care,
 And Thought and Language waited meek
 On all that he mote think or speak!—

Short space Vertumnus mused—then sighed,
And smote his breast, and inly cried:

‘There be weird Spirits here!—they walk their rounds,
‘By day, by night. Within these pleasant grounds,
‘They do their pleasure. Now I well recall
‘That fearful dream, to-day fulfilled in all
‘Its ominous threatings!—Spirits?—for good, or ill,
‘Who knows their power?—I’ll speak them fair! my
will
‘Shall ne’er oppose them!—Now, good-night! good-
night!
‘Sweet Spirits! come not nigh till morning’s light!’

Ob. This laurelled nook, retired and still,
For Evening tale, or chronicle
Propitiously adapted, me
On this rude boulder, one of three,
To take my part inviteth too,
And tell a tale; adventure true,
Last moon which did befall: and I
Do instance it, connectedly
With thy strange tale, Titania mine!
Mingling, and causing light to shine
On Puck’s eccentric policy
Touching his pupil grave, whereby
Vertumnus’ spiritual, inner sense,
Mere darkness erst, might open, whence
Our truths now grasp he may! now clear
The sovereignty of Spirits here:
And Puck’s symbolic lessons now

Guessed instant, scarce he wotteth how!
 'Twas a bright vernal morn! A shower
 Of dewdrops hung upon the bower
 Of Oak and Myrtle arching high
 That seat of Cork which pleasantly
 By our great Rose-bed lies, whose sweets
 The Pilgrim there reposing greets
 With satisfied sense of perfume. There
 Orion and myself did share
 Fresh morning's hour. The dewy Lark
 Uprising, climbs, and climbs; and Hark!
 Now bursteth into song! Now stirs
 All Nature quick with life! recurs
 Man to his tasks, and Flora gay
 Decks with new flowers the rising Day!

There sat we genial, and anon

Orion said, 'High Oberon!

'Mark'st thou yon Garden Snail demure—great type

'And King of Snails!* Artistic graces ripe

'Adorn him; mark his horns! how doth he stalk

'Majestic, slow, across our garden walk;

'That Palace on his back a curious crown,

'Glistening and varnished, moss-like, dappled brown,

'Large as large walnut! Certes, great renown

'His, at old Roman's feasts! Lucullus, he

'Did use to prize him, and right daintily,

'That pampered race all homage fain did make

'To his superior merits, and did slake

* '*Helix Pomatia*,' Great Edible Garden-snail.

'Their thirst with much Falernian for his sake!
 'These Snails are Puck's delight; they do obey
 'His magic spells, and pasture where they may
 'By his permission; thus no harm they bring
 'To flower, or Autumn's fruits, or buds of Spring,
 'In all these fair domains. Vertumnus nought
 'Divining of Puck's fantasy, hath sought
 'T' exterminate the race, and Puck to-day
 'Enlighteneth him, God wot! in his peculiar way!

'Yon Snail thou see'st is no "Pomatia," Sire!
 'But cunning Puck in form of Snail! Admire
 'What follows next.'—Vertumnus quick careers
 Down the Long Walk, and stops—for Lo! appears
 His hornéd foe,—and cries: 'Ha! Helix rare!
 'One moment here—the next, where are we? where?'
 And instant through that weird palatial shell
 His vengeful foot went crashing! Well, full well
 We heard that ruinous sound; and instant too,
 Vertumnus trembled, and his features through,
 Ran a great pallor, and his teeth he set,
 And grasped his elbow tight, and looked around,
 And heavenwards—and then fixed upon the ground
 Exploring gaze: but all was smooth; ne met
 His startled eyes one ruined fragment there,
 Of dread Pomatia, or his Castle fair!—

Short space he pondering mused, then muttered low,
 'When as my eager foot did crushing go
 'Through that accurséd creature; Lo! I felt
 'As though some stroke electric, sudden dealt,

‘Smote me all o’er, and thrilled through every nerve
 ‘And fibre of this frame! Good Heaven preserve
 ‘From the foul fiend!’—And then Vertumnus slewed
 Upwards his dexter foot, and viewed the sole
 O’ the shoe thereon—perchance there had accrued
 To its flat surface spoils in part or whole;
 Pomatia’s ruined spoils: vain hope! that plane
 Well-worn and shining, stainless did remain!

Then mused he yet again—and wrathful cried:
 ‘What devilish cantrip this! Now, woe betide!
 ‘Fell sorcery reigneth here, and rampeth wide
 ‘All through this fair domain!’—and mused again,
 And hid his face, and pondered much—and then,
 Smiling exclaimed, ‘Good Spirits! Sorcery!
 ‘Pardon! I meant not that! Now do I see,
 ‘This horn’d Pomatian crew, mysteriously
 ‘Ye love, and they are *of* you—and your will
 ‘This morn ye have expressed that I fulfil,
 ‘And henceforth hold them scaithless! Done! done!
 done!
 ‘Loved Spirits!—Ah! grace shield me! I have won
 ‘A “Demon,” like great Socrates of yore,
 ‘Who standeth near me aye, behind, before,
 ‘And hedgeth me alway!—Good demon mine!
 ‘When to advise and guide me, you incline,
 ‘Be not so rough, I prythee! Gentle come,
 ‘With gentle symbols, if thou must be dumb!
 ‘My quickened faculties shall quick respond:—
 ‘Mild, delicate, generous hints, Ah! go no more beyond!’

(ORION enters, and seats himself on a rock fragment beside
AGLAIA, THALIA, and EUPHROSYNÉ.)

Ob. Ha! bright Orion! welcome! Dost thou come
From region of sweet Orange, Peach, and Plum,
Even Quinta grande's plains where Puck hath led
Some thousand rollicking Fays enfranchiséd
This day from courtly ceremony?

Orion. Yea !
Most noble Oberon ! and that mirthful Fay
Diversion makes for all—

Ob. I did narrate
Even now to this our circle, that which late
We both did witness, even that passage strange
Of great Pomatia—

Orion. Ah! enlightened change
Auspicious, hath that morning lesson wrought
On grave Vertumnus! Now, as 'twere unsought,
Puck's counsels wise, symbolic, he divineth,
And rendereth into action; nor repineth,
But glorieth in those Spirit promptings rare,
Full seldom now vouchsafed to toiling sons of Care!

My liege! I do divine that vagrant Puck
Hath to this royal circle topic been
Of tale or parlance:—I too, fain would pluck
One memory of his humour quaint and keen
From dark Oblivion's waters. Well I ween.

Ne Oberon's self, ne great Titania e'er
 Did wot till now, that subtle spirit's share
 In the great onslaught twenty years agoe,
 On stern 'Gargantua,' who hath made his throne
 'Bove Entrance-arch of Pena's frowning towers!
 'Twas thus: that moonlight night, apart Puck cowers
 By buttress huge, to meet our Fairies gay,
 On voyage of inspection—and did say,
 With cunning faltering tongue, 'No further go!
 'Good Angels guard us from Satanic foe!
 'There waiteth He our coming! Mark him! Ho!
 'Colossal, hideous!—He doth watch us: Lo!
 'He stirreth to descend!'—Then, then, I trow
 Our Fairies vanish to all hiding-places,
 In panic fantasy, and Puck embraces
 Th' occasion to inflame King Arthur's Knights
 Of Fairy lineage. Gravely he invites
 The chosen 'six hundred' to a feat of arms,
 Source of immortal fame! Their breast he warms
 By oratory silver-tongued, and crieth:
 'This is that ancient monster who defieth
 'Both Man and Fay! Gargantua he hight:
 'Spirit unclean! Impurest o' th' impure!
 'Here haunts he now—for Man aye spreads his lure,
 'Sith on Man's flesh he feedeth! His delight
 'To drink Man's blood! Last week he did devour
 'Bruised in a salad rich, for morn's repast,
 'Five Pilgrims, staves and all!—stand not aghast,
 'Legion invincible, quintessence, flower,
 'And paragon of Fays, at Arthur's Court
 'Trained up to chivalrous war! At Merlin's feet

'Taught magic wisdom, and divining meet!—
 'To arms, I say! 'To arms, to arms resort!
 'Man's wrongs avenge, victorious Fairies! Ah!
 'Strike now for Man, and for Titania!'

Thus these impetuous Spirits kindled he,
 Deceived, to do this feat of ancient Chivalry!

Tit. O! bright Orion! thanks! thy narrative
 Reveals a hidden cause. All spirits who live,
 Bodied, or disembodied, differ each
 From th' other; nor in soul, or mind, or speech,
 Be two exact alike.—As countless leaves
 In boundless forests, magic Nature weaves,
 No two exact alike. 'Twixt grave and gay,
 Innumerable shades prevail. From frolick Fay,
 And Man, to high Archangel, and the throng
 Of myriad beings all the worlds among,
 Peopling the Universe, variety
 Miraculous, exhaustless, ruleth aye
 Both form and mind, proof of an Infinite Power
 Creating: thus from Man to humblest flower
 O' th' great Plant-world, Titania's precious dower,
 No creatures twain alike!—Orion! thou
 All congruous art, as though thou ownedst a vow
 Sworn on old Logic's altar! Puck doth see
 Whate'er of mirthful incongruity
 Man's world and ours doth hold: both gifts decreed
 By Him all wise, from Whom all heavenly gifts proceed!

*(Enter PUCK, surrounded by the Fairy host in force. They
 spread themselves in the Himalayan Rhododendron-
 ground, and hover in the air above.)*

Ob. What ho ! erratic Spirit ! hast thou spied
Whate'er in Quinta grande may abide
Of delicate promise ? Doth Vertumnus grave,
Work out thy old experience, strong to save
From Canker Worm, and blight, and Slug, and Snail,
The season's growing fruits ? These foes assail
In vain thy deep precautions, and thy will
Hallowed by spell and charm invisible,
Aye triumphs—so I deem ! Didst thou not feel,
To-day thy ears did tingle ? Fairy Seal
That we did talk of thee :—we do commend,
But we enjoin thee caution ! quickly say
How all things flourish 'neath thy eldritch sway
In these our gardens ?

Puck. Royal Oberon ! lend
Thine ear but half a moment !—All is well !
Vertumnus glorious is, ne doth rebel,
Now, 'gainst my Spirit counsels, and doth stand
Head of fair gardening art, in all this sunny land !

Tit. Now quit we, Oberon! this our laurell'd grot,
Sacred to social converse, when the hot
And dusty summer reigns; and mount we all .
Leftwards, this steep ascent, to where those tall
Precipitous steps lead to Parnassus' base,
Down which Puck pitched incontinent in his race
Of Badger 'gainst the field! Ah! cunning Sprite,
Full well we know thy hunting freaks, and plight
Of thy pursuers!—Franchised now we stand
By our Parnassus, where a sunset grand

Doth give us pause:—There is no cloudlet there
 On the calm, tranquil face of heaven which dare
 Appear;—the mellowing shades of eve 'gin creep,
 Though with scarce visible progress up the dale
 And round our Bower—and Tempe's sunny vale
 Hath a more golden radiance—and the steep
 And bosky sides of green Parnassus glow
 With fires reflected from the Western sky
 Cloudless, serene, yet bathed in varied show
 Of marvellous colour, ravishing the eye,
 Most like a tropic sunset! Lo! the Sun
 Scarce yet hath reached the main! four colours clear
 And of delicious softness, hath he won
 From the submissive, balmy atmosphere,
 To paint the archéd firmament: bright gold,
 And tender green, and azure, and above,
 Wide space of heaven all rosy, doth enfold
 The delicate blue, commingled, interwove
 Insensibly—so fine, ne Mortal skill,
 Ne Fairy can depict it! lessening still,
 That pinky incandescence soft, until
 It paleth, dieth on its azure bed,
 I' the darkening empyrean vanishéd!

But now time presses! Climb we, Oberon!
 This gentle hill 'bove Mexico, where Palms
 Expand, and red Geraniums' delicate balms
 Incense the evening air; and thread anon
 Our 'Walk of Roses,' where that Damask flower
 Of India, climbs voluptuous: a long bower
 All clad with her! Emerge we, wending still

Along this line of beauty, by a rise
 Girt all with shrubs and plants 'neath tropic skies
 First nurtured; and this pathway round the hill
 Circles our Fairy Palace, and we stand
 Now on high Lawn, by Southern entrance grand.

Great joy the Pilgrim hath when he beholdeth
 From here, long shadows painted on the sward,
 By Cypress, Pine, and Araucaria, hard
 And fine projected, when the bright Day foldeth
 His wings upon the world, and Evening mouldeth
 All nature to her fantasy, till Night,
 Crowned with her myriad stars, resume her sceptred
 right!

Away! now traverse we 'the Scented Walk,'
 Breathing especial odours born of flowers
 Of far-off lands, which wait calm Evening's hours
 Ere they will waste their fragrance! every stalk
 Erect, and blossoms full expanding then,
 Gifts laid on Evening's altar, mortal's ken
 Baffled to guess fair Flora's secret, how!
 And pressing to 'Puck's Corner,' reach we now
 This our great Archway high, and passing through
 And turning leftwards, slowly dawns in view
 Our Castle's Eastern front, with fountain gay,
 Sith stand we on the smooth and broad highway
 That leadeth there: a Nursery on our right,
 Young tender plants to shelter: on our left,
 We do look down on Reservoir, all dight
 With shrubs his wall; and here Vertumnus deft

Hath in his centre reared a rocky fount,
Whose single jet i' th' placid air doth mount,
High as the highest Cypresses around,
Aye falling, falling, with cool freshening sound,
Grateful to Pilgrim's ear, who treads this varied ground !

Now Evening's shadows deepen, and afar
I' th' concave dome of heaven, one twinkling star,
Invisible oft in the still-struggling light,
Gleams on the sable mantle of the Night,
Which slowly doth advance, as she did grieve,
Of short-lived power and life, her fairest Eve,
Her daughter youngest born, she may not but bereave !

Turn we our back now on our Castle fair,
Giving our benison to its inmates there,
Mortal, yet much rejoicing, toil o'erpast
And travel, housed in their far home at last !
And mount we the broad highway decorate
With Box and Heath ; that tree-like heath which
blooms
On Mediterranean shores, and here elate
Flowereth luxuriant, 'mid the sweet perfumes
Of Hyacinth, Primrose, and wild Violet ;
And gently wind we round th' ascent to where
Goa's wide Cedars form an avenue fair
Up to our entrance Gates, and Lodge bedight,
With clambering flower whate'er, may charm the wan-
derer's sight !

No farther may we roam, Oh Spirits of Light !
 Peopling Earth's Fairy sphere, invisible
 To mortal man, save in some moments bright,
 When his free Spirit, tranced, doth rove at will,
 Emancipate, and joyful takes its fill
 Of Spirit Communion ours ; or soars full high,
 To loftier worlds with bliss ineffable
 Full-fraught : Angelic spheres where every eye
 Clear seeth, wise, and reigns celestial harmony !

Ye Fairy Spirits ! we do rest :—our vow
 Three days, three nights comprising, to unfold
 Mysterious truths to Man, completed now,
 And Cintra's varied scenery fair unrolled,
 Painted minute—before unsung, or told
 In passing hurried accents :—yea, our task
 Now finished, save that this third night, the bold
 Sea-fairies mine, in Ocean's caves who bask
 Myriad, our thought had been their wonders to unmask.

Revisiting their depths with these our Fays
 Invulnerable, cased in triple charm
 Wove by Titania's hand, the watery ways
 Admonishing, that safe from spot or harm,
 They greet their kinsfolk joyous, ne alarm
 Thrill any Fairy's breast. But Man can seize
 All truth but seldom at one clutch ; his arm
 Oft palsied then !—Titania by degrees
 Doth teach :—Not now we greet the Fairies of the Seas !

Sweet is this upland Lawn, all garlanded
 And crowned with precious flowers, and all beset
 With wavy Cypress; and the hoary head
 Of Cork-tree old looks down upon it yet,
 And Pine and Araucaria here have met,
 Circling it round with glory, and with grace:
 Here stand we, gentle Fays! withouten let,
 Or dull fatigue to mar, or-to efface
 Sweet memories ever ours, of this enchanted place!

Haste ye, begone! and featly now prepare
 For Evening banquet held on Fairy Pine,
 This night at Penha Verde! Hermes' care
 Will order all things, and our Nectar wine
 There will he spread, and our Ambrosia fine;
 Sole feast-time ours, the close of rosy day.
 Thanks, Thomas true! for every precept mine,
 Graved on thy wondrous brain, read off alway,
 To one choice Spirit of Earth!—Albeit in garb of clay

Now bound unwilling, soon the day shall rise
 With healing on its wings, when Spirit all,
 He shall converse thee! Liberty that lies
 Beyond Death's festering realm, and funeral pall,
 Grasping exultant then!—Oh! Man! how small
 Thy soul's Earth-life! a fleeting, wavering spark
 Gilding the ages, some brief moments thrall
 Enduring, till that trembling thou embark
 To sail on the great sea, Eternity! Hark! Hark!

'Ave Maria' chimed from Cintra's towers,
 And wafted to our ear on Zephyr wings
 Of dying Eve! Good night! sweet closing Flowers!
 Fold ye in silken sleep! The morrow brings
 New light, new resurrection, and fresh springs
 Of Heaven's own dew! Now sinks that Evening knell,
 Ave Maria, and Night's goddess flings
 Her mantle o'er the world: Titania's spell
 For thee, loved Man, y-wove, dissolves! Farewell!
 Farewell!





NOTES TO PART III.

NOTE 1, PAGE 282.

'Thou didst bring our "Amy fair."'

(See page 60.)

NOTE 2, PAGE 283.

'Old stately "Dots!"'

(See page 60.)

NOTE 3, PAGE 284.

*'Fairies! those self-same Fern-trees that ye view
So old, so tall, in Dandenong they grew.'*

This was an experiment made two or three years ago at Montserrat, and it was then, I believe, new in the history of Fern-trees. Twelve fine Fern-trees (*Cyatras* and *Dicksonias*), about eight feet high, were cut down in the mountains of Dandenong, fifteen miles from Melbourne, and brought to London. They had been cut down level with the ground and their heads had been cut off, so that they had neither roots nor fronds—nothing but the stems. These were brought over, each in a long narrow deal box, in sawdust. When they arrived at Montserrat they were planted in large tubs of fine Serra, black mould, &c., and placed within the

walls of the ruined chapel of 'our Lady of Montserrat,' and much care taken of them. After a time they began to shoot out both roots and fronds, and when fairly established in vigour were transplanted to various parts of the grounds, where they grow apace, and are amongst the beautiful objects at Montserrat. Of the first lot eight out of the twelve succeeded.

NOTE 4, PAGE 285.

'Regard this giant Palm, translated too.'

This noble tree—the Date Palm (*Phoenix Dactylifera*)—probably a few hundred years old, and the only one ever known in Portugal to bear dates, was transported from Cascaes across the Serra twelve miles to its present locality, where it has been flourishing perfectly for the last four years, though it has not yet entirely recovered the dimensions of its formerly immensely spreading head. It took twenty-four oxen, and a like number of men, with a week's labour, to bring it where it now is—a success attributable to the firmness and energy of Mr. Burt, the gardener at Montserrat, who had difficulties of various kind to overcome.

NOTE 5, PAGE 287.

'And Fairies! see reposing in that grot.'

This remarkable specimen of Etrurian antiquity, discovered, with seven others buried in the earth between Rome and Civita Vecchia, is one of three obtained by Mr. Cook, the others being in the British Museum. The work is singularly bold and well preserved, even to the Inscription.

NOTE 6, PAGE 287.

'Yet Fairies! it but needs Titania's hand.'

There are no phenomena of animal magnetism more inscrutable than those clairvoyant powers awakened in some susceptible persons by touching or holding in the hand certain objects such as

stones, metals, &c. By this Psychometric power the whole history of an object of Art or otherwise, from its beginning, thousands of years ago to the present time, can be distinctly revealed and declared to the inquirer. This mysterious spiritual power has now so often been tested in appropriate ways by men of science and integrity, that there can be no more doubt of it than of any other of the properties of clairvoyance. (*See Denton, &c. &c.*)

NOTE 7, PAGE 289.

'Where Milly, pensive, favourite maid.'

(See page 61.)

NOTE 8, PAGE 292.

'Lo! appear

In myriads now the Spirits of the Flowers.'

Titania here has thought well to advise Man of the existence of Floral Guardian Spirits till now unsuspected by him to exist. These are for the whole vegetable creation equivalent in their ministry to the Guardian Angels who are apportioned to Man, and who wait on him from the cradle to the grave, and protect him when he cannot protect himself. They have another office besides. When vegetable life cannot protect itself and maintain its magnetic vital powers from their natural sources, the soil and atmosphere, owing to drought, blight, &c., their Guardian Spirits, made up of magnetic vital power from the higher regions of the atmosphere, descend and supply the want, thus explaining the innumerable instances in which Plants, from position, accident, &c., have no conceivable source of nutriment, but yet vigorously flourish.

NOTE 9, PAGE 296.

The Spectral Analysis discovered within the last few years, and founded on this property, bids fair almost to change the whole face of chemical science. (*For the doctrine of universal emanations see Researches of Baron Reichenbach, Sir D. Brewster, Draper, Buchanan, &c.*)

NOTE 10, PAGE 288.

. . . . 'No word
Needed; but vision Psychometrical,
Titania's, floods its history with light.'

See on this mysterious subject Professor Denton's work, entitled '*The Soul of Things; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries*, by W. and E. M. F. Denton, Boston.' An edition is published in England under the name of '*Nature's Secrets*.' Ten years' experiments have led Mr. Denton to conclude that radiant forces are passing from all objects to all objects every moment of time, and photographing the appearances of each upon the other. Every action, every movement, is thus infallibly registered for coming ages.

Psychometric power:—A 'Sensitive,' on having a small fragment of Lava put into her hand, without seeing it, or knowing what it was, gave its history and formation in a volcano—also she described, under similar conditions, the formation of a coral at the bottom of the ocean. On a small portion of the enamel of a Mastodon's tooth being put into her hand, without seeing it, she stated what it was, and became, as it were, identified in her feelings with the Mastodon, describing accurately a whole herd of them. The same with a piece of sandstone bearing the impression of rain-drops formed in it millions of ages ago. She* even described a vivid flash of forked lightning, and a drenching shower, as occurring at its formation. Also the formation of a tertiary fossil, an aerolite, &c. Likewise a bit of Basalt from Fingal's Cave, Staffa, put into her hand, enabled her to trace whence it had come, and to describe with the utmost accuracy that wonderful locality. The same with a piece of charcoal from Herculaneum, and many other objects whose history and formation were known to their possessors. It appears that the 'Sensitive,' or 'Psychometer,' by placing a bit of matter, of whatever nature, on her head, or holding it in her hand,

* Professor Denton finds that this strange faculty is more often possessed by Woman than by Man, and the difference is about as one to five.

is able to see (with eyes either closed or open) all that that piece of matter (figuratively speaking) ever saw, heard, or experienced. Mr. Denton considers this property will be brought into practical use in various ways, and notably in mining, where a Psychometer could see through granite as easily as through glass, and trace everywhere the course of mineral veins.

The End.



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ERRATA.

In consequence of the author's absence from England the list of Errata is more ample than could be desired.

Page 8, line 26, the last word of the line omitted, viz., 'maze.'

- 10, — 1, *for Cascaes read Cascães.*
- 10, — 9, *for Carcavello's read Carcavellos'.*
- 10, — 13, *for Cuchias read Cachias.*
- 14, — 8, *for Pena Verde read Penha Verde.*
- 19, — 15, *no hyphen should be between 'starlit' and 'mountain.'*
- 19, — 20, *for When read Then.*
- 21, — 11, *for moles read motes.*
- 22, — 4, *for love read lore.*
- 25, — 7, *for Sweeps read Sweeping.*
- 34, — 16, *for Pena Verde read Penha Verde.*
- 36, — 9, *for thy read the.*
- 41, — 24, *for meet read meed.*
- 42, — 15, *for Alentijo's read Alentejo's.*
- 42, *note at foot of page, for balcata read falcata.*
- 43, line 16, *for beys read bees.*
- 43, *note at foot of page, for Xanthones read Xanthorrhæa.*
- 53, line 12, *for Pena Verde read Penha Verde.*
- 53, — 24, *for Hymethus' read Hymettus.*
- 54, — 22, *for seem read scene.*
- 56, — 9, *for Naokberries read Nakberries.*
- 59, — 18, *for wove read move.*
- 66, — 18, *for how read now.*
- 67, *note at foot of page, for Liarii read Learii.*
- 69, line 5, *for Thomase's read Thomas's.*
- 70, — 10, *no stop after 'a glowing beacon.'*
- 79, — 16, *for When read Where.*
- 84, — 14, *for Nevado read Nevada.*
- 86, — 4, *for stretch read stretched.*

- Page 87, line 3, after 'foot,' a note of admiration instead of a comma, and at the end of next line no stop.
- 87, — 6, 'spirit—language' should be printed as one compound word.
 - 88, — 9, *for Off read Oft.*
 - 88, — 23, the word 'and' to be left out.
 - 89, — 2, *for Fern-tree's read Fern-trees'.*
 - 89, — 8, after 'divine,' a comma, instead of a note of admiration.
 - 89, lines 14, 15, 16, 17, should be printed not as though they all rhymed with each other, which they don't, but alternately with each other, which they do.
 - 90, line 11, *for On read In.*
 - 90, — 19, *for this read these.*
 - 91, — 9, *for spirit read sprite.*
 - 97, — 7, *for guest read quest.*
 - 98, — 24, *for was read me.*
 - 102, — 4, *for love read lore.*
 - 106, — 23, after 'be' a colon, instead of a comma.
 - 106, — 24, after 'fantasy' a comma, instead of a colon.
 - 106, — 26, *for Eicildoune read Ereildoune.*
 - 108, — 22, *for Glen Moristone read Glenmorrystone.*
 - 109, — 7, *for Fort Augusta's read Fortangustus'.*
 - 109, — 24, *for Loch Homan read Loch Hourne.*
 - 111, — 10, *for Fort Augusta's read Fortangustus'.*
 - 114, — 1, *omit stop after rock.*
 - 119, — 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, should be so printed that the first and last of them may be seen to rhyme with each other.
 - 119, — 9, *for And read Nor.*
 - 119, — 10, *for And read But.*
 - 124, — 16, make 'fate—fraught' fate-fraught.
 - 135, — 21, *for diademed read diademmed.*
 - 135, — 28, *for sound read round.*
 - 135, — 29, *for Our read One.*
 - 143, note 3, line 12, *for vingtun read vintem.*
 - 145, — 10, line 2, not 'Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, but 'Scott's Poetical Works, Routledge's Edition :—
(' True Thomas lay on Huntly Bank. ')
 - 146, note 17, line 2, *for viz. read involving.*
 - 152, line 18, *for Adorned read Adown.*
 - 153, — 10, *for monastery read monast'ry.*
 - 159, — 3, *for melts read mells.*
 - 160, — 15, *for dread read drode.*
 - 163, — 22, no stop to be put after 'dream.'

Page 182, lines 5, 6, 7, 8, are not properly printed with respect to their linking in rhyme.

- 186, — 3, 'science—cultured' to be printed as a compound word (hyphen between).
- 202, — 28, *for real read realm.*
- 208, — 12, *for jinu-wove read Jinn-wove.*
- 212, — 25, *for 'blossom-note' print thus: blossom:—note.*
- 214, — 14, a dash after 'control' (thus: control—).
- 214, — 18, *for stacking read stalking.*
- 217, — 17, make 'Thought—spirits' a compound word (thus: Thought-spirits).
- 218, — 22, *for from read form.*
- 220, — 22, after 'began' put a comma.
- 224, — 9, put a full stop after 'page,' and in next line, viz. line 10, put a comma after 'high,' instead of a full stop.
- 224, — 10, 11, 12, 13, are wrongly collocated, and must be printed as follows:

'To rear this terrace hung on high,
Seven Moorish arches lightly spring;
From those tall pillars gracefully
Project they; each rich sculptured wing
With foliate spandril, &c. &c.'

- 229, — 22, *for singings read surgings.*
- 232, — 25, *for greatest read grateful.*
- 238, — 6, *for Malta's read Mata's.*
- 238, — 26, *for locks read flocks.*
- 241, — 9, put a comma after 'ridge,' and erase the one after 'arches.'
- 242, — 20, after 'lacework' erase comma.
- 244, — 13, *for whoever read who ever.*
- 251, — 4, *for bed in read bedim.*
- 251, — 23, *for branches read branches.*
- 252, — 3, *for Horseman read horsemen.*
- 254, — 3, *for losing read loosing.*
- 256, — 5, *for the read his.*
- 259, — 5, *for Abacastree read Abacachi.*
- 260, — 1, *for Arch-image read Archimage.*
- 261, — 21, *for quaffedst read quaff'dst.*
- 262, — 4, *for To read Or.*
- 264, — 3, *for Faries read Fairies.*
- 270, note 8, line 8, *for Varzia read Varzea.*
- 285, line 9, *for sense read taste.*
- 285, — 21, erase colon after 'rise.'
- 287, — 19, erase comma after 'lost.'

Page 287, line 24, *for charactored read characterized (i. e. with an acute accent over the ác).*

- 288, — 13, *for green read grace.*
- 293, — 15, *erase semicolon after 'Thomas.'*
- 293, — 27, *after 'outworn' put a dash (,—)*
- 295, — 25, *erase dash (—) after 'vain.'*
- 303, — 1, *for tread read trend.*
- 304, — 7, *for daughter read daughters.*
- 304, — 22, *after 'gems,' a full stop, and the next word 'the,' to begin with a capital letter, thus, 'The.'*
- 305, — 14, *erase comma after 'psæns.'*
- 306, — 14, *for purple-pitted read purple-tinted.*
- 310, — 8, *for Euxada's read enxada's.*
- 311, — 16, *for Euxada's read enxada's.*
- 319, — 9, *for shalt read shall.*
- 323, — 7, *for far read for.*
- 323, — 12, *for rear read hear.*
- 334, — 24, *erase comma after 'bedight.'*
- 338, note 3, line 5, *for Cyathras read Cyathæas.*

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